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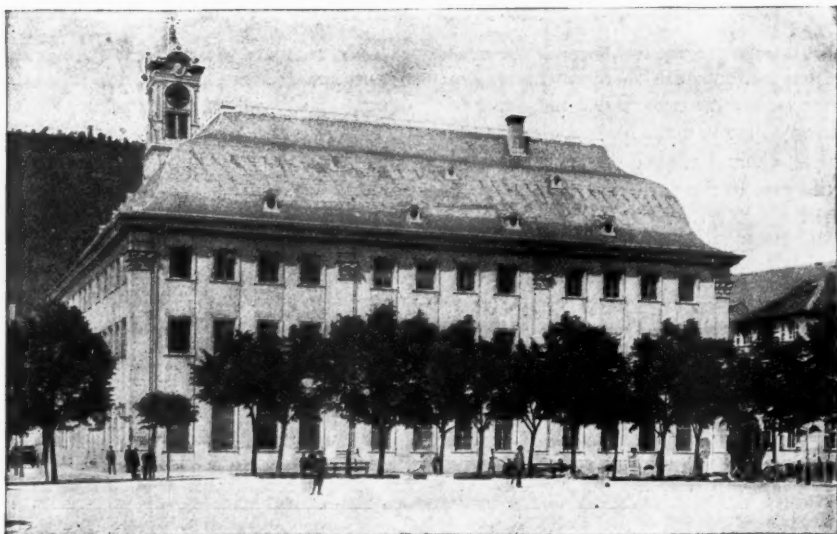
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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

STUDENT-LIFE IN GERMANY.*

BY PROF. H. ZICK, PH.D.

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HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

THE propensity for intellectual pursuits is a characteristically German trait, and the Germans like to be called, and to call themselves, a nation of thinkers. To become a professional man, and if possible a college professor, is the highest aim of the ambitious German youth. Education and learning, the chief qualifica-

tions for a professional career, do not only carry with themselves a certain amount of social distinction, but give their possessor also a claim to the esteem of his fellow citizens. A man who acquires riches is given credit for his business capacity, but genuine admiration is reserved for the "knights of the spirit" (*Ritter vom Geiste*); a Virchow takes precedence of a Rothschild in the estimation of the nation.

*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.



A GROUP OF STUDENTS IN GALA UNIFORM.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that German parents are ready to make every conceivable sacrifice, and that the young German is willing to make his best effort in order that he, their cherished offspring, may enter at the gate to the garden of knowledge, the German university. And the prize is well worth striving for. For it must be borne in mind that a university education, tested by rigid, impartial public examinations, qualifies the successful student for a professional career which, aside from the honor attached to it, affords him a sufficient and assured living in case he enters the state's service. The position as teacher, clergyman, judge, or administrative official insures not only a salary during active service but also a pension for old age, a pension which is enjoyed, in part at least, by the widow and children under age. As these positions are within the reach of every duly qualified candidate, the sons of "all sorts and conditions of men" are found among the German students, from the scion of the most aristocratic family to the progeny of the most humble artisan. The children of the poor, if endowed with intelligence and industry, may receive a free education, university training included, aided by scholarships and by the opportunity of

earning an extra dollar in coaching their better situated but less gifted fellow students. For it is by no means an easy task to climb to the top of the ladder and to pass the final examinations. The would-be student has to undergo for nine years a thorough grinding in a preparatory school, figuratively called a *Gymnasium*. Latin, Greek, French, German, history, mathematics, and the sciences must be fairly well mastered before the aspirant is admitted to the sacred halls of the university, where nearly all the courses are strictly post-graduate courses.

There are in Germany proper twenty universities, with a total attendance of about thirty thousand students. All the universities are state institutions. A German university is perhaps the most perfect republican organization in the world; there is absolute liberty of teaching and also of studying or not studying. The German professor is proverbially a paragon of learning. Any student may become one of the fraternity if he can; that is, if he is capable of passing with high honors (*summa* or *insignicum laude*) a very difficult examination, showing extraordinary proficiency in learning and special fitness for scientific research. At first, however, the young savant has to

be satisfied with the title and honor of a *Privatdozent*² (private lecturer). As such he receives no salary, but only lecture fees—if he is able to attract students to his lectures. After some years the faculty of professors may recommend his appointment as an extraordinary professor (assistant professor), who holds a more honorable but still unsalaried position. After a further, indefinite lapse of time the extraordinary professor who achieves distinction in his special branch of science is called upon by some university to fill a regular chair, and then he is an ordinary professor, drawing a fixed salary aside from the lecture fees. The path leading to a full professorship at a German university is a very thorny one. The difficulties with which it is beset tempt only the ardent student, the scientist for science' sake, and demonstrate clearly Darwin's principle of the survival of the fittest.

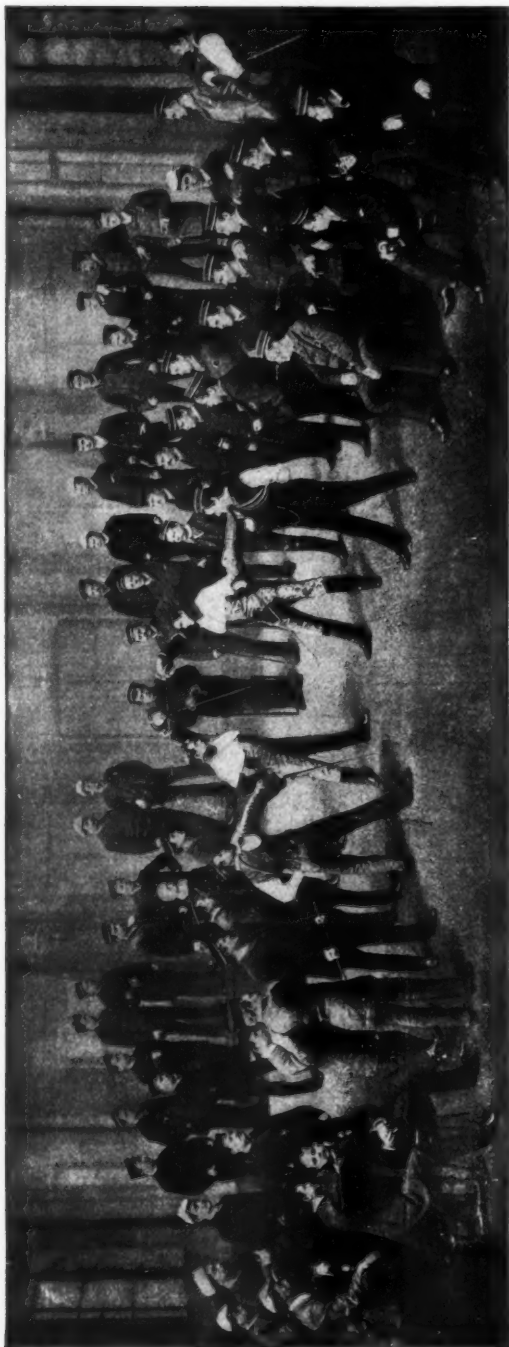


STRASBURG UNIVERSITY.

The students may be classed as those who study and those who do not. Nearly all students belong, for some time at least, to the latter class. And it is only natural that they should; for the young man has just gone through a nine years' course of hard mental labor, and he feels like "letting up" a little before he puts himself into harness again. During his preparatory



THE KNEIP-ZIMMER OF THE SAXO-BORUSSIA.



A DUELING SCENE.

studies at the *Gymnasium* he has been subject to the strict discipline of the school and the not less severe supervision of the home, but as a university student he enjoys for the first time absolute freedom in every respect. He can live where he pleases and how he pleases, for dormitories are unknown. Free from parental restraint, he is very apt to mistake license for liberty and to sow his wild oats with a vengeance. He is absolutely free to study or not to study. There are no roll-calls, no recitations, and no examinations until after the whole course of three to five years' study. The young student is therefore conspicuous by his absence from most or even all lectures for a time, varying according to personal inclination or the study chosen. It would not do for a student of medicine to absent himself too often or for too long a period, while a student of law may study from books altogether.

German student-life finds its most picturesque expression in the smaller university towns like Halle, Jena, Göttingen, Freiburg, and dear old Heidelberg, where the student owns the sidewalk and "runs the town" generally; while in the larger cities, like Leipzig, Munich, and Berlin, the student is but one of the important factors of city life.

Nearly every student belongs to some social organization. The most distinguished ones among those whose members wear caps of various colors are the "corps" (corporations). Next in public regard stand the *Burschenschaften*³ (fellowships), and then follow no end of so-



AFTER THE DUEL.

called *Verbindungen*⁴ (unions) of little or no standing. There are, however, many clubs of good standing whose members do not wear any distinguishing insignia. The main

object of all these various associations is to "have a good time"—to drink, to fight, to play

Saturday, when all the members are expected to be at their club-houses or meeting-rooms and to take part in a solemn drinking exercise called *Kneipe*,⁶ which is conducted according to a code of strict and elaborate rules called the *Bier-Comment*. After the presiding officer has opened the *Kneipe* the company of jolly good fellows engage in talking, guying, joking, drinking to each other's health, and



IN THE DOCTOR'S CARE.

practical jokes on the police and the patient "philistines," the ordinary citizens.

The members of a regular association meet as a rule every day before dinner for the *Frühschoppen*⁵ (appetizer), after dinner for a cup of coffee and a walk or drive, and in the evening for a more or less extended carousal. The officially great day, or rather evening, is



ENTRANCE TO THE STUDENTS' PRISON.



CHEERING THE ALMA MATER.

singing. It is strictly forbidden to "talk shop" (*Fachsimpeln*). The singing is quite a feature of the *Kneipe* and is as a rule very good. Most of the songs have great poetical and musical merit, as for instance the famous student-songs of Victor von Scheffel, the author of "Ekkehard" and "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen."

As the hours advance the general hilarity increases and so does the sentimentality inborn in the German breast. Then one may often see one student approaching another and inviting him to drink *Brüder-*

schaft (brotherhood). They intertwine their arms, empty in this position their glasses, shake hands, and say as with one voice: "Be my friend, pay my debts, and marry my sister." With this ceremony they drop the formal *Sie* (you) and address each other in future by the familiar *Du* (thou). There are many other quaint rites observed on special occasions, like the election of a *Bierkönig*,⁸ or the reception of a *Fuchs*⁹ (freshman) into full fellowship (*Bursche*). The official close of the *Kneipe* takes place between eleven and twelve o'clock p. m.



END OF THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

As a rule the students are not in a hurry to get home. Often they continue their frolic in an informal way into the small hours of the night, to wake up about noon with a tremendous headache and an indescribable feeling of misery (*Katzenjammer*¹⁰).

Next to the *Kneipe* the most prominent feature of the picturesque side of German student-life is dueling. It is to the German youth what sport is to the American college boy. There are, however, two distinct kinds of duels. A real duel, properly so-called, in which dangerous weapons, like sabers or pistols, are used, occurs very rarely among the students. The student's duel, which he calls *Mensur* (measure of skill), is comparatively harmless and chiefly a test of skill and prowess. Very few, if any, of these duels have a directly fatal result. They are fought for various reasons; sometimes, too, for no reason whatever. Any slight insult or offense—and a German student is very "touchy" and frequently most willingly offended—may be made the occasion for a challenge. Besides, all the young members ("foxes") of the crack associations have to fight three times before they are given the rights and privileges of full-fledged "fellows" (*Burschen*). Often two "corps" match their "foxes" or their "fellows" against each other in a most friendly spirit, simply to test their courage and skill.

The make-up of a duelist is remarkable. As to grotesque appearance the football player cannot compare with the German student. The right leg and the chest are amply protected by cushion-like garments; the right arm is guarded by a padded glove reaching to the shoulder; the neck is safely covered with heavy wrappings and the eyes are shielded with tin goggles. The rules and regulations regarding the combat are intricate, and are strictly enforced. The duel is over when the allotted time, fifteen minutes' actual fencing, has passed, or when one of the combatants has received a wound which the attending surgeon considers somewhat serious (*Abfuhr*¹¹). To receive an *Abfuhr* is no dishonor, while any show of fear is considered disgraceful and

debars the "fox" from becoming a "fellow." Dueling is of course forbidden by the law. The authorities, however, connive at its breach and interfere only when fighting is done to excess or threatens to degenerate into mere slashing. The offenders when caught in the act are committed to the *Carcer*, the students' special prison.

Many students consider it an essential item in their college curriculum to have tasted the joys and sorrows of *Carcer* life. Being caught fighting, breaking the peace by untimely singing at night, guying the police, playing practical jokes, and other minor offenses lead to the desired goal. The students' prison is one of the sights of the town. In Heidelberg the prison cells consist of three small rooms, named Villa Ruinke, Palais Royal, and Sans. Souci. Each cell contains a bare wooden bedstead, a small stove, a table, and one or two chairs. The walls are covered with humorous drawings and with portraits (silhouettes) in ink, soot, pencil, colored chalk, or paint. Poetry also abounds—poetry so original that it cannot be translated without losing flavor and point. The confinement is only nominal. The prisoners may call on each other and receive callers from the outer world, and they are liberally supplied with food and drink at their own expense. They can even obtain permission to attend lectures.

Of late years there have been set on foot movements to correct the semi-barbaric customs of the German student by the formation of temperance societies, anti-fighting leagues, athletic clubs, singing societies, and debating clubs.

The student's intercourse with society, so called, is very limited. Most of the time he considers it a bore to attend dinners and balls, for the young people in Germany enjoy hardly any freedom. A young man cannot dance more than twice with the same young lady without attracting attention and causing comment, and the young "Gretchens" are very particular about being always within the range of their mothers' vision. The young, lively students therefore prefer to go to a kirmess, or to a

wedding dance in a neighboring village, to have a "spin" with the bride and the village beauties. Yet many a romance has its beginning at the university, and its happy ending in marriage after the *examen rigorosum* has been passed and a position secured by the faithful Romeo.

But the life of the German student is not all play by any means. After a few terms of unlimited and unchecked indulgence in frivolities, the student realizes the necessity of settling down to arduous, conscientious work, which is mainly post-graduate work. In planning it the student suits himself, although the sequence of subjects to be taken up is arranged by custom or the nature of the study.

The professor is essentially a lecturer. But the student has the right and opportunity to consult him about his studies in general and difficult points that may come up in the lectures. In medicine and the sciences professors and students are naturally in closer touch than in the other branches of learning. Yet in these also (law, philology, philosophy, and theology) the advanced student has the opportunity of studying and working under the personal direction of the professor in the *Seminarien* (seminaries), the practical courses.

Each lecturer has the right to use a definite room for certain hours during the week. The single lecture lasts exactly forty-five minutes. During the quarter of an hour between lectures a regular migration of students from floor to floor and room to room takes place, but they are all in their places when the professor enters the lecture-room. While he is passing through the aisle to his desk the audience expresses its appreciation—in case the professor is popular—by stamping on the floor, raising a cloud of dust. As soon as the lecture begins, complete silence ensues, and for three quarters of an hour nothing is heard but the professor's shrill voice. Any disorder would be punished by suspension from the university, or, in grave cases, from all German universities.

In accordance with the principle of liberty in study, the student does not even need a

certificate of attendance to be admitted to the final examinations; but he must furnish proof that he has registered and paid his tuition fees for the requisite courses of lectures. It goes without saying, however, that in certain studies, medicine for instance, attendance is an absolute necessity. His own common sense—if he has any at all—and the experience of those who have gone the same road before him are sufficient guidance to the student in deciding which lectures and exercises he must attend as a matter of course and which he may safely "cut." The student knows also that he is allowed to fail but once in his examinations, and that he is judged by the examiners, appointed by the government, impartially and severely, *sine ira et sine studio*.¹² The terror of the impending ordeal and the horror of a possible failure, but also very often the laudable ambition to become a shining light in his future career, are sufficient incentives to make any other kind of compulsion superfluous.

Apart from the state examination (*Staats-examen*), qualifying the student for the pursuit of a profession, he may take a university degree—*honoris causa*. As there is a considerable fee (\$100 to \$150) connected with the acquisition of a degree, and since it confers only honors and no substantial rights, the majority of professional men in Germany do not enjoy that distinction which is so much coveted by foreign students.

The German scholastic year consists of two semesters of about fifteen weeks each. The term is followed by a ten-to-eleven weeks' vacation. Toward the end of the semester the students, at least the affiliated associations, unite in a common farewell celebration. In the afternoon of a specified day they drive to the neighboring villages, where they spend a few hours in merry-making. In Heidelberg they return to town by boat. Passing the castle they cheer their beloved *alma mater* and sing Scheffel's famous song in praise of "Alt Heidelberg." After dark they form in line for the torchlight procession and march to the university square, headed and followed

by big brass bands. There they form a circle and join in a solemn Latin song, *Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus*,¹⁸ while the bands play the tune and the officers of the procession, picturesquely dressed for the occasion, beat the rhythm with their swords. Then the torches are thrown high up in the air toward the center of the circle, whereupon the students go to their farewell *Kneipe*, while the "small boy" takes care of the bonfire. The following days the railroad station is crowded with students homeward bound, apparently glad to speed to

father, mother, brothers and sisters, or somebody else's sister. But some leave with sad hearts and moist eyes, namely those who go never to return, because their studies are finished. Never to return? No! They all will come back once in a while. With every fiber of his heart the German student is bound to his *alma mater*. The praises which Victor von Scheffel has sung in honor of the queen of German universities, famous "Alt Heidelberg," find an echo in the heart of every German student and voice his feeling toward his *alma mater*.

ROMAN ORATORS.

BY PRES. CHARLES J. LITTLE, LL.D.

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THE oldest fragment of Roman eloquence exists in the Greek version of Plutarch only. It is the speech of the blind patrician Appius Claudius, who, hearing that the Senate was about to conclude a humiliating peace with King Pyrrhus, had himself carried by his sons and sons-in-law into the presence of the Conscript Fathers and addressed them thus:

Until to-day I have borne my blindness with impatience, but now that I am hearing these dishonorable resolves of yours my affliction is that I am not also deaf. Where now is your famous boast that if the great Alexander had come to Italy and attacked us in our youth and our fathers in their prime he would never have been celebrated as the unconquerable? That he would have fled from Rome, or failing to conquer us would have left Rome more glorious than ever? Now you are showing that all this was foolish arrogance and vanity, for now you are afraid of Molossians and Chaonians, who were always for the Macedonians an easy prey. Now you are trembling at Pyrrhus, who was merely a servant to one of Alexander's liegion and who comes here not so much to assist the Greeks of the South as to escape his enemies at home. Making him your friend is not the way to send him back. It is the way to bring over more invaders. For they will despise you as easy to conquer, if Pyrrhus gets off without punishment after his outrages upon you.

Like the brief speech of Mirabeau at the opening of the French Revolution, these

few words determined the fate of a nation and the future of the world. They contain the characteristic notes of all great Roman eloquence: the conscious dignity of the speaker, an appeal to the latent dignity of the hearers, and an impulse to immediate and resolute action. Cicero attacking Verres, pursuing Catiline, and assailing Antony strikes the same notes and fails only when he cannot strike them with sufficient mastery.

Fabius Maximus, the great dictator, published a eulogy of his son, which he delivered in the Forum. Cicero mentions it in his "Cato Major" and awards it unstinted praise. Plutarch compares Fabius to the greatest of Greek historians:

His eloquence had not much of popular ornament or empty artifice, but there was in it great weight of matter; it was strong and sententious, much like the style of Thucydides.

Cicero in one of his gloomier moods, dwelling upon the mischief to the commonwealth wrought by eloquence, contrasts the severe and unpretending speech of the elder Gracchus with the astounding genius of his sons. But Julius Cæsar spoke with the same directness and commanding dignity, and I suspect that there was a dangerous effectiveness in the manner of the elder Gracchus. Scipio Africanus, grandfather of

the two Gracchi, reminds one of Appius Claudius and of his own famous descendants. Gellius and Livy both report a speech of his made in self-defense. The three characteristic notes resound through it with marvelous power :

I am reminded, Quirites,² that this is the very day upon which the Carthaginian Hannibal, the bitter enemy of your dominion, was conquered in a great battle in Africa and you were vouchsafed peace and unexpected victory. We will not then appear ungrateful to the gods, but will, I fancy, abandon this babbler who arraigns me, and, going hence, give thanks to Jove, the best and mightiest.

The student of eloquence can learn much by comparing the two versions of this speech. Livy spoils it with ornament and color.

The elder Cato, however, is perhaps the most original of the earlier Roman orators. Of the one hundred and forty of his orations that Cicero read, there are traces of ninety left, faint enough it is true, but sufficient to give us glimpses of him. We have, moreover, Livy's splendid picture of the man "whose genius and native force of character were such that he would have made fortune serve him, wherever he might have been born." He seems to have impressed himself upon Cicero and Livy as Cromwell impressed himself upon Carlyle. The soldier in Cato determined the orator. His fist and his tongue were weapons, and he wielded both to perfection. Strong, full-blooded, gray-eyed; abstemious, frugal, fearless—he was just the man to make a desperate fight against the luxurious habits that were then invading Rome. He was as stingy of words as he was of coins; hence the pithiness of his speech and the pungency of his wit. When there was no war Cato attacked his fellow citizens, not even sparing Scipio. And they in turn pursued the grim censor with equal zest. At eighty-six he defended himself in a lawsuit and at ninety he accused Servilius Galba.

There is a touch of madness in Cato's speech, but it is the madness of excessive sanity. He saw things too clearly and expressed his thoughts too vividly. Speaking to the Senate about Carthage, he shook some African figs from his gown. The

senators admiring their size and beauty, Cato remarked that the place where they grew was only three days' sail from Rome. "Carthago delenda est"³ was a cruel saying, but it was the policy of a great statesman, and the perpetual repetition of it was the procedure of a great orator who cared more for results than he did for applause. That he maintained his influence at Rome in spite of his many faults and his puritanic tyranny was due no less to his pugnacious and dangerous eloquence than to his stainless integrity. Men feared him for he feared nobody.

His incorruptibility alone would not have saved him, but he was preternaturally shrewd. In the worst situations he remained imperturbable and there is an indescribable flavor of good-nature in his severest sayings. If Wendell Phillips and Abraham Lincoln had been fused into one man I think the compound would have resembled Marcus Porcius Cato.

After Cato came the greatest of Roman orators (Cicero and Cæsar not excepted), the famous children of Cornelia, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. Plutarch has contrasted the brothers in a famous passage :

Tiberius in the form and movements of his face, in gesture and in bearing, was gentle and tranquillizing; but Caius was strenuous and vehement. The one stood throughout on the same spot; the other walked about the platform and in the heat of his oration pulled the toga from his shoulders. The delivery of Caius was impetuous and passionate, urging every point to the utmost; Tiberius on the other hand spoke gently and with persuasion, touching men to pity and to tears. His diction was pure and carefully correct, while that of Caius was turbulent and strong and rich. The voice of Caius sometimes lost its tone; he shrieked rather than spoke and fell into abusive talk. To remedy this his slave Licinius stood constantly behind him; the moment his master's voice broke with anger he struck a soft note with his pitch-pipe. Hearing this Caius checked the vehemence of his passion and recovered his composure.

The Gracchi were the first Roman orators of note to come under Hellenic influence. The fragments of his speeches cited by Gellius and Cicero show that Caius Gracchus especially had studied the Athenian writers. Cicero in his "Brutus" declares the younger

grandson of the great Scipio to have been unsurpassed for eloquence :

If no other orator is read by the young, let them at least read Caius Gracchus ; he will not only sharpen but increase their faculty.

The brief remnants of his speeches to the people have a thrilling quality, unequaled except by certain passages of Demosthenes' oration "On the Crown." Here again are the three characteristic notes of Roman eloquence, but with a grandeur of diction hitherto unknown. How magnificent the boast, as true as it was splendid :

Quirites, when I set out for Rome the purses which I carried away full of money I brought back empty ; the vessels others carried away full of wine they have brought back full of money.

How noble his confession of a just ambition :

Quirites, if you wish to make use of wisdom and of valor you will find no one to serve you without some reward. All of us who speak in public are seeking something. I, verily, in urging you to measures that will increase your prosperity and advance the republic, I too have an end in view. But I seek not your money ; I seek from you good will, respect, and honor.

And how sublime the pathos and dignity of the passage imitated in after years by Cicero :

If, seeing that I am sprung from a noble race and that I have lost my brother for your sakes, and that there remains of the family of Publius Africanus and Tiberius Gracchus no one but myself and my boy, if I were to beseech you to permit me to be inactive at this time, lest our family should perish to the root, and in order that some scion of our race might still remain, I do not believe you would grant it to me willingly.

The recognition of the hearer's dignity is just as clear ; and almost revolutionary was his habit of facing the people when he addressed them, instead of looking toward the Senate House and the Comitium.⁴ Caius, moreover, was a man of deeds rather than words, although more eloquent than any other Roman. He met every one without loss of dignity and was a tireless administrator, full of beneficent plans and bent on swift achievements. Cicero's judgment of him, like his judgment of Julius Cæsar, is a condemnation of himself. For Caius the orator

he had unstinted praise, for Caius the statesman nothing but peevish and bigoted blame. The orator Gracchus was by far, he declared, the most eloquent and best endowed of Roman citizens. The statesman Gracchus was a hateful leveler, the fomentor of sedition, and a traitor to the republic.

But Cicero lacked the robust genius and kingly virtues of the tribune who was cheated of his third election and hunted to his death by as unscrupulous a gang of aristocratic nation-wreckers as ever stuffed a ballot-box or stained their hands with bribes of blood. Crassus quoted with delight the words that thrilled him when a boy :

Whither, miserable man, shall I betake me? Whither shall I turn. To the Capitol? No! for it is stained with the blood of my brother! To my home then? To see my mother moaning and miserable and desolate.

And Crassus could recall the eyes, the voice, and the gestures and remember that even the enemies of the wonderful youth were unable to restrain their tears. But only in his younger and nobler days could he have shared the indignation which burns still in Caius Gracchus' narrative of the peasant of Venusinum who was beaten and butchered for a harmless joke.

Crassus and the elder Antony are the heroes of Cicero's treatise "On Oratory." They were the first great Romans to cultivate oratory as an art, and Cicero has doubtless spoken for them, as well as through them, in the dialogue.

Antony left no written orations, although a few passages from his speeches are cited as examples. He was the greatest jury pleader of his time and conducted his cases with consummate skill. Apparently unprepared, so abruptly did he begin, yet his knowledge of his task was always perfect and every proof was in its most effective place. Word and gesture were chosen carefully and all directed to a single end, the winning of the battle.

Crassus on the other hand excelled in popular addresses. Cicero says :

I wish he had written more, for in all his speeches there was the complexion of truth without a touch of

paint. His periods were compact and short; he divided his sentences skilfully into members. Whether he spoke of the civil law or of goodness and equity he abounded in proofs and illustration. He possessed dignity, but a dignity blended with wit and grace and a humor free from vulgarity. His language was elegant and accurate, yet never labored, and he developed his discourses with amazing skill.

Hortensius, the elder rival of Cicero, studied oratory from the Asiatic rhetoricians and at the theater. Vivacity and dramatic artifice distinguished his delivery, epigram and florid ornament his diction. He loved ease and applause and money and he lacked ambition. He spoke better than he wrote and therefore published nothing. Cicero praised him lavishly—he liked to flatter as he liked to denounce—and Hortensius certainly pleaded with astonishing success. But no citations from his speeches are used by Cicero to illustrate the principles of oratory.

Julius Cæsar seems to have had the same demonic quality as Caius Gracchus. He lacked in Cicero's opinion no virtue of the orator. His voice was rich and strong, his carriage full of grace and dignity. His diction was choice and copious, but he spoke with such force and clearness and mastery of facts that he displayed, according to Quintilian, in oratory the same quality of mind as in war. It was, for instance, a splendid and daring stroke of his to produce in the Forum the forbidden statues of Marius while extolling the virtues of his aunt Julia, the widow of the great soldier. Equally bold was his funeral oration for his first wife Cornelia; never before had any young woman received such honor in Rome.

His speech in reply to Cicero during the conspiracy of Catiline is given by Sallust, in substance probably rather than in form. Mr. Froude praises it without reserve. It is difficult for men of modern ideas to judge it fairly. Death seems to us so certainly a punishment that Cæsar's argument strikes us oddly. For he maintained death to be no punishment at all. The rest of the speech is clear and powerful enough but too reasonable for frenzied and suspicious men. Unfortunately we have no other

records of his eloquence and can conjecture the character of his style from his writings only and from the stories of his personal power. The famous "*Quid times? Cæsarem vehis*"⁷⁵ is an instance of this irresistible personal charm.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, born 106 B. C., is the best known to us of Roman orators, owing to his immense literary activity. His long and eventful career as advocate and magistrate, as senator and author, gave him opportunity for the display of very remarkable powers and a culture far surpassing that of any other master of the Latin language. A pupil of the poet Archias, a diligent student of Greek literature, he learned jurisprudence with Mucius Scævola, philosophy with Philo of the Greek Academy, and rhetoric in the school of Rhodes.

His was an alert and eager mind, a quick and flashing wit, and though his health was always delicate his intellectual energy never flagged. Tall and slender and of handsome features, his brilliant eyes gleaming with thought and fun, he appeared at his best when in some great trial he was pitted against Hortensius or when addressing the people on some exciting and congenial theme. His action was superb, even in the whirlwind of his passion, and though he strained his voice to the utmost it never broke or played him false. Always prepared, he was never the slave of his preparation, and mastered his auditors with living speech, not with remembered sentences. His voice, though never very strong, was clear and penetrating, capturing silence instantly. His nervous, vehement manner, his mastery of all the subtleties of delivery, heightened the charms of his exquisite diction, his vivacity, his invective, his wit, and his pathos. He combined the declamatory style of Rousseau with the caustic irony and the literary fertility of Voltaire; but blended with them the magic of dramatic action and of perfect elocution.

Fluent, sarcastic, audacious, sensitive, sometimes vulgar but never dull, he entered the arena boldly, and his early triumphs at the bar gave promise of a great career.

But he never continued in one stay. He prosecuted Verres with audacity and a splendid eloquence, and yet he suffered the monster to escape with a fine. Confessedly unscrupulous as an advocate, he cared only for triumph and for popularity. And he carried the same loose ethics into his political activity. He supported the Manilian Law, which clothed Pompey with almost unlimited power, yet he and Pompey soon separated. During his term as consul he prosecuted Catiline and his confederates with astonishing ability and audacity, yet Cato and not Cicero was the decisive voice at the critical moment. Nevertheless this was the period of his greatest power and popularity. And the people proclaimed him the savior of his country.

The man was too small for the task. The times indeed were terrible. Roman virtue had rotted to its roots. Men believed neither in the gods nor in each other. In such a period the only savior possible is the man of definite and indomitable purpose, who is careless of his life and of his fame. Cæsar, perhaps, was such a man; certainly Cæsar and Cicero together might have saved Rome. But Cicero vacillated and played a double part. His caustic tongue made him enemies; the mob was fickle; and the vindictive friends of Catiline drove him into exile. The people soon recalled him, but his influence had waned. In the quarrel between Pompey and Cæsar he took the losing side. He had insight but no foresight. All the factors of the situation were perceptible to him, but he never could estimate their value or forecast their result. Cæsar pardoned him and was repaid by him with extravagant laudation. The oration for Marcellus likens Cæsar to a god; the oration for Ligarius—a masterpiece of eloquence—abounds in flattery and protestations of regard. The second Philippic against Mark Antony contrasts strangely

with these two appeals to Cæsar. In the one Cicero rejoices in the assassination of the tyrant; in the other he had assured Cæsar that every senator "would stand sentry over his safety and interpose his body for his defense."

The Philippics are great orations, but in consenting to Cæsar's death Cicero had sealed his own doom. For he had brought Antony into power, and Antony was a man to be annihilated with sword-thrusts only, not with stabs of the tongue, dexterous and venomous as they might be. Antony's wife, Fulvia, gloating over Cicero's gory head, which she holds in her lap, and piercing the mute tongue with her bodkin, is not a pleasant picture. But in politics blunders are crimes, and Cicero the statesman was an eloquent blunderer, except in the one great instance when he saved the commonwealth from Catiline. In him one discerns most clearly the power and the weakness of the artist in words. Cicero labored for oratorical effects. He was never a statesman, sublimely reckless of personal consequences. Hence he never reached those glorious moments that thrill us in Demosthenes and Luther and Patrick Henry; he never caught the note that distinguished the famous speech of Appius Claudius. For self-abandon is the soul of all divine eloquence, the glow of a prophetic intelligence consumed in the defense of good men and noble causes, of glorious traditions and beneficent institutions. Here too the law prevails—he that would save his life must lose it. Cicero's vanity and hesitation destroyed his influence and belittled his career. He tried to lead where he should have followed; he followed often where he should have led. So that although he bemoaned his errors repeatedly yet he blundered on to calamity and to failure, to his own ruin and the ruin of the commonwealth.

THE CHANGES OF THE SEASONS.

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THOSE who would trace the stately round of the year as it presents itself in high latitudes do well to begin their studies in the winter. In that time the course of nature is the simplest and most observable. The alternations of day and night or even the more considerable changes of the weather which from time to time occur do not bring warmth enough to arouse the organic world to active life, so that the nature which is presented to our senses is in large part of the ancient, purely physical type, that which belonged in the world before the advent of living beings, or that which existed in the realms occupied by the ice sheets during a glacial period. In a snow-clad earth we see in a measure an annual recurrence of the conditions of those glacial times when wide lands for long ages were given over to physical activities alone.

It is well for the student of the seasons to look closely to the conditions of the earth in mid-winter. He must not accept the first verdict of his senses and judge the world to be dead because it is snow-bound, enwrapped, as the poets have it, in a white winding-sheet. He should criticize, after the manner of the naturalist, this judgment to see how far it is qualified by the facts he may observe. Beginning with the snow mantle, it is easy to note that it is not, as it at first appears, an inert, changeless mass; it is indeed quickened by a great array of actions which give it a life of its own. Watching the growth of the covering as it accumulates on a hillside during a snowy winter, he sees that at first the flakes as they gather have the wonderful stellate shapes which make the crystals of water the most beautiful of all inorganic forms. As soon as these complicated stars are gathered one upon another their feathery branches begin to fade away; so that,

after a few days, the flake is commonly represented by a little spherical mass of white porous ice. Later on these shot-like bits become more and more coherent until the relatively solid mass which we are accustomed to find in snow a month or two old is formed. In this state the snow is so firm that we may cut it into blocks and build a hut of it, after the well-known manner of the Esquimaux or other people of the far North.

It is commonly supposed that our winter snow-fields are motionless; but if we watch in a careful manner any marks placed on a field of moderate declivity, where the layer is three feet or more thick, we find that it has a slow motion down the slope at the rate, it may be, of two or three feet in a month. So steadfast and strong is this movement that it has been known to break away stout constructions, such as the stone monuments in a cemetery or the iron railings about them. We can easily see the marks of the movement by seeking where the underbrush has been bent downward by the mass in its slow course toward the bottom of the slope. There can be no doubt that these old winter snows take on the more essential characteristics of glaciers. They are in motion under the same laws of movement; they warrant the statement that all that separates our temporary glaciation of the winter from that of an ice epoch is the duration and range of the action.

After observing the features of the incipient glaciers of our snow-covered hill-sides, seeing that this coating is not inert but is pervaded with activities, it is well to explore beneath it in order to find how the soil and its tenants fare in the time when it is thus buried. Stripping away the snow—the field selected had best be wood, for here the earth and its tenants are in the most normal state—we note that on the sur-

face the weight of the, covering—often amounting to one hundred pounds to the square foot—has pressed down the forest mat so that it is much more compact than we find it in the summer time. If the snow is fairly deep, say three feet or more, and has been on the ground for some months, we are likely to find that the earth, though it may have been deeply frozen while it was bared to the early frosts, is now completely thawed and in a mellow state, properly moistened but not soaked with water. The reason for this unexpected frostless state of the soil is that the snow is a very perfect blanket, as all know who have slept underneath it, and keeps out the cold of the outer air so that the earth heat rising from the deeper ground has a chance to melt the frozen soil.

If the observations are made in the latter part of winter and on the grassy edge of a wood or copse there is a chance that we may strike on one of those systems of burrows which the field-mice of various species are wont to make where the snow is deep and the soil full of the nutritious roots of grasses. The slender galleries are cut in the sod in such a way that they are trench-like, with the snow for a roof. They form a complicated tangle of passages, so numerous that in a space ten feet square their aggregate length may be a hundred yards or more. At certain points these paths are widened out to form considerable rooms, where the members of the community gather in a social way. These chambers may serve as sleeping-places, where, huddled together, the little creatures profit by the warmth they give one another.

Lower down in the earth, which by the blanket of snow has been enabled to gain warmth from below, we find the grubs of many kinds of insects which have the habit of biding in this half-mature state during the winter season; some of these lie in a benumbed but unfrozen state, closed in little cells which they have prepared for themselves. Other species take hold of the roots and from their sap gain a subsistence which enables them to grow to the stage where they are ready to complete their

transformation in the early spring. Besides this invisible life of winter the soil layer contains a vast army of microscopic plants and animals, the various bacteria and other lowly forms which are active and efficient in promoting the chemical changes which give the earth its fertility. So long as the frost is out the layer occupied by the roots is the seat of very active and varied chemical processes, such as during the winter prepare the mineral materials to serve as the food of plants, and in this work the bacteria, which are exceedingly numerous—often to the number of hundreds of thousands or even millions to the cubic inch—contribute much.

The seeds of plants which lie below the snow in the cool, moistened earth undergo a process of preparation for their activities to come. If we examine them closely we find that they have lost the dense, hard character they had when they were cast free from the parent. They have become spongy in many cases, and have begun to slip the beginnings of root and stem from the encasement so that they may be ready to spring up at the awaited summons. Where the structure and habits of the plant are such that the roots survive the winter while the tops die, it not uncommonly happens that the warmth of the soil causes them to begin their growth a month or more before the snow mantle is removed. In the far North, where the summer is so short that the flowering plants have scant time in which to grow blossom and seed, many species save precious time by going forward even to the flowering stage before they behold the sun. Beneath the snow, though their tops are in a temperature just above freezing, their roots are in somewhat greater warmth and are free to do their appointed work. Moreover, the plants are quite secured from the dangers of the frosts which each night menace their kindred of the open air long after the sun of midday has stimulated their growth.

These studies of the winter conditions of the earth, which might be indefinitely extended, serve to show us that this season of frost and snow is not what it at first appears

to be—a period of death and destruction—but one of repose and of gradual preparation for the vigorous life which is to come with the higher sun. When that great master of our earth's activities, having touched the further tropic, turns once again toward our pole his task is not to awaken the dead but to arouse the sleeping life of the earth. At first the effect of the lengthening days is unnoticeable; for some weeks indeed the gain may be so unmarked that the weather is on the average colder than it was during the latter stages of the sun's decline, when the remnant of the summer's warmth in earth and sea still seems to moderate the frost; gradually, however, within a month or so after the solstice we begin to see that the change is effective. Throughout nearly all the snow-wrapped realm of this continent south of the Canadian line the acute observer can usually note by about the first of February that a new aspect is coming upon the greater plants. This is most visible in the slow enlargement of the buds of the common broad-leaved forest trees. This evades detection in any one bud but it is to be noted in the gradual thickening of the summit of the wood. By carefully noting at Christmas the depth to which we can clearly see through the branches of a forest we may obtain a delicate gauge by which to determine the time when the quickening of the life of the trees begins. This first step in the new year does not seem to depend altogether on the warmth of the air; it begins when freezing is still common even in the day. The awakening from the winter's sleep appears to be a matter of habit in the creatures, one which is mainly independent of temperature.

As the sun in its advance forces the tropic warmth toward the pole a great readjustment in the conditions of the atmosphere in the regions which are creeping from winter begins. The cyclonic storms gradually diminish in energy as the continental area of high barometer is broken up, so that these great whirls no longer have the same energetic march to the eastward which they had in the depth of the winter. The skies as the air increases in warmth and therefore con-

tains more vapor, gradually lose their steel-blue color and become of a violet or whitish tint. The clouds fly higher and are of more varied forms. The march of the warmth is not only toward the pole but upward into the higher realms of the atmosphere. If we could behold a characteristic, clear winter day in contrast with a like day in June or July we would be struck by these differences in the aspect of the sky, but as the changes are gradually effected they pass unnoticed.

In those regions which are so fortunate as to receive and retain through the winter a deep coating of snow the spring is far advanced before the sheet passes away. As it goes it leaves the ground in fair order for the development of seeds and for the escape of the insect life which in the grub state has hibernated within it. The melting of the snow supplies in a gradual manner abundant moisture; moreover the snow has some little ammonia in it, which, in a degree, serves to fertilize the plants. Owing to its protective quality and to the help which its water on melting gives the plants the snow was long ago termed in English phrase "the poor man's manure," *i. e.*, the fertilizer of the small farmer who could not have much of other means for aiding his crops.

Although all the life which awakens in the spring is sensitive to frost, it is a curious fact that the indigenous animals and plants of a country rarely suffer from the cold, while, as gardeners and other tillers of the soil know full well, such calamities are common enough in the case of the exotic species which are reared for use as ornament. The reason for this is the very perfect adjustment of the native species to the conditions of the country. The stocks of each species which come either too early or too late for the best profit are at a disadvantage and are quickly displaced by those which exactly fit their rate of development to the peculiarities of the climate. This is one of the many very beautiful cases of the adjustment of life to its environment which may be traced in the process of the seasons. As the price of advancement, indeed of its continuous life, each species has to have all its functions properly ordered not only with

each other competing form but with the large features of the climate in which it dwells. That it exists is a proof that this task is well done. In this connection it is well to notice that in each springtime we have a beautiful example of that process which Darwin has termed "natural selection," but which is often known as "the survival of the fittest." The seeds which in the later summer and autumn are committed to the earth are incalculably more numerous than the plants of their species which can find room in the fields or forests. On the average the plants probably yield more than five hundred times as many seeds as have a chance to come to maturity. Each spring this host of seeds starts on the race for success in life; we see them in the struggle crowding each other in every field. Watching any part of the throng we may note from week to week how the feebler individuals are overcome by the stronger, deprived of the chance of light and food, driven, in a word, to death because they are weak. This grim battle goes on in the forests between the great trees which endure for centuries as it does in the fields between the annual forms. The struggle cannot easily be traced as it occurs between the giants of the forests for it is there a centennial combat; with the plants of a season it is easily noted.

The annual renewal of the struggle for existence takes place each spring with the animals as with the plants; it is less evident to the eye, but we may see something of it by observing the hordes of insects which come forth from the eggs laid before the winter, remembering that with rare exceptions there is no increase in the number of any of these species. If we watch in a careful way a colony of caterpillars, we observe that of the host by far the greater number fail to attain the chrysalis state and of these only a part gain the perfect form and lay eggs. Thus to both the realms of life—plants and animals—the vernal season brings a period of contest leading to a survival of the fittest and thereby to the strengthening of the life which is led upward in a long succession of the ages.

Those who are familiar with the processes of the spring in several countries ranging from the regions just outside of the tropics to the circumpolar lands have had a chance to behold certain differences which are very instructive. In the more southern realm the procession of the spring moves slowly onward, beginning with certain movements, perhaps as early as the middle of February, the whole procession not being in train until midsummer or autumn. In the middle distance on the way to the arctic circle the pace of life is very much hastened. The first blossoms come late in April or in May and the remainder of them are set open by early September. In the high latitudes, where the frostless season may not exceed two months, the plants go forward in the continuous or almost continuous day with a rush to their goal—the seed-time. Here again we have an example of the adjustment of the habits of the plants to their environment; each species as the price of life has to fit itself to the conditions of the world about it.

The strongly accented variations of the seasons of high latitudes have probably had a great effect upon the various kinds of animals and plants which have been subjected to their action. In the realm of alternating winter and summer all living forms are continually exposed to new tests of their strength. Winter is a time of strenuous trial, which only the strong, the perfectly adjusted, survive. In that time the assay is by the rude physical conditions. In the spring and summer the trial is again made, but now it is by the strife between the living competitors in the struggle for existence. In the tropics, though there is a semblance of seasonal changes in that realm, the winter combat and the clearly set race of the springtime are to a great extent lacking. The contest, though strenuous, seems to be less so than in regions nearer the poles. It may be that it is to this difference in conditions that we owe the fact that as a whole the life of the tropics is of a less advanced type than that of the middle latitudes, the realms of large and well-balanced seasonal changes.

It may be hoped that the foregoing brief

and imperfect sketch of the year's round, and that printed in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for November, 1897, may incline some of those who read these pages to undertake a careful study of the admirable problems which on every side open before the naturalist when he approaches the study of the seasons. In

no other field are the facts more attractive, in none other are the impressions of the orderly march of physical and organic events of this world so easily gained. The best possible beginning of an enlarging study of nature is to be attained by observing the processes of the year.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

DEAD FLIES.

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor.—*Ecclesiastes x. 1.*

[April 3.]

THERE is no other book in existence which utters so deep a bass note of heavy, gloomy recollections as this book of the "preacher," and there is no other, outside of the New Testament, which strikes, with so broad and solemn a sweep of the hand, all the strings of our common humanity. It is the wail of a broken heart. It is the long-drawn sigh of exhausted pleasure, the nausea of indulgence, the disgust of satiety. It is the cry of a great soul, wrung with an anguish which repentance itself made sharper, as an old wound does the knife of the surgeon. We seem to see Solomon, heaped with his crimes and smarting with the sting of his follies, sitting, solitary and desolate, in the cold splendor of his throne and his palace. Age has come upon him, and death waits at the door. The fire of his passions has burnt itself to ashes, and his blood has cooled till every pulse is a shiver at his heart. He remembers what he was, when, in the morning of his life, he rose from his dream and presented himself before God to ask for wisdom. He recalls the magnificence of his earlier reign, the grandeur of his state, and the fame of his policy, his deeds, and his prosperity. He remembers his enthusiasm in the service of God, what proud hopes swelled within him, what triumphs of joy reveled in his heart, when he stood by the altar of the temple and saw his work crowned with the glory of the Shekinah,

and spread forth his hands to invoke, in immortal words, the perpetual presence of God with himself and the people.

Was he in a trance then, or is he in a trance now? What are these stocks and stones, these carved images of Baal, these idols of the heathen, that thrust their grisly faces between him and the God of his fathers? What are these lurid flames, lighting up the sky from the high places around Jerusalem? What means that motley crew of strange priests, with their idolatrous symbols and their inhuman rites and ceremonies? What means this tingling shame at the mention of Egypt and of Pharaoh's daughter? What is this blurred vision of licentious mirth, days of feasting and nights of unhallowed sensuality? Why does he start at the shadows on the wall, as if he dreaded an avenger from his forsaken God? Why does the thought of dying turn every curtain into a pall, and shroud him in darkness, till his eyes strain to catch assurance from some straggling sunbeam? Is this the mockery of wine, or is it the "fearful looking for of judgment"?

And now, while plotters are undermining his throne, and his own heirs longing for his death, with this crushing load upon his spirit, wearied of life, wrapped round with the sackcloth of abasing memories, he takes up the record of his godless years, and with indelible and blackest ink he writes across it, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

The words of the text might seem to have been wrung from the lips of Solomon by a bitter sense of his own miserable apostasy.

No man had ever gained a higher repute

for wisdom than he, no man had ever covered himself with more honor; yet now, in the dark and drear experience of his closing days, sitting on the ash-heap of repentance, and beating his breast in cruel and almost sardonic mockery of the state he had kept, and the splendors in which he had lived, he can see plainly and feel keenly the one drop of poison which has turned his cup of life into vanity, the plague-spot which has spread its vile contagion through all his wisdom, and cankered his honor and his greatness.

It is true he speaks only of a few dead flies in the ointment of the apothecary, whereas his corruption had been as the carcass of an elephant in a garden of spices. He speaks of a little folly, when his folly had attained monstrous proportions, and grown rank with a luxuriousness of heaven-defying wickedness. But I apprehend Solomon, in his gloomy brooding, would do as almost every great criminal does when he sits behind the grating of a prison, and in the shadow of a felon's doom, and lets his thought have free play among the events and scenes of his past life. He skips over his last great crime; he is too benumbed in conscience to feel the enormity of his offense. But he knows what he was, and what he is, and he does not stop to measure the great follies which have completed his degradation, but he goes back to the little follies that first turned him aside from the path of truth and honor; he sees the fatal point at which, by some small sin, he broke through the hedge and rushed into the pathway of ruin, and it is upon this small sin, it is on these little follies, that he charges all the accumulated guilt and wretchedness of his career. And so Solomon might pass over the later and more aggravated vices of his career, and fasten his regard, with a stinging self-consciousness, upon that one dead fly which dropped into his ointment when he yielded to the fascinations of Pharaoh's daughter and opened his heart to the seductions of Egyptian idolatry. That was the fly whose gilded wings had made the savor of his reputation hateful to God and to man.

[April 10.]

THE first thing we observe, in trying to bring out the force of the moral maxim in the text, is, that the flies are, not only small in themselves but they fill a very small space in the box of perfume, and that it is precisely so with those pestilent vices and follies which give a noxious savor to the characters of men. They are often so small as to escape detection. They are sometimes wrapped up so entirely in one or two prominent virtues, buried so deep in the ointment, that only the closest familiarity is able to detect their existence; yet there they lie, a source of corruption in the heart of sweetness, a grain of arsenic in a mixture of myrrh. We have a sensibility to the savor of character which is as keen in its way as the scent of the nostrils. There is a delicate moral perfume which transpires through a man's looks and speech and actions, which spreads on the air, and conveys to all around him the odor of fragrant gums and spices, or the smell of dead flies. And it is a singular fact that the evil in character is more pronounced than the good; it has a more penetrating and diffusive pungency; it saturates a man's morals and pervades his religion more swiftly and thoroughly, so that, though it may take years to find out all the great good there is in a character, we are pretty sure to discover the bad in it the first time we set it up where the winds of heaven can blow over it.

There are men we can never trust, because of this almost indefinable and yet decisive perfume of their character. We feel sure there is unsoundness in them, yet we cannot point it out. We feel as the old knight felt, when he was about rushing into the lists of the tournament, and took into his hand the lance that was given him. He lifted it, and brandished it once or twice, and exclaimed that it was not worthy to be trusted with his honor. But there was no flaw in steel or shaft, and yet at the first blow it broke like a rush, and right in the heart of the wood was discovered the burrow of a worm. We have that feeling respecting some men. We can see no flaw in

them, yet we are convinced they are not sound; and very often, when a hard blow breaks them, and lays them open, the secret is revealed, and the burrow of a worm is found in their hearts. And so unerring is that instinct of the moral sense which warns us of the dead flies in human character that it seems strange any man should hope to conceal from others the little nest which he has filled with corruption. There are those who would sink with shame if they suspected that they carried about with them the odor of their follies. They would hide themselves from the light if they could only know how general and how offensive is the savor of the reputation they have made for themselves. They share the infatuation of the drunken reveler, who goes home from his nightly orgies smiling with the placid assurance that there is no taint in his presence, and no trace of carousal for wife or child to weep at.

Vain and besotted delusion! There are things for which God wants no detective, follies that leave an evidence deep as that of a branding-iron, and vices that so scarify a man's moral nature that even the grace of God cannot efface the deformity, or bring back the wholesome fragrance of innocence. How much pitiable weakness and sorrowful regret in the hearts of those who once indulged such follies, and gave way to such vices, now proclaim and prolong the infection of dead flies, and confirm the fearful truth that, though repentance and God's compassion may wipe out the sin, the effects of the sin linger in body and soul, and all the sweet air of heaven cannot cleanse the deadly atmosphere of their presence till "this mortal shall have put on immortality."

And let me observe that the flies are apt to get into the ointment while it is being made. They are attracted by the flavor of honey. They are drawn to the apothecary's mortar by the inviting smell of his balsams and essences. They buzz around his head and flit under his hand, till at last they are caught by the descending pestle and crushed into the ointment.

It is just so with the dead flies in character. The time of danger is when the ele-

ments are entering into combination, when character is mixing up its ingredients and getting ready to solidify itself for life, and that time is in the days of its youth. No old man is ever tempted to make perfume of dead butterflies. No man whose sense and conscience have been schooled by experience is likely to be cheated into the small follies of youthful appetite and passion. There are few soldiers in the great army of wrong-doers who were not recruited when they were young. The janizaries of Satan, like the janizaries of the old Turks, are trained up from their youth. The temptations of the young man are like the fires of Moloch; it is folly to think he can dally with them and then come out without being scorched.

[April 17.]

THERE are young men among us who are doing this without a thought that they are contracting a vile slime of manners and sentiments which will stick to them like mastic on a stone wall. They at least have no faith in the apostolic apothegm, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." They are perfuming their reputations with dead flies, they are steeping their lives in the exhalations of vice; their characters begin to smell rank with the miasma of vicious associations; and yet, even though they may sometimes be rudely admonished that they are falling into bad odor, they hope by and by to sprinkle themselves with disinfectants, to purify the ointment with a little chloride of lime, and neutralize the dead flies in their character with the potash of respectability. But, I repeat, it would take a miracle to do this. Not more surely are the sins of the fathers visited on the heads of their children than the follies of youth are inoculated into all the tissues of character; and the weak spots of many a man, now standing clean and unsoiled among his fellows, are just the places where the follies of his youth have gangrened, and the dead flies lie festering in the ointment. It is not always the feeling of innocent sadness, it is sometimes the feeling of a guilty remorse, the sense of what we lost, and

madly lost, in the follies of our younger days, that makes us say—

I would I could recall those days
When I was a free, laughing boy;
When every note was one of praise,
And every impulse one of joy!

We learn to sing this when we find that the abuse of youth has taken from us what we never can recover, that it has turned the boyish note of praise into a long sigh that quavers with repentance, and the impulse of joy into the cracked string of a harp that has forgotten its music. I do not mean that religion has not power to redeem a wasted youth, or that it does not provide a large compensation for the joys and exultant energies which youthful follies have deadened forever. But I say this, that God meant religion to be something more than a compensation; and that if a young man waste and corrupt half the material of his manhood, all the religion God can give him will never make him more than half the man he might have been.

And I ask you to observe how the same considerations apply to the formation of Christian character. There is a time when that is young, and as impressible and ductile as hot iron on the anvil. The Christian man will be what the convert grows into. Whatever mold he throws himself into he will harden to, and after a few years you will have to break him into pieces and melt him over before you can turn him into any other shape. Christian character is not a mathematical line, stretching from point to point, but an outline, which, with God's help, we are required to fill up; it is the measure and stature of a "perfect man in Christ Jesus," with every organ complete and in full play. Yet you see in the church characters as maimed as men who have no eyes, no hands, or no feet. There are large-headed men with small hearts, and great-hearted men with no arms; burly-looking men without tongues, and loud-tongued men with no digestion. We seem satisfied to cultivate one or two organs, and to consign the others to spiritual atrophy and starvation. We are content to get a tolerable perfume from our ointment, and

do not mind a few straggling flies; and in the best and clearest savor of many a good Christian character there is often perceptible a very strong suspicion of dead flies, and all its real sweetness is smothered, and its power nullified, by the obtrusive presence of some little weakness. There are those whom we cannot fail to believe good Christians on the whole, but whom we would not like to subject to an analytical dissection, for we know they could not bear it. Yet it is the truth that though God may take a man as a whole, the world insists on taking him in parts. God knows men altogether, as units; we know them only in fractions. We cannot always tell on what general plan a character is built up, because we can see it only in one section at a time; and therefore a half-educated and faulty Christian may be the object of as many different judgments as he shows to men different aspects of his life.

[April 24.]

We put great stress on the large virtues. We call for faith, temperance, and charity. We touch up into brightness the boss of the shield, while the rim is eaten with rust. We take great pains with the cardinal points of character, while those smaller elements of a pure Christian life, those virtues which Paul so loved to inculcate—meekness, long-suffering, gentleness, patience, kindly affection—these are left to struggle as they may; and our petty weakness at these points disables us when we are strongest, and provokes skepticism where we are most sincere and earnest.

A man may have a great deal of grace, and be blessed with very few graces. He may have a good heart with a very wry face. He may preach well to sinners, and walk by them on the street without a sign of recognition. He may have a most persuasive tongue and a most disobliging temper, a most magnificent generosity in giving and a most grasping greed in taking. He may be full of warm sympathies, and yet freeze them before they reach his lips or trickle down to his fingers. He may build a church, and yet refuse a dollar to some

public charity; or he may found a hospital, and tear a church into pieces. These are some of the oppositions of character, these are the defects in filling up the outline of the Christian man, these are some of the specimens of a mutilated virtue, these are a few of the dead flies in the ointment, that destroy the influence of many a life and take away the sweet savor of many a reputation.

That is the history, that is the chronology, of a faulty and vicious character. The young man takes in one vice at a time, and he generally asks, "Is it not a little one?" The Christian tolerates one little weakness, till he is not ashamed or afraid to let another and another drop down by the side of it. Our faults have such a logical cohesion, they are so sure to follow in succession, and pile themselves up in such a conglomerate consistence, that it is impossible to cherish one and hate all the rest; it is impossible to admit one and shut the door against all the others. And no man is safe who does not fight them all. No young man is safe who tampers with temptation in the hope of outwitting it or keeping it at bay. No Christian is safe who lives in the conscious

neglect of a single one of his known duties. No one is safe, no one can keep a pure character and an undefiled reputation, who does not rid the ointment of every fly that falls into it.

All our life is a struggle with the dead flies. There are dead flies in society that make sick the very air we breathe; that carry moral disease into every neighborhood they infest, and make it almost an experiment of life and death to put the innocence of youth where their pestiferous influence can reach it. There are dead flies in the state, in the halls of legislation, in the courts of justice; and hardly a month passes, hardly a law is enacted, but some reckless apothecary's pestle, some corrupt hand of power, crushes a fly into the ointment intended to heal the wounds of the body politic. There are dead flies in the church, men of unsavory reputation, who tax all the charity of the church to its utmost strain, and then bring down upon it the scorn and contempt of infidels; idle men and women, who lend no perfume to their profession, and take half the perfume out of the profession of others.—*Rev. P. B. Haughwout, A. M.*

YOUNG EUROPE.

BY DOMENICO OLIVA.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

TIME passes and the school of Italian positivists continues to live and work. Its origins are well known. It had its birth in the laboratories of legal medicine. It developed in the law faculty. Now it is making its way into political life—a halting way to be sure, arduous and difficult—and it is seeking to infuse our youthful sociology with its spirit, while it courts literature and art, especially in the province of literary and art criticism. Such is the fate of all ages, of all groupings of the intelligence of man around one or more theories; either because there is none of the so-called moral sciences which does not have some affinity with its fellows, or be-

cause the tendency to go out from specialization into the broadness of the universal and general is innate in human activity, especially when it is investigating the reason of things and their concatenation. So we find the fact clearly demonstrated that the spirit of every age is not satisfied without ending its own work by the creation of a kind of encyclopedia, large or small, in which can be found not only the spirit itself (and that alone is no small thing) but also the why and wherefore of all things, the last and often the fruitless effort of the thought of man.

It is a kind of feverish crisis, this adaptation of the theory. To the patient some-

times obscure always serious work of induction and direct observation at first hand succeeds the deductive process. And once this process is begun it is followed up with eager, irrepressible, intellectual joy, and those things become at once deductive which by their very essence are inductive and which should be so. Spencer deduces everything from the theory of evolution; Taine from his theorem of race, surroundings, and epoch. In like manner this school of which we speak has found the type of criminal man and has put it forward as the base of a criminal code which would be new. It has thought out the principle of race degeneration, scientific creations which are still very much discussed and susceptible of argument, and now it no longer investigates and toils in those vast laboratories of experience which are political history, philosophy, religion, and art, but is endeavoring to shape political history, philosophy, religion, and art to its own image and semblance. I confess I have misused the school in times past and have never been a member of it, probably out of mere chance. Possibly by mere chance also I have always spoken of its excesses and defects heretofore, but my intentions at least have never been hostile. And to show my lack of hostility I will now say that the school has one undeniable merit. It limits itself to no restricted field and allows new currents to circulate in its modes of thought. It accepts new tendencies and turns toward new horizons. To be sure it could not do otherwise without committing suicide. But the cases of intellectual suicide are too frequent for us not to feel bound to point out the desire for life so strong and so tenacious as it is here.

The school in fact has become socialist. Its head, Lombroso, is a socialist. Ferri and Ferrero, of whom I shall now speak, are socialists. Garofalo, whose work possessed a manifestly individualistic and anti-democratic character, is perhaps the only one who is opposing the current, and he most logically. But Garofalo is a solitary exception, or appears to be, while his scientific coreligionists, with perfect sincerity of

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conviction, applaud the movement which doubtless should give us much food for thought and reason for action. Moreover, as an unavoidable consequence of its own bent the school is preparing to consider the social problems which are working to-day in the conscience and on the will of man. And it treats them with absolute optimism, which formerly was not at all the case. I remember I once heard one of the most prominent adherents of the school, MorSELLI, declare his aversion toward the principle of goodness in life. He did not spare some of what are considered among the greatest conquests of modern times, such as trial by jury or the abolition of capital punishment. The school was mainly one of criticism, and critics are rarely good-natured people who get along easily with existence. But now at last the school is given over to hope, to the certainty that human events may and should tend toward the betterment of the race.

It has become humanitarian, it proclaims the doctrine of universal peace, it believes in a beneficent and general transformation of social institutions, it dreams of a quiet and grandiose solution of the greatest problem which disquiets and torments us, and, illuminated by a kind of positivist poetry, it dreams of a new Europe different from the old and better. Ferrero speaks of this new Europe in a book which has had much success, because it has been honestly compiled and because its literary sincerity strikes the public as something quite original. Ferrero has traveled and observed. He has journeyed through countries which surpass ours in riches, industry, refinements of life, and comforts, though unequal to it in beauty of climate and in the traditions and monuments of art. He has traveled in northern lands, particularly in Germany, Russia, and England, and out of his traveling diary has grown a volume of sociological criticism, which has for me the overpowering worth of being based on facts.

There is then a "young Europe," and when we say "old Europe" we define a something which is on the point of vanishing. The peoples of Europe are old, but

now a second springtime is about to bud, a new renaissance is preparing, one more grandiose and more fecund than that which our ancestors initiated and directed when they cleansed the world from the rust of the Middle Ages. Europe still remains, and will remain for some time longer, at the head of the world. The aged mother is not yet weary with bringing forth kinds and wonders of civilization.

Where is the world being renewed? In England chiefly. Ferrero is an Anglomaniac, as we all are practically, but he is a reasonable Anglomaniac and is one though a socialist, perhaps because he is a socialist. He is not revolutionary in his ideas. He knows that revolutions often revive the spirit of a material and cruel struggle, hence the martial spirit, hence also the spirit of conquest. And being organically opposed to militarism he is distrustful of whatever may create new warlike nations, new victorious generals, new despots, the Cromwells or Napoleons of the future. And so we understand that as Ferrero is not a revolutionist and is against the maintenance of standing armies, his sympathies are bound to be with the Anglo-Saxon race, and with the Anglo-Saxons of Europe, who present the purest type, and who are at present in the midst of a period of complete social creation. It is true that when Karl Marx wished to embody his criticisms of middle class society he took England as his model. It was the living and perfect example for him of capitalistic form. But Ferrero is not a very orthodox pupil of Marx. He says in speaking of Marx:

The middle class era appeared to him as an era of wonderful intellectual progress and moral decadence, in which human egotism is revealed with a brutality freed from every illusion. Therefore does Marx, a mind so deep and so broad, finally find something beautiful and ideal in the moral spirit of feudalism as opposed to the prosaic moral of the middle classes.

Ferrero at once perceives that all this is only a kind of warfare carried on against civilization. The age of the tradesman, he declares, not only represents an enormous intellectual progress, but it is also an enormous moral progress. And this consists in

the substitution of psychic persuasion for physical persuasion, of fraud for violence. The workman surrenders himself to be plundered in the shops to-day just as formerly the slave and serf did when compelled by brute force, because he is placed between the dilemma of perishing from want or of working for an employer. And this condition of affairs, though hardly a good one in itself, is still an immense good fortune for all compared with the former condition. Trickery, though repugnant in itself, is a blessing when it eliminates violence and makes gold run where before blood ran. Industrial capitalism, notwithstanding its vices, its faults, and its egotistical nature, is nevertheless a benefit in comparison with the despotism of olden times, for it brings into society the principle of solidarity and justice, which though still undeveloped is yet capable of an infinite evolution. This principle is that in order to have any right to life first, to riches next, one must have created something that is useful for others.

The type of English society, which is mercantile and capitalistic, is hence a progressive type, considered either intellectually, morally, or economically. But it is also a type that is by no means rigid, for it contains all the elements essential to its development according to the tendencies, needs, and ideals of new Europe, without any violent shocks, without revolutionary storms, pacifically, in the manner of an evolution which will change the form of society as it has changed the form of politics. It will work gradually, insensibly, free from the oppression of general and *a priori* theories, intent only on solving practical and actual problems, just as historical and economic changes occur. It has been said:

When the time is ripe, that is, when the economic crisis shall have become most acute, the question will begin to be considered in its elements. And we shall find, for instance, that one of the causes of universal distress lies in the ruinous and unjust condition of territorial property, to which the nationalization of land will bring a remedy. From one end of the United Kingdom to the other will arise the cry of "nationalization of land." A colossal agitation will extend over all the country. Gigantic electoral battles will be fought around this banner,

and at the end the principle will triumph through the united efforts of all those who will profit by it or think they will profit by it. None of these combatants, however, will think that he is introducing a new era, but that he is only bringing in a useful reform. A period of quiet will follow this storm, and then will come the question of mines, after which the question of railways will follow. England, in short, will be the first to create the new forms of society, just as it was the first to create the new political forms. It will create them without knowing it, without perceiving it, without ever confessing it to itself. It will go on securely in the ways of the future because it will never see the goal too far away and because it will never stop. So that one day, when it shall have gone a great distance, it will see on turning around and looking back that it has gone out of the marshes where it had so long endured the fevers which it to-day suffers. England has created the republic, the only true republic which exists in Europe, save Switzerland and Norway, by drawing out the inner marrow of the monarchy and leaving the dry shell outside. But many Englishmen will be astonished if you tell them that England is a republic. In the same way it will perchance eat into the marrow of capitalistic society and without perceiving it will introduce into society the collectivist principle, in which lies for civilized nations the principle of the future.

A peaceful socialist, trusting in the future, like Ferrero, is bound to adore England, which he thus conceives and interprets. And his adoration turns to the men, the institutions, the customs, to the mastodon city, the "stone paradox," as he calls London, to which he assigns a great mission of social redemption. And with an enthusiasm which is wholly modern and positive, he looks at the dwellers of that immense hive running every morning, clear of mind, strong, lithe, and trained of limb, to the business center, where they labor for hours on hours without fatigue, manipulating, collecting, distributing all the riches of the world, turning their gaze toward every corner of the earth, solving the most vast and most complex industrial problems with the readiness and ease which come from habit. And then when evening comes they return to their homes in search of a well-earned repose, with a calm conscience, proud of having done its own duty, while the city remains deserted and dumb all night like a dead city, ready, however, to rise again with the new sun, which comes to lay upon it its

daily fecund work, noisy and energetically alive.

Whence comes the wonder? What animates the beneficent monster of the nineteenth century? It is the happy temperament of the Anglo-Saxon race, free of dreams and hypotheses, intent above all on living life, but living it broadly, with indomitable energy, creating, producing, overcoming obstacles, building up riches, comfort, human dignity, perfecting everything, culture, political institutions, moral sentiments, solidifying the principle of liberty, which it wrenched victoriously from the bowels of history. But by the side of this race rises another, common with it in its origins and now its rival in the moral and material conquest of the world. This is the German race, last released from the Middle Ages, which it prolonged almost to the eve of the French Revolution. With the tumultuous work of a century, instead of a few tens of years, it has set up its candidacy for the hegemony of the universe and has created a new state for its own dwelling. It attracts the attention and flattery of the other civilized nations by the magnificent and irresistible prestige of its military victories, by the supremacy of its culture, and by the progress of its arts. It delineates with more precise characters, in a scientific and philosophical form, and with the aid of a powerful and perfect organization, the social motor of the future.

An extraordinary man—who, according to Ferrero, had the misfortune of not being born opportunely, since his proper time would have been the era of the great barbaric conquests—Prince Bismarck, has created a new Germany by destroying and breaking up the old provinces. But the old elements which were conquered while he was still on the political stage, but were not suppressed, began to live and act again when he left it, and even added to themselves new elements which had not been counted on, which were unforeseen, which perhaps could not have been foreseen. And they rose and rose again into that incoherent and chaotic world which had possessed but one source of life, the will of a man, one single organization,

the one formed by a single colossal brain. In Germany we have a representative form of government, but not a parliamentary one, a government which should have a democratic base, universal suffrage, and which has at the summit monarchical absolutism shut up in an old feudal fortress. In Germany we find a multitude of parties which have only a negative effect on the government, which are forbidden to create anything stable and vital, whose interests are in most strident contradiction with those which should be their principles, all malcontents, all opposers, all powerless, driven into a gulf of contradictions out of which they do not succeed in escaping and perhaps never will. On the other hand, socialism, which assumes the garment of a single logical and coherent party, has made wonderful headway, never contradicting itself, always victorious, increasing in power, numbers, and influence, creating a state within a state.

Ferrero describes the organization of the socialist party as "a true state, organized by workmen on their own account, with ministries and budgets, so well administered that one could wish that the Italian government possessed such good administrators as the party of disorder possesses in Germany." This party, which has so many positive qualities, such logic, such mathematical perfection of organization, has, however, one serious defect. It is not a party, it is a church. German socialism, animated by a religious inbreathing, subjected by the vision of a future which it pants after with all the ideal forces of hope, is nevertheless far removed from any practical action and seems affected by the same powerlessness which paralyzes the life of the other German parties. Like Christianity, German socialism has a philosophical content and at the base of that philosophy there is a theory of redemption. So to-day German socialism is only the party of expectation. On account of this infancy in statescraft, on account of this disorderly mingling of men and ideas, Germany cannot maintain its magnificent promises, in spite of the apparent order with which they are presented to the observer's eye. It cannot, now at least, complete what

many generations of sovereigns, thinkers, artists, scientists, statesmen, and warriors have prepared. The German element is everywhere. It goes into every part of America and Europe, carrying with it new springs of life, new youth, new health. It mixes in with other nations, but it makes them robust, strengthens them, and when the hour of decadence sounds it returns to the work, patient and obstinate. Thus it emigrated into the Latin world at the end of antiquity, a fierce and irresistible conqueror. Thus it still emigrates to-day, an industrial conqueror. Where we export only wretched laborers, satisfied with the most abject employment and the most ridiculous wages, the Germans export their manufacturers, bankers, merchants, artisans, who are better taught, and are masters of the others. They are less sober and less simple, but more progressive, more experienced in the knowledge of life; conquerors are they also, but no longer destroyers, rather accumulators of activity, energy, and wealth.

Farther to the east is another great human ant-hill, which is multiplying most rapidly, but is retained for the present within its own immense virgin land. This is the other great but modern creation, Russia. If the Germanic race, whether through the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon peoples or the culture of the nations more properly German, is the dominator of the present and the immediate future, the Slavic race may expect this hegemony in the more distant future. According to Ferrero the Slav has one great advantage over us Latins. He lacks equilibrium. And men that are not equipoised are more fitted for action, and life is action. Indifferent in the presence of death, indifferent under the burdens and torments of life, the Slav is a mixture of almost cynical realism and an exalted and wholly oriental imagination. He knows by his deep religious and social intuition that he is nothing in the intricate and unlimited complexity of life, he knows he exists only as a part, a very small part, of a whole which is Christianity, the nation. He is a barbarian but a barbarian created for collectivist existence, made to weigh on the destinies of the world

and subjugate it, thanks to the force of great masses. He lives in a kind of patriarchal communism, gigantic trusts. For instance, the railroad restaurants throughout all Russia are in the hands of a society which also possesses restaurants and inns in the principal cities, and carries on business to the amount of millions of rubles. There is also a colossal society which distributes books and journals. In South Russia even the peasants are associated in large bodies. This spirit of association, still active and young, compensates by its results of equity and justice for the injustice

of the government and the oppression of absolutism. There is, according to Ferrero, a law of compensation between political injustice and social injustice. In England, for instance, social inequality is atoned for by the luminous equality of the public institutions.

This is in substance the modern idea of the Italian adherents of the new school. Europe is to be renewed by the action of these practical forces found in the Anglo-Saxon, the German, and the Slav. The hour for theorizing has passed. The time for action has arrived.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BY PROF. WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.

OF ADELPHI COLLEGE.

THE most wonderful creations of the poetic art are those which add, as it were, new regions or scenes to the real world which we have known. A drama like "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "The Tempest," or "Lear" throws

The light that never was on sea or land upon a fair, strange realm not laid down in any geography or chart. The same is true of the most original and creative of poems, Dante's "Purgatorio" and "Inferno," even though the author may himself believe more or less fully in his own creations. So, in our own day, Mowgli's jungle, and even Alice's wonderland, are felt to be pure gifts, additions to all we possessed or knew before.

But there is a somewhat less original and creative field for the poet's powers, wherein great historic events are more or less consciously idealized, or their true significance made infinitely clearer by vivid illumination, or even by combining, within a single frame, incidents really separated by centuries or by seas and mountain chains. Often, as in Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" or Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," these pictures are drawn by a remote and alien, though sympathetic, hand. Perhaps these

historic reproductions are usually most successful when the artist is at the same time a devoted patriot. Thus the Greek dramatist seems usually to have felt that he was really vivifying the great deeds of his Hellenic ancestors—though he very rarely ventured (as in Æschylus' "Persians") to describe events actually within his own memory. Shakespeare's and Tennyson's dramas from English history are perhaps better examples in the same general field. Sometimes a sincere and loyal religious purpose is felt, as in Longfellow's "Christus," or in romances like "Ben Hur" or "Quo Vadis"; this, however, is a field in which the mixture of fiction with reality is rightly felt to be most perilous.

It is in this second class that Virgil's Æneid is generally accorded the highest place. Both the religious and the patriotic motives are powerfully represented in the poem. The character and general experience of a whole people—of the most masterful people, too, in all human story—are perhaps more truly and memorably indicated in this beautiful and relatively brief epic than in the great patriotic history of Rome by Livy, which was the second most brilliant achievement of the same Augustan age (31 B. C.—14 A. D.).

That half-century was by no means generally felt by Romans to be a peculiarly happy and prosperous time. In truth the period of national decay was doubtless already at hand. The sturdy, ever-victorious Roman folk had lost their freedom, and were perhaps already beginning to lose their intellectual vigor. Livy is clearly not a morbid nor gloomy nature, yet he says in his prologue: "This, too, is a reward of my labor, that I may turn away, at least for a time, from the miseries which our own age has seen." In a whole century of the civil wars (133-31 B.C.) the brief dictatorship of Julius Cæsar (47-44 B.C.) alone had brought any approach to real order and firm respected rule. The accession of Augustus, Cæsar's grandnephew and adopted son, to the imperial throne, was eagerly accepted by a people who no longer desired their nominal freedom, under the government of a senatorial oligarchy or of the military chiefs, the idols of the fickle mob.

The age of Augustus is, indeed, the golden time of Roman literature. But that literature was itself a transplanted exotic, forced to hasty maturity under courtly favor and under the excessive dominance of unapproachable Greek models. Like the Roman architecture, Latin literature is, in large degree, one of the later outgrowths of the Greek genius, although, like the sister art also, Latin poetry gains in many respects from the graver, statelier, more ethical Roman nature qualities which few Greek poems fully share. The absolute imitation of Greek models is felt, of course, more largely in the form than in the substance; but the greatest Roman stylists are invariably most fully under Hellenic influence—Virgil perhaps even more than any other.

Ennius (239-169 B.C.) introduced in Rome the Greek dactylic hexameter, and used it in his historical and patriotic *Annals*, which became Virgil's chief Roman model. Ennius, and perhaps still earlier poets, had worked out the legend which made Rome's founder, Romulus, a far-away descendant of Æneas. This latter hero

was the most illustrious survivor who escaped from burning Troy. At first, indeed, Romulus was described as Æneas' son or grandson, till a gap of some four centuries in the chronology was noted between Troy's fall and Rome's foundation, which compelled the invention of a long line of shadowy Italian princes between them.

It is not probable that Virgil believed the Cæsars to be lineal descendants of Æneas and Romulus. The only scrap of "evidence" offered us he himself perhaps invented—as unscrupulously as the shield of John Ridd is devised in "*Lorna Doone*." (Thus, another name for Troy was Ilium. So Æneas' son was "*Ilus*"; *i. e.*, an Ilian boy. If that name were softened to Iulus, then Iulius, the family name of the imperial Cæsars, could be connected with it!)

But the empire of Augustus was firmly established, and loyalty to all its claims was like religious orthodoxy—*was* orthodoxy indeed, for the living Augustus, as well as the murdered Cæsar, was actually deified and worshiped. And in the very first of Virgil's brief pastoral poems, the *Bucolics*, published as early as 37 B.C., occur these lines upon the youthful Augustus:

Yea, for a god shall he be unto us evermore, and
his altar

Often a tender lamb of our fold shall stain with his
life-blood.

A courtly singer could not question these things. Indeed the rustic genius, lifted suddenly into the highest circle of imperial favor, never shows the least reluctance to play the courtier's part, with all possible adulation and glorification of his master. But we must always remember, too, that the romantic poet has as little as possible of the analytical critic in his nature. He is oftener the conservative than the radical. He at least tries to believe in all that is beautiful—above all, in his own creations.

The Æneas legend was firmly established in Rome. Moreover, this son of Aphrodite is a favorite and honored, though a minor, character of the *Iliad*, and that made it easier for Virgil to imitate the very form and structure of the Homeric poems. And

he is of all great original artists the most constantly imitative. His beautiful *Georgics*, four books of verse glorifying country life and the farmer's tasks, had already made him the idol of the court and of the populace. When that task was triumphantly completed (29 B. C.), the emperor and his favorite minister, Mæcenas (the shy gentle poet's shrewd and kindly patron), proposed a far heavier labor to fill out the rest of his toil-some years. The *Æneid* was announced long beforehand (by the poet Propertius, for instance), and, as it were, awaited with bated breath, as "something greater than the *Iliad*." It has been overpraised no less extravagantly ever since, and only less severely belittled and stigmatized—chiefly by recent German scholars—as a failure. The dying poet (19 B. C., at the age of fifty) himself was of the latter opinion, and bade his literary executors destroy the uncompleted poem. This was no doubt beyond their courage, or even their power. Three books at least (II., IV., and VI.) had been publicly read by Virgil in Augustus' presence, and received with utmost enthusiasm.

When we remember, then, the age, the external conditions, and the poet's own gentle, pliant, lovable spirit, we shall be astonished to find in the *Æneid* so much that recalls the sturdier heroism of the early republican days. It is the Roman people, after all, whose tread is heard most constantly through these ten thousand majestic hexameters. We see that tireless folk, through the swift-changing centuries, marching steadily on to the lordship over Latium, over Italia, over the whole wide circle of goodly Mediterranean lands.

Doubtless the student who has not yet opened his Virgil may feel somewhat oppressed already by the necessity of keeping in mind these large outlines of universal history. It is true that some realization of Rome's position, as the monster which swallowed up all earlier empires, and in whose mighty shell and frame even the modern nations of Europe still house, is necessary to any general view of the *Æneid*. But the "courteous Mantuan¹ spirit," which reluctantly took upon itself this lofty task,

had little enough in common with the haughty patrician Roman.

Virgil was, perhaps, rather an Italian to the end. He was full of tender love for nature and for all men. The gentle creatures of the wood and field, the quaint myths of the Italian folk, the sweetest fancies and melodies of all earlier Roman and Hellenic minstrels, live again in his verse. A half-melancholy, half-triumphant music, the despair of any imitator or translator, lifts nearly every line of his, considered merely as melodious rhythmic utterance, to a level where he is almost or quite unrivaled. Probably no poet, since the world was, has equaled him in popularity. It is declared, with almost literal truth, that were all manuscripts and editions of his works to vanish, we could recover practically all his verses from the quotations in later Roman authors. Such a poem, then, no true lover of literature can ignore.

Our remaining space will barely permit a rapid analysis, which should be accompanied—or preceded—by a careful perusal of the entire book. Perhaps the two most readable translations are both by Prof. John Conington, one in rather ornate prose, the other in the rapid but undignified eight-syllable couplet so familiar from "The Lady of the Lake" and "Snowbound." The best known American rendering is in rather slow blank verse by C. P. Cranch. The present writer prefers the spirited rimed version of Sir Charles Bowen, partly because the verse employed lacks but a single syllable to become exactly equivalent with Virgil's rhythm, the "stateliest meter ever molded on the lips of man," as Tennyson loyally declares. But even the reader who knows no word of Latin can hear the musical cadence, the haunting melancholy and pathos of many Latin lines, like,

Tántae mólis erát Románam cóndere géntem,²

where the poet doubtless heaves a sigh over his own heavy task as well as the toil of his hero.

The opening words of the *Æneid* are to all men familiar: "Arms and a hero I sing." For deeds of clashing arms Virgil's muse is far too gentle. His hero is a duti-

ful son, piously submissive to the divine will. When the curtain rises he has wandered seven years already, with little idea of his final goal. Tempest-tost off Sicily's dangerous coast, he prays to his divine mother, who intercedes for him at the supreme throne of mercy. Jupiter comforts his daughter in words which at once make clear the relation of the nominal hero to the larger national theme. *Æneas* himself shall live but three years after reaching Italy; his son shall reign thirty years over a Latian city on the Alban mount, his posterity for three hundred. Then at last the princely nurslings of the she-wolf are to found Rome, to which Jupiter generously allots power—not for three thousand years only, but forever!

Twice again in the course of the epic is this magnificent reach from the days of *Æneas* to the poet's own time no less masterfully spanned. Most splendid of all is the pageant of the Roman descendants that pass in prophetic review (Book VI., v. 756-885) before *Æneas'* eyes during his visit to the under-world.⁹ (This entire episode, *Æneid*, Book VI., is greatly superior to the sketch of *Æneas'* similar voyage in *Odyssey* XI.) And once more, when Vulcan forges magic armor for *Æneas*, the poet, again imitating Homer and bettering his model, makes the elaborate pictures on the hero's shield foreshadow some of the most brilliant achievements in the annals of his Roman descendants (*Æneid*, Book VIII., v. 626-731). Here our poet brings his work almost literally "down to date," closing with a glowing account of Augustus' three days' triumph in 29 B. C.

These great historical passages, however, are among the least interesting to the youthful reader. He eagerly follows the hero as he is miraculously saved from shipwreck, lands on the Carthaginian coast, and is safely conducted to the presence of Queen Dido, the patroness of the Phœnician colony. Hereupon a love story promptly begins, and to the beautiful young widow, at a splendid banquet given in his honor, *Æneas* repeats his earlier adventures.

This narrative occupies Books II. and

III. Virgil often reminds us directly that he is following in Homer's footprints, as where *Æneas* relates how he rescued a comrade of Odysseus, forgotten a few weeks before in the hasty flight from the Cyclops' cave.

In Book IV. Dido awakes from her brief dream of wedded happiness, for *Æneas* promptly obeys a divine command to hasten on to his Italian destiny. Here again an unexpected and effective use is made of historic material. Cursing her departing lover, Dido prays that their posterity may be forever at strife; and in the passage beginning

Spring thou forth, some avenger from out of my people hereafter

the Roman listener was more and more clearly reminded of Hannibal, the terrible invader of two centuries before, whose name was still dreaded throughout Italy.

The fifth book makes little progress in the main story, but in the sixth *Æneas* sets foot upon Italian soil, and under direction of the Cumæan sibyl makes the descent to Pluto's realm already mentioned. It would be a great mistake to lay aside the *Æneid* at this point, as is so often done in the study of the Latin text. Even to the original readers, the battles amid which *Æneas* wins his destined bride and finally slays her Italian lover, Turnus, may have seemed, as to us, but a feeble imitation of the great Homeric strife in the Scamandrian plain. Yet the scenery, the legends, the clans, the family names set forth in these later books, must have been full of inspiring associations.

There are at least two episodes among these Italian scenes whose charm can still be fully felt. In the eighth book *Æneas* sails up the Tiber and visits the aged Evander, ruling a city on the very site of future Rome. The patriarchal simplicity of the old pastoral life, as Virgil imagined it to be, is delightfully set forth, and the earliest legends that hung about the seven hills find here their natural place in the great epic.

Again, in Book XI., the maiden-huntress and warrior Camilla is for a few hundred verses the chief figure. The pictures of

her romantic childhood and woodland life are brought into effective contrast with her brief triumph and swift-following death under Æneas' spear. Here, as in the Dido episode, the poet hardly seeks to inspire, and can hardly have felt, any warm personal sympathy with his nominal hero. It may not be too fanciful to see in Camilla, Turnus, and so many other gallant young martyrs, types of the free old Italian life which had indeed been crushed under the conquering heel of Roman power, alike imperious whether republican or imperial in name.

The figure of Camilla appealed especially to the loftiest among medieval singers. As the greatest of Latin poets, and as a chief support of the Cæsars' throne, Virgil is naturally chosen as Dante's guide through hell and purgatory. On his first appearance in the bewildering forest of earthly life Virgil speaks lovingly

Of that low Italy
On whose account the maid Camilla died.

—*Inferno I., v. 106-7.*

There can be no mere chance in this earliest mention by the Italian singer, for whom Virgil necessarily represented the highest ancient poetry; for the greater Greek bards Dante never knew. We may be glad, too, to fancy that in the world of spirits Virgil has indeed led him to the company of great Homer, "poet soveran."¹⁴ In the long story of literature, at any rate, this mediation is one of Virgil's proudest offices, and next after a loving study of his own works the gentle Mantuan spirit can be best appreciated through the interpretation Dante has given, in numberless passages, of his verse, of his political ideals, and of his lovable human character.

Virgil lacks some of the sterner qualities in an ideal manhood. He has not the exultant free stride and voice of a Salaminian victor like Æschylus, or of an Elizabethan Englishman. The imperial despotism must after all have been a first choice only as against the bitterer evils of anarchy and civic strife; especially for men who, like Livy and Virgil, were fully alive to all the ancient glories of their stiff-necked, uncon-

querable race. Even this courtly epic has at least one bold word of honor for Cato, the last champion of the dying republic (*Æneid VI., 841-VIII., 670*).

Yet upon the whole Virgil was accepted as the truest type and ideal of the imperialist in literature. The four important epic poets of the next century all loyally—indeed all too slavishly—imitate him in meter, style, and numberless details. Perhaps few better or sincerer tributes to this supreme master of style have ever been uttered than the loving farewell of Statius, manliest and fullest-voiced among these later singers, to his own ambitious epic:

After the long sea journey my vessel hath won her
the harbor.

Shalt thou afar survive to be read, outliving thy
master,

Oh my Thebaid, watched for twice six years with-
out ceasing?

. . . Live, I pray! nor yet draw nigh to the sacred
Æneid:

Follow thou, rather, afar, and always worship her
footprints.

We shall certainly refuse homage to any emperor as a demigod, as a divinely appointed or perhaps even as a paternal ruler; so that the task laid upon Virgil's maturity may no longer appear a fit and congenial theme for a truly national poet. Many, again, will miss painfully the masculine vigor and activity of the Homeric heroes, and call the "pious" Æneas cold in love and languid in war. But few indeed (who really sought) have failed to discern, behind the fictitious or the historical scenes and characters, a gentle, pure, lofty, and philosophic poet.

By the medieval church Virgil was regarded as the prophet of the Gentiles, not merely as the saintliest of pagan bards. The higher claim was based chiefly on an altogether erroneous interpretation of the brief Fourth Bucolic. Therein is announced the birth of a child—no doubt in the imperial family—in whose budding youth peace, plenty, the golden age shall return to men;

The serpent shall perish, the noxious herb shall
die.

Even these striking phrases are a mere

coincidence, rather than a direct echo of the Hebrew Scriptures.

As to the extraordinary purity, however, of Virgil's immortal poems, any lover of beauty in her highest forms, or of truth, must speak in no hesitating tones. Against a most hasty and ill-chosen phrase, in a recent attack upon the imaginative element in universal literature, we may be content to set the glowing tribute of Tennyson's old age, to the

Light among the vanished ages.

Especially significant is the line:

Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind.

(*End of Required Reading for April.*)

Virgil's only rival in nobility of thought and phrase among Roman singers is Lucretius, the sole great poetic defender of Epicureanism, of atheism, of materialism. Tennyson, firm in his own faith and trust, rejoices especially in Virgil, because the later and far more popular Latin poet clung fast to the two fondest beliefs of humanity—which Lucretius had put from himself most scornfully—the faith in a supreme, omniscient, world-ruling divinity, and in the unending existence of man's soul. Once again let the great laureate utter our greeting:

I salute thee, Mantovano, I who loved thee since my life began!

HOW TO USE OBJECTS AS ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY JOHN HOPKINS DENISON.

MARK ANTONY, according to Shakespeare, made his greatest hit by an object talk upon the robe of the murdered Cæsar. A trained lawyer knows well the effect that may be produced upon a jury by a blood-stained lock of hair, a baby's shoe, or a wedding ring. Many of the greatest teachers have used the object talk as a means of illustration. Christ pointed his disciples to the city set on a hill and to the candle on its candlestick. He taught them a lesson by setting a child in their midst, and he also said, "Now from the fig-tree learn her parable."

An object seldom fails to gain the attention of an audience. It also may be made to give clearness to an involved subject. And both these things are of primary importance to the orator. Every successful speaker makes a twofold appeal: in the first place, to the head; in the second place, to the heart. For the appeal to the head or intellect two things are necessary—attention on the part of the audience and clearness on the part of the orator. To appeal to the heart or will the feelings of the audience must be aroused as well as their curiosity, and on the speaker's part force is more necessary than clearness.

Clearness and force in the speaker, interest and emotion in the audience, are the conditions of a successful speech.

For the attainment of all these ends illustration of some kind is necessary. An unembodied principle is as hazy to the commonplace mind as a disembodied spirit, and has even less horse-power when it comes to driving a man into action. It is not so much what a man says as the way in which he says it that tells. In dealing with an audience of thoroughly trained and intellectual minds, the best method of illustration is undoubtedly the epigrammatic, in which light is let in upon the subject from a thousand different directions by a series of brilliant metaphors and similes, which, like the coruscations of the electric spark, disappear before they tire, and keep the mind prickling with their agreeable stimulus. Christ was familiar with this method: *e. g.*, Matt. xxiii. 23-29, vii. 3-20.

For untrained minds and children we are obliged to fall back upon anecdotes, pictures, and objects as a means of illustration. With an educated audience a well-turned description is more effective than a picture. With simple minds the picture tells every time. Objects may be relied upon to

arouse the interest of the audience, and, if rightly used, to add greatly to the clearness of the subject matter. In fact they dissipate so completely the haze of mystery and romance that adds the artistic element to every discourse that an audience of esthetic temper will scarcely endure them. A good speaker will always illustrate an appeal to the heart very differently from an appeal to the head. If he wishes to get his audience to see something he will use very different methods than if he wishes to get them to do something. To induce them to do something he must get them not only to see but to feel. One can make men understand most readily by the use of objects, blackboard, and charts. But these methods are practically useless in arousing the feelings. To get an audience to feel, one can accomplish most by the use of carefully chosen anecdotes, by pictures—in words or on the screen—and by music. It is for this reason, of course, that the theater or opera appeals so much more powerfully to the feelings of the average man than the pulpit. It is really astonishing how tremendously men can be influenced by a proper combination of these illustrative methods that appeal to the feelings.

It is, however, of the other class of illustration—the kind that is of use in making things clear—that I wish to speak at this time. To do this no method is more effective with children or untutored minds than the object talk. For example, let us try to teach the above principles of illustration to a class of children. As principles they would not be interested in them, neither would they be able to grasp them. But take a lamp in one hand and a piece of sensitized paper in the other, and say to them: "If you want to be a speaker you must be like this light. You must be clear. But that is not all. You must also be hot. Now the lamp does something to the paper. It lights it up. So if you are clear in what you say you can light up the minds of your audience. But the lamp does more. There are certain chemical rays from the lamp of which that sensitized paper can take hold and retain a permanent impress. If you

want to put a picture on the minds of your hearers that will last, you must have something in your speech that will awaken their interest and curiosity and make their minds take hold of your words as the paper takes hold of the light. But there is something else that you can get from the lamp beside light, and that is heat. Heat does not light up the paper, but it will set it on fire. When the paper is once burning, it, in its turn, will give off light and heat. When you are speaking you can be something else besides clear and bright. You can show warmth, you can speak with force. Thus you can make the men that hear you burn, so that they in turn will kindle others."

Thus you have expressed in concrete, tangible form four rather complexly related truths. It is far easier to remember that the lamp was bright and hot, and that the paper took a picture, and burned, than to remember the abstract principles as above enunciated. The objects act as hooks upon which to hang principles for reference. They are undecaying skeletons which can be reclothed at a moment's notice with the flesh and blood of your ideas. My sexton asked a poor Irishwoman who had drifted into the service the other day, "What did the minister preach about last Sunday?" "Ice," answered the woman. "Well, what about ice?" "He says ice is cold," said the woman. "Oh, come now," said the sexton, "he must have said something more sensible than that—that ice is cold!" "So is some people's hearts," said the woman laconically. She had grasped the spiritual fact through the material cake of ice, and could have followed out all the points of the sermon by simply remembering the various processes of freezing and melting which she had witnessed.

There are five different methods of illustration by objects, all of which I have used, and used frequently. The first is the allegorical method. It consists in taking one striking object and making it illustrate a great number of different truths by following out every possible analogy. Let me illustrate this method by the outline of a "Bicycle Talk."

Theme—Man is like a bicycle.

1. He is a machine with an object.

2. That object is to be the vehicle of the power that made him, and not to go alone.

3. He was meant to go and not to stand still. If he stands still he falls.

4. The bicycle has two wheels. It is guided by the front wheel. It is moved by the back wheel. Man's being revolves about two axes, the head and the heart. He is guided by one and moved by the other. Both must be present and properly geared to one another.

5. The Scriptures and prayer are the handle-bars by which God can get hold of a man to guide him.

6. Conscience is the pedal by which he is driven to right action.

7. The oil of gladness is what prevents friction.

8. To be shod with peace is better than rubber tires.



object illustrate his talk, the speaker must frame his talk to illustrate the object. He illustrates a number of truths by one object.

The second method is to illustrate one truth by a number of objects. I have, for instance, illustrated the text, "Behold how great a matter a small fire kindleth," as follows:

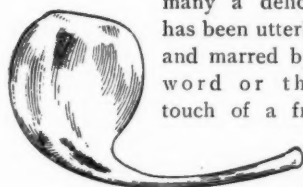
Take a colorless solution of saltpetre and make with it the accompanying chart upon white paper. When dry apply a spark at the point *x*. It will slowly travel along the writing marked out with the saltpetre. Tell your audience that the spark is a lie

or an angry word. I never heard a sermon on the far-reaching effects of a small sin and the way in which it involves a man's future that impressed me more than the sermon of that little red spark as it widened and branched and traced out across the white paper the black words



This method is forced and artificial. It "Sin" and "Sorrow." is used a great deal by sensational preachers. It is of value to arouse the curiosity of the audience. As soon as they see the wheel they will think, "Whatever is he going to say about a bicycle?" and their minds will thus be rendered prehensile. It is a poor method because, instead of making the

To illustrate the same truth in a different way, by showing the amount of suffering a sharp word may bring upon a friend, take a Prince Rupert drop and break by a slight, careless touch the little glass tip. The whole thing falls apart in your hand, shattered into smallest fragments—just as



many a delicate nature has been utterly shattered and marred by an angry word or the careless touch of a friend.

Finally, as an illustration of baptism in the name of the Father is the baptism unto *repentance*, symbolizing the leaving behind of sin.

the terrible explosion of anger and lust and sin that a small and apparently innocent thing may arouse, take a small amount of chlorate of potash and sugar and put in a hole in a pot of earth. The pot, then, like man's nature, is made up of earth and a mysterious something else, no one knows exactly what. Take one drop of sulphuric acid, which looks no more capable of setting that earth into a blaze than a drop of alcohol looks as if it could set a man's soul on fire. When it touches the compound the flame will shoot up a foot into the air. This serves well to illustrate the inflammability of man's nature and the necessity of caution, not only with things that are evidently fire, but even with things that look as innocent as that drop of acid.

A third method is to take one object in a number of different relations to illustrate one spiritual truth in a number of different relations. I have taken water in three different relations to illustrate baptism in the

name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

1. *In the name of the Father.* Water cleanses. (Drop a dirty stone in the water.) Baptism is the symbol of cleansing. The baptism in the name of the Father is the baptism unto *repentance*, symbolizing the leaving behind of sin.

2. *In the name of the Son.* Water dissolves. (Drop in a lump of sugar, which, dissolving, becomes one with the water.) Baptism in the name of Christ is baptism into *union* with him. (Romans vi. 3.)

3. *In the name of the Holy Ghost.* Water kindles. (Drop in a piece of potassium. It catches fire.) This appears to be a miracle. So does the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which sets men on fire, and is the baptism of *inspiration*.

A fourth and less confined method is to explain spiritual processes by exemplifications of similar natural processes. I remember illustrating the distinction between being "conformed" and "transformed" by showing one of the molds in which plaster casts are made,

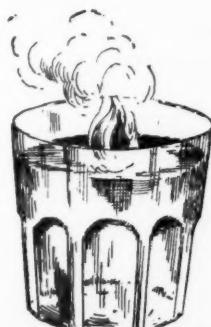
to explain how a man's environment could set its stamp upon him for worse or better, and even *conform* him to the image of Christ, while all the time he remained only clay. Then, taking a piece of ice, cold, sharp, inert, show how it could be *trans-*



CLEANSING



UNION



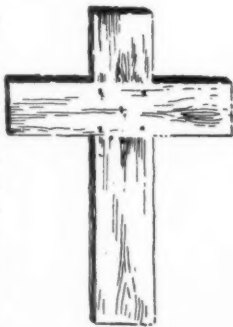
CATCHING FIRE



PRETTY, BUT—

outward change, the other is an inward one. In this way two spiritual processes are illustrated by corresponding natural processes.

The last method, and by far the best for all practical purposes, is to construct your address first and then select some object that will epitomize it so that the stupidest man in the audience can see what you are driving at. This is fully as valuable to the speaker as to the audience, for it forces him to reduce his ideas to their lowest terms, where they can be summarized by one concrete object. The ideas of most speakers seem to float about like a vast cloud of nebulous haze. If one can get this chaos to concentrate into one object one has then an idea that is a veritable star for clearness. It reduces the stupendously involved equation of his thoughts to its lowest terms. If it reduces to zero



LOST, BUT—

formed into steam that would drive the wheels of a huge engine and set a whole factory in motion. One is an



I TRIED, BUT—

it is disappointing, but he has found out its value at any rate, which otherwise might never have been known. If you insert objects into the rather insipid solution of ideas which you are only too likely to serve as a discourse to your hearers, you will find that ideas will cluster around them like crystals on strings in a saturated sugar solution, and there will be certain well-defined and clearly differentiated points in the midst of the incoherence which can be picked out and masticated with satisfaction.

I remember once speaking on the word "but." The first "but" I illustrated by holding up a rose, saying, "It is beautiful, but—" and pointing to the thorn. This is the "but" of imperfection, and is in all earthly things.



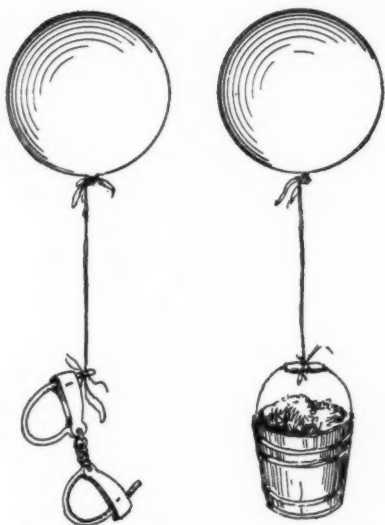
YES, BUT—

The second, the "but" of the unexpected, was expressed by a banana peel lying on the sidewalk and the words, "He would have got there, but—."

The third is the "but" of reservation, expressed by a coin with a string attached to pull it back as soon as offered and the words, "Yes, but—." These three are the world's "buts." The two following are God's "buts." Fourth is the "but" of faith, symbolized by a surgeon's knife and the words, "Cruel, but—." And last is the "but" of grace, indicated by the cross and the words, "Lost, but—."



CRUEL, BUT—

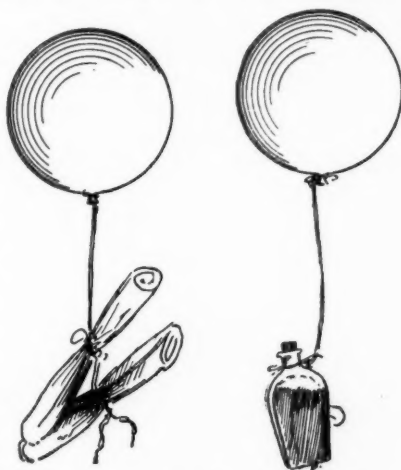


There is no effort here at allegory. There is simply a simile. Such a sermon leaves a clear impression on the mind of an audience. Each point is plainly differentiated. The great point in an object talk is to get the objects striking enough to be remembered without being so marvelous that they distract the audience from the theme. In



a certain sermon which for this reason failed of the effect it should have had the theme was "Casting aside every weight," illustrated by means of balloons. The balloons were weighted down by different objects symbolic of the causes that hold men down, such as handcuffs, signifying a past crime; a pail

of dirt—especially for the women; a number of unpaid bills, which were attached one by one, dragging the balloon lower and lower, and a whisky bottle, which when smashed permitted the balloon to escape toward the ceiling. A little paper cross, symbolic of suffering, seemed to be holding one balloon down, but it later appeared that it was really held down by a coiled snake, symbolizing a hidden sin, and, when cut free from this, balloon and cross easily ascended. This talk failed for the two reasons that usually cause the failure in object talks. In the first place the balloons behaved quite differently than had been anticipated



by the speaker, and involved him in too much *extempore* allegory. In the second place there was too much object for the talk, and when the balloons went up to the top of the fifty-foot ceiling the minds of the audience went up too, and refused to come down for any solicitation. This is the most serious danger in object talks. The talk must not be overshadowed by the objects.

In conclusion, then, the object is valuable in the following ways: For the audience, it awakens curiosity; it helps the memory. For the speaker, it reduces his ideas to their lowest terms; it differentiates the points he is trying to bring out and defines them clearly; it expresses spiritual relations that are hard to explain in a concrete and natural way.

A GENTLEMAN OF DIXIE.

BY ELLEN CLAIRE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER THE WAR WAS OVER.

CAPT. MAXWELL SEDDON heard of his brother's jeopardy with positive pleasure—it gave him opportunity to save his life and restore him to freedom. Inexperienced in soliciting favors, he never doubted that all he asked would be granted. To his sore disappointment, then, he was told that Colonel Seddon's life only could be spared; he was too dangerous a foe to be set at liberty. But he did not despair. He redoubled his efforts till they would, if differently applied, have changed the course of the sun or reversed the earth's rotation. All to no purpose; the first decision was the ultimatum. Captain Seddon must be content with having his brother removed to perfectly comfortable prison quarters to remain till hostilities were ended. And with that he was forced to be satisfied.

So all those last months the colonel was like a caged lion beating against bars that would not open. Escape was impossible; contentment, with the downfall of the Confederacy inevitable, equally so. Papers were allowed him, and six months beforehand he saw where the gradually narrowing circle must end. It did not need a wizard to foresee, he thought bitterly. Then, when his distress had seamed his forehead and whitened his hair and scarred his soul, he grew calmer. Solitude teaches much to those able to learn.

This softening of his bitterness was all his history. A prisoner's life is soon written. One day is like another. The annals of a week are those of a month; of a month, a year. Yet one may really live in inverse proportion to the written record—that is, if he be able to learn. Colonel Seddon could and did.

It was a June day of '65. A month had passed since the day that witnessed the death of the lost cause and the furling of the banner.

But at The Oaks there was no indication that anything unusual had occurred within a twelvemonth except the return of the mistress and Adolphus. They had really ventured back several months before. Adolphus was now casting furtive glances toward the dining-room to decide whether the sounds and odors there betokened dinner on time—from which one would infer that he had returned unchanged in appetite. Indeed in flesh, vanity, boasting, and indolence he was fully up to his accustomed mark.

Edith and Nell had just finished a music lesson in the parlor and had walked into the warm sunshine that bathed the front gallery. A gentleman was in the act of opening the lawn gate.

"Who is that, Cousin Edith?" asked Nell.

"I—do not—know—I ought to—he looks—can it be—"

The child was off the gallery and running like a gazelle down the walk.

"It is my father!" she called back. To him she cried, "Oh, father! my sweet, precious father!"

He was old and gray, he thought, and his uniform rusty beyond recognition, but she knew him. And he had believed she would forget him, would have to be told who he was! Ah, his home coming was not altogether sorrowful after all. He clasped her tight in his arms. He had not wept for long, long months, but now refreshing tears fell upon her hair. His little Nell—now his little Nell no longer—was welcoming him home.

Edith let them kiss and cry over each other a good five minutes, then went to meet them.

"Cousin John, I am so very, very glad you have come home at last and can stay."

He grasped her hand, saying brokenly, "I am glad to be at home."

Together, Nell on one side, Edith on the

other, they led him to the house. Adolphus had heard them, and came out to greet him with an animation and kindness that won Edith's undying gratitude. In these few minutes she had established herself as guardian angel to her hero, to temper even the winds to his shorn condition.

"Cousin John, how do you do? Welcome home again," was Adolphus' hearty greeting. "You are just in time for dinner."

Colonel Seddon smiled. It did Edith and Nell good to see him.

"You still love a good dinner, Adolphus," he began to say when Mrs. Chester's appearance interrupted him.

"John Seddon!" she cried. "And I was telling at the breakfast table just this morning I had dreamed you were at home. You looked in my dream just as you do now, too."

"You must have had a nightmare, Mary, to behold in vision such a worn-out old man as I have gotten to be."

"Well, of course, you look some older. I am afraid I do too."

"No, the years have been kind to you. Adolphus, too, is unchanged. Edith has been careful of her beauty sleep, I think. Only my little girl and I have altered."

"She is father's big girl now," said Edith, putting her arm around Nell's shoulder.

"Cousin Edith said you would think I had grown a lot, father," Nell added. "And I have learned a lot too—music and French!"

"What about reading and spelling?" he asked fondly.

"We did not neglect those either," Edith answered for her.

"Let's not stand here talking," Mrs. Chester said, "for dinner is ready. Nancy announced it before I came out."

"We'd better hurry then," assented Adolphus. "We don't want your first dinner with us spoiled, Cousin John."

"If we were nearer a size, Adolphus, I should ask you to lend me a coat. This battered uniform is hardly fit for the company of ladies."

"A king's ermine would not be half so resplendent to my eyes," Edith responded warmly.

"That uniform would grace any table,"

was Adolphus' pronunciamento, delivered with a lordly wave of his hand.

"But this isn't dinner," said his mother. "Nellie, take your father up stairs to brush off the dust. I shall send up some water."

When the colonel entered the dining-room he found Hannah and Job there waiting to show their delight at his return in every way their affection could suggest. Hannah laughed, cried, talked, and wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, all at the same time, nor was Job much less demonstrative.

"I am afraid you don't appreciate your freedom, Job," said Colonel Seddon after a time. "This is no better than slavery for you. Why don't you go off to Jefferson or elsewhere and live like an American citizen?"

"I ain' keerin' fuh no mo' freed'm den I's got. I ain' gwine leab qual'ty t' lib wid no niggehs roun' town. Mahsteh, yo' ain' gwine sen' us 'way, am yo'?"

"No. As long as you and Hannah choose to stay I have work for you, and wages too."

"Mahsteh, some niggehs is bahn fools," said Hannah, tossing her head and sniffing contemptuously as she did so. "Some ober t' Jeff'son says dey ain' niggehs nuh dahkies no longer, and calls deysebs cullud folks. Humph! cullud folks! An 'dey ain' hed er new dress nuh plen'y t' eat since dey was free."

There was little eating at that dinner, but much talking. Edith skilfully steered the conversation into channels that did not touch disagreeable themes. Richmond and Apomattox were not mentioned.

The return of Mr. Mayhew and the three older Dupeys, the adventuring of the other two to espouse Maximilian's cause, fragments from the four years' neighborhood news—all this furnished subject for talk far outlasting the dinner hour. But it was all of the living. The dead were in the thoughts of each, but no one spoke of them.

After dinner the colonel and Nell walked across the pastures to Heart's Delight. Mrs. Chester insisted that they go in the carriage, but he declared that a veteran like himself scoffed at carriages. So through

the fields they went, the child leaning on his arm. Few fences obstructed their way. On his own land appeared great gaps which would have driven him frantic in other days. But there was nothing to be fenced in now—no tempting grain from which hungry cattle must be shut out. Alas! alas!

As they drew nearer the yard the desolation was more apparent. The great barn was a nightmare of emptiness and neglect. The quarters, which he had never passed in daylight before without courtesies and the sound of merry laughter, were silent as a tomb. Even Uncle Isaac was away, but the master sighed with relief at his absence. The morbid spell the wreck of his home was weaving could not patiently brook the old man's garrulity.

He did not pause at the yard, where a tall chimney stood to mark the site of the house, but hurried past to the graveyard. Nell had known instinctively all the time this was their destination. This spot alone was in order. Edith had seen to it that the weeds, which everywhere else reared their heads higher than the corn used to be, should not be countenanced here.

No stone marked Mrs. Seddon's grave, but her husband knew it was beside their boy's. Yet when he drew nearer he saw there were three mounds, one on either side Ned's.

"Whose grave is that, Nellie?" he questioned.

"Pete's."

"Pete's! I did not know you buried him here."

"He begged Cousin Edith to promise him she would, and she knew you would not care."

"I should think not! He belongs here. Faithful Pete! In all the world one could not find a truer heart."

"Did Cousin Edith write you what he said just before he died?"

"No."

"We were down at the cabins, and he looked up with the gladdest face, father, you ever saw, and said: 'I's gwine t' meet meh young mahsteh.' Oh, father, as we

came along I thought how nice it would be if I had just been having a bad dream and would wake up when we got here and find our old home and mother and Neddie and Pete and all just as it used to be. Oh, father, why couldn't you bring them back too?"

He did not speak, not even a tear dimmed his eyes, but he sat down beside the graves and gathered her close in his arms till her grief was spent. The iron was rankling in his soul. The prison had schooled him for anything he thought. Vain hope! He had lived through this hour so often in anticipation that he supposed it robbed of all bitterness; yet how far short of the reality was the picture! Was all the boasted strength of endurance he had gained inside his prison walls a dream also? It seemed so, but who could view his changed home unmoved? What had he not left! and to what returned! Acres grass-grown, empty barn and stables, servants all gone except one faithful pair, a chimney, and three graves. He had left a Goshen to return to Sahara. Had he forgotten the child who lay in his arms? A flash of tenderness thrilled him, but did not satisfy. Sight of her made him long for the others.

Edith's quick eye noticed the change in him as soon as they came back, and though she wondered if his gloom were not unavoidable she exerted herself to dispel it. That evening there were no forbidden subjects. They spoke freely of their dead, the war, the colonel's narrow escapes, of a hundred reminiscences whose discussion she thought would lighten their weight.

But only once did he show his old-time spirit. "Edith, did you ever learn," he asked, "who brought the warning that night Wire sent his soldiers to arrest me?"

"No, not positively, but I believe it was Mr. Allyn."

"Richard Allyn! I wonder if it could have been? I know no man of that side to whom I would rather owe my life. Sometime I shall ask him."

"I questioned him once and though he admitted nothing he denied nothing. And after he proved his friendship when you

were captured the last time I was more than ever convinced he was the good angel who gave the warning."

"Well, I am his debtor if I owe him my life twice. But I thought—I hardly know why, but I had gotten the idea in some way—that some officer of authority interfered in my behalf the last time. I have wondered a thousand times who it could have been."

"There was a Federal officer, a friend of Mr. Allyn's, but he did everything possible besides."

"What was the officer's name?"

Edith could not tell. To speak Max's name to his brother was beyond her power. But Nell had heard Richard Allyn talk with Edith and treasured his reference to Max.

"It was uncle, father," she said. "It was uncle who worked so hard to get you free. I heard Mr. Allyn say so."

He answered not a word. What he was thinking not one of those present could divine; unutterable thoughts, no one doubted. He sighed heavily, and once something nearly like a groan parted his tightly closed lips. Then he rose, saying:

"Mary, I am very tired. If you will excuse me I will go to my room."

"Cousin Edith, did I do wrong to tell father about uncle?" asked Nell after he was gone.

"No, he would have to be told sometime. I think he ought to know now. Don't worry about it. You said nothing amiss."

Early next morning Uncle Isaac appeared to tender his respects. "Howd'ye do, mahsteh, howd'ye do," he said. "Bress de Lahd! yo's come home erg'in."

"How are you, Isaac?" returned the master.

"I's mighty po'ly, mighty po'ly. I's gittin' mighty nigh t' de grabe, mahsteh."

"Oh, you have years ahead of you yet. You are free now; you will take a fresh lease on life."

The bitterness of his tone could not escape the uncritical ear of the old darky, who replied with spirit: "I's free afo'; I done hab all de freed'm I wan' eber sence I b'long t' ole mahsteh."

"Oh, no, you have always been a slave. Now you are free to do as you please, to go where you please, and to work as you please. You must leave off your old-fogyish ways and appreciate your dignity of freeman."

Isaac did not understand this speech—the colonel did not expect him to—but he had caught the word "work."

"I's be'n wushin' yo'd come home so's I could mek meh plans. Eberbody say we's got t' wuck fuh ou'sebs now de wah's ober, an' I 'low yo'd lemme hab er li'l' patch o' groun' whah I kin raise er few cabbige an' 'tatehs."

"No, I cannot promise. I haven't made my own plans yet, and certainly can't assume the responsibility of yours."

Nell looked at her father in blank astonishment. Edith knew him too well to doubt his kindness for one instant. Mrs. Chester was not present and Adolphus felt little concern over the affairs of others. But Uncle Isaac was frantic. His voice rose to a shrill treble.

"Mahsteh, am yo' gwine lemme stahve?"

"I have nothing to do with it. I fought for the right to feed and clothe you and lost it. Now you must look to your friends who took the right from me. There are plenty of them at Jefferson; go talk to them."

"Den I'll stahve sutny. Miss Edie's be'n er-feedin' me, an' I 'low she'll stop now. I wus ober t' Jeff'son yestidd'y, an' dem niggehs is de hongr'es' lookin' set I eber seed. Dey don' hab time t' do not'n' but run roun' t' onenuhr's house t' see ef dey kin baig some'h'n t' eat. Lige 'low he ain' gwine stan' it no longer; he comp'ny eat all he kin mek an' mo' too."

"Yes, but they are free. You surely don't regret the flesh-pots of Egypt in the Canaan the Yankees have brought you to."

The Scriptural allusion was intelligible to the darky.

"Oh, mahsteh!" he cried, "I don' wan' hab not'n t' do wid no Yanks nuh Promus' Lan' o' theihn. I on'y knows yo's meh mahsteh an' allus will be."

"No, that relation between us is ended forever."

This seemed final. The old man leaned

with both hands on his cane, shaking his gray head in indescribably mournful amaze.

"Peahs lack I don' know yo' t'day, Mahs John," he said. "Yo' ain' neber fail me' fo' sence I tote yo' roun' in meh ahms w'en yo' wus er li'l' black-eyed baby. I 'low it's natchul. De wah done change ebert'ing, an' yo' done change 'long wid it."

Looking ten years older than when he came, he hobbled away. Edith gazed after his tottering figure with blinded eyes, her pity as great for Colonel Seddon as for Uncle Isaac. What must he not have suffered since yesterday, when he so cheerfully took Hannah and Job into his service! This soreness would pass away when he had become accustomed to his desolated homestead, she knew, but the suffering of the interim was awful. Every line of his face showed it. If only she might say something that would act as healing balm!

While she was debating Nell's emotions were roused to the highest pitch by that pathetic figure almost out of sight. Suddenly she turned to her father, saying:

"Father, have you forgotten Pete?"

He looked at her with bewildered eyes, but did not speak. His head sank upon his breast, and, wrapped in profoundest meditation, he sat minute after minute blind and deaf to every surrounding. When at last he raised his head he was unconscious of any lapse of time since Nell spoke.

"I'm afraid I had, Nellie," was his answer.

Then he took his hat and followed the direction of Uncle Isaac's steps. No one ever knew what passed between them, but he had a cheering buoyancy when he returned. The old servant had a patch allotted him, but it was a pretense only. He ate food from his master's table and was the favored object of his master's care. Never from that moment till he rested by Pete's side in eternal sleep did a shadow come between them.

Colonel Seddon reestablished his household without delay. On the second day after his return he announced his intention to do so, to be met with stubborn opposition from Edith and her mother.

"Stay with us," they pleaded. "Our house is large, our servants are still with us, and we cannot give you up."

"You are kind," he replied, "but my little Nell and I must set up our Lares and Penates again. You know, Mary—Edith—I must have a home again."

"But you have no house," Mrs. Chester remonstrated.

"There is the overseer's cottage—I shall have it repaired immediately, and though it will be a modest establishment we shall have room enough and to spare for our guests. Hannah and Job will look after our comfort and I can get field hands in plenty. My old darkies want to come back—they are sending me word so soon."

"They would never have left if you had been here," said Edith.

"Not all, certainly. It seems to me there is work for an army getting everything ship-shape again. I lay awake last night planning the whole thing. After times get peaceful and prosperous again, if they ever do, I shall sell part of the land. There is too much now, without servants to find employment for. Then I shall build a house my little girl will not be ashamed to live in with her old father."

"I'm not ashamed to live with you anywhere, father—I'm glad."

"Nellie ought to be sent off to boarding-school, John," said Mrs. Chester. "How old are you, Nellie?"

"Fourteen."

"Edith went away at that age. Nellie is too old for her years anyhow, and if you shut her up there with you she will be a woman before you know it—and ignorant, too, I'm afraid."

Nell looked anxiously at her father, who drew her close and stroked her black curls.

"Tell Cousin Mary," he said, "that with your father and Cousin Edith for tutors you will grow as accomplished as your mother was; my ambition could reach no higher. All your education must be gotten at home. Your father has no one left but you, and he couldn't spare you for even a week. Does that please my little girl?"

She kissed him before she answered.

"Anything pleases me, father, so you don't send me away."

Mrs. Chester sniffed at the arrangement, but Edith indorsed it heartily and pledged her help.

"I am as much opposed to her going as you are, Cousin John," she maintained. "We love each other and don't wish to be separated, do we, Nell?"

The child turned her eyes from her father to her cousin in perfect affection, then said: "I wish there were two of me—one to stay here and one to go home—I love you both so much."

And here, though the curtain will be drawn upon two other scenes ere it drops forever upon the Gentleman of Dixie and those he loved, must this history end. With his characteristic energy and judgment the colonel set himself to bringing order out of wreck and to making his despoiled Heart's Delight again to blossom as the rose. Could we leave him at a more auspicious time? In subduing his lands to fruitful harvests, in nurturing his child to splendid womanhood, in assisting his pastor to reorganize the scattered fragments of a church, in every way proving himself worthy of the honor and love all who knew him delighted to heap upon him, he found healing for the wounds which had reached the marrow. Beaten in honest warfare, like his thousands of comrades, he furlled the stars and bars and laid it reverentially away, to float the stars and stripes as his flag forever—to float it as trustfully, loyally, and proudly as any blue-coated hero who stumps upon his wooden peg and worships Old Glory next to his God. And just as the world never witnessed such heroism in battle, so likewise has it never witnessed such sublime submission to the inevitable as the great-hearted southerners showed.

Before the curtain is drawn for the first *tableau vivant* a brief explanation is necessary. The tumult on the border did not cease with the war, and to Jefferson fell its full quota of misery. The capable commandant who succeeded Silas Wire went his way and most of his soldiers returned to their vocations. But from a Union strong-

hold in another county companies of militia distributed themselves over adjoining districts, Jefferson being one. There were few regulars among these troops, which were composed of the very worst men in the Federal ranks, and to them were joined many disgraceful characters who had followed the other side. They instituted a despotism falling little short of Wire's reign of terror. The captain himself being one of the foremost spirits. Leaving his wife and child somewhere behind, he had returned as soon as the situation warranted to complete his work of unsatisfied revenge.

For months pandemonium was turned loose. The officers themselves were like keepers of wild animals, nightly sleeping on their arms lest they fall victims to the turbulence. Civilians shunned the streets as a pest house. Business was crushed beneath the hoof of anarchy. If a physician were needed in the night he dared not venture from his home even in extremest cases unless the messenger promised to escort him back. Could a more fearful commentary be afforded?

When the excesses reached a point no longer tolerable Richard Allyn and others of unimpeachable loyalty appealed to proper authorities for officers to disband this seditious force and restore order to the distracted country. Before the request could be complied with the commander of the militia issued an order citing every man who had borne arms for the Confederacy to appear at Jefferson before a certain day to swear fealty to the United States government. The order itself was inoffensive enough. It was one of the commander's spasmodic efforts to pose as the agent of peace.

Let the curtain rise, then, upon the day when the clans were assembling in obedience to the command. On the arrival of Colonel Seddon and George Dupey, who went in company, they found groups of their friends scattered about the court-house yard and corridors and in the room where the oath was being administered. All these men had come with a real desire to see difficulties adjusted, but their blood could be turned to oil of vitriol by a word. On the other hand,

the militia were insolent and overbearing beyond belief.

Forces thus brought together were as tinder and spark; combustion was sure.

No one knew exactly how it started; a look probably, then a defiant word, then drawn weapons. Hardly were these combatants separated when a similar scene was enacted on the other side of the room. Then another took it up, and another, till the apartment was filled with a boiling, seething, fiery mass. As yet no shots were fired. There were enough cool heads to foresee the terrible consequence of even one random shot, and they hastened among the broilers, adjuring, beseeching, commanding. Colonel Seddon was most active. Many of the turbulent ones had been his soldiers. They loved his voice as sheep do their shepherd's. When he raised it in command unconsciously they paused.

Silas Wire thought his opportunity had come. The war had gone by. It had left him humiliated and the colonel untouched in honor—richer, if possible. In the *mêlée* his deed would be undiscovered. Besides, the militia would be pardoned anything. With fiendish calmness he examined his pistol. Every barrel was loaded, as he had thought. But he must wait a moment. There were too many obstructions between him and the tall figure that, heedless of his own safety, was struggling to restore order. Men were changing positions fast as the prism of a kaleidoscope; soon he and the colonel would meet.

While he was waiting there appeared at the door, with dramatic timeliness, the two officers whom the government had sent in the interest of tranquillity. They had hardly entered the town when citizens, fearing trouble, hurried them to this scene. If the report of rioting turbulence needed confirmation it was here.

The name of one officer does not concern us. The other was Capt. Maxwell Seddon. Trusting to providence that all would be well, with fluttering pulse and untold anxiety, by military order he had returned to the dearest spot of all the world, after five years' absence. What a moment!

He paused and looked about. In the chaos that reigned he was not regarded. And a minute later he was as unobservant as unobserved; he saw only his brother. His lips parted, his breath came short, his eyes dilated, and he stepped forward. His heart jumped to his throat and he tugged at his collar to ease the choking sensation, but he did not know it. He only knew he was going to meet his brother.

When a few steps away he stood, uncertain how to proceed. The colonel had not seen him. He was remonstrating savagely with the most persistent rioter. But the crowd saw him now and fell back, clearing the space between the colonel and Silas Wire. If the latter saw Max he gave no sign. He deliberately raised his pistol and pointed it at the man he hated. Then Max saw him and guessed his purpose. With a wild cry of horror he threw himself in front of his brother and covered his body with his own. The ball sped, pierced his breast, and he sank to the floor.

George Dupey had an account to settle that day also. Silas Wire's diabolic face was a reproach he could not endure. As he had told Edith, his father's blood was crying to him from the ground. So while Wire was meditating revenge he was the object of a like design. The instant after he had struck Max down, with swift retribution he fell to the floor dead! George's aim had been unerring.

A month later Colonel Seddon and Max are in earnest conversation in Max's room at the cottage, now transformed into a bower of neatness and comfort by Hannah's tireless fingers. The warm spring sunshine floods the air, but none of its cheer is reflected from Max's anxious face. He is sitting up for the first time since Silas Wire's aim proved so nearly fatal, but the lines of care on his forehead were not graven there by pain or weakness.

"I will go straight to her," the colonel was saying. "I think she will come."

"I'm afraid not," said Max wearily. "One may change much in five years. Who could blame her if she ceased loving me? She had great provocation."

"But Edith is not like other girls."

"It is because she's the queen of her sex that I have so little hope—so little hope! And that's the reason, too, I'd give the world to win her."

"Have you a message for me to deliver?"

"No, only that I sent you for her. I leave all the rest to you. If she loves me she will come."

They clasped hands and their eyes met in perfect sympathy. Max's hand had sought his brother's very often these last weeks. He seemed never able to get his fill of the love which breathed from the colonel's presence like perfume.

"Cousin John, mamma said you wished to see me," said Edith, as she entered the room at The Oaks where he was sitting.

He rose to meet her with his gallant stateliness, and held the hand she gave him.

"Max sent me for you, Edith," he said as gently as though himself the lover.

Her eyes dropped and waves of color flashed over her face, leaving it deadly white.

"He could not wait till he was able to come to you, my dear. Perhaps you can imagine what his longing is to see you."

Still she was silent. Would she refuse after all?

"It is not a matter of forgiveness—he

could not ask that—you could not grant it. He thought he was doing his duty; we thought differently. It is a question all of love. Will you come?"

"Yes."

Max heard the sound of wheels and tried to look from the window, but was prevented by its height from seeing what he wished. As he heard no voice nor step he thought she had refused to come.

He was clasping and unclasping his hands in sickening agitation and hopelessness when the door opened softly and a vision radiant as the morning stood upon the threshold. The spring itself was not more youthful nor more exquisitely arrayed.

By a supreme effort he rose from his chair and attempted to walk toward her. But his strength failed and he tottered as if about to fall. She reached him with a spring and throwing her arm about his shoulders drew him toward the seat. And then, as if her touch transmitted an elixir, he straightened to his great height, and holding the hand on his shoulder where she had placed it, with his other hand he held her where he could look down into her eyes.

"Edith, you forget the past? You will be mine after all these years?"

"I think I have been yours all the time," she answered, laughing and crying together.

(*The end.*)

DREAMS AND REALITY.

BY M. CAMILLE MÉLINAND.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

NOTHING is more striking than the resemblance of a dream to our waking perceptions. What are the differences between dream and waking? The first one, which counts for much with many who have not reflected upon these questions, is that during waking I assure myself of the reality of objects by the help of my other senses. But this difference is purely imaginary. The fact is, in dreaming, exactly as in waking, our different senses control one another and agree with

one another. I not only dream that I see an object; I dream also that I touch it, or that I hear it.

Another difference, according to ordinary opinion, is that during the waking state the reality of objects is guaranteed to us by the agreement among different minds. I see a tree, but I am not the only one to see it. All the persons present see it as I do, and this proves that the tree is not imaginary. In practical life our perceptions are constantly controlled by the per-

ceptions of others, but in dreaming it is said that man follows his vision all alone. This contrast is no more real than the preceding one. The fact is that when we awake we change our point of view. It is then that our vision of the night appears purely internal, solitary, and subjective. In spite of common opinion, things pass exactly in the same way while we are dreaming as when we are awake. In our dreams we see ourselves mingling with men who see the same objects that we do. On awaking we discover our mistake, but this makes no difference. During our sleep our belief in what we saw was complete. This is the main point, for, after all, am I sure that I shall not wake up some day from that which I now call waking? And then who knows but that I shall judge that I was dreaming all along before? It may be added that the agreement of witnesses is not decisive for distinguishing reality from allusion, for there are also collective hallucinations.

We come now to a more important difference, which at bottom sums up all the others; to a characteristic which seems essentially to distinguish the dream. I mean the disjointedness, the disorder, the inconstancy, the incoherency. In a dream the visions follow each other without connection. Their succession is determined by no law. Unbridled fancy rules. The normal order is everywhere broken. We transport ourselves instantly from one country to another. Causes have the strangest effects. The most essential laws of thought are violated continually. Even the absurd is realized. Is this distinction more exact than the preceding? It may be doubted. It seems to me that the contrast between the disorder of dreams and the coherency of the reality is only apparent, for the disorder appeared only on waking. The essential point is, that while we are dreaming everything we see appears to us simple, normal, and regular. We are not astonished by what happens. Therefore in the dream everything happens in reality just as in waking. Who can tell us that we shall not some day awake from what we now call waking, and that then we shall not think

absurd the events that we now think rational and real?

Let us examine a fourth difference. Real life, we are told, forms a continuous whole, while dreams are not continuations one of another. The succession of my days forms a single life which is continuous and constant. I take up to-day my life of yesterday and I shall take up to-morrow my life of to-day. During sleep the course of it is only suspended. On the contrary, we are told, our dreams do not form a continuous existence. The dream of one night is not connected with the dream of another night. In short, there is not only incoherency within the same dream, there is incoherency between our successive dreams. This difference is not to be taken any more seriously than the others. Indeed, when is it that we judge thus that there is discontinuity and incoherency between our successive dreams? Is it during these dreams themselves? By no means. On the contrary, while dreaming, just as while waking, I have the impression of a succession of events without stop and without break. There is here, then, not a difference, but one more resemblance between sleep and waking.

We judge of the dream not as it is, but as it appears to us after we awake. Instead of observing the impressions of the man who is dreaming, while he is dreaming, we note his impressions about his dream after his awaking. Now we must admit that this makes the comparison totally false. It is a question of comparing natural life and dream life. We judge natural life such as it is while we are in it. Therefore we must judge dream life such as it is while we are in it. If not, and if you persist in talking of the dream by placing yourself at the point of view of waking, it is necessary to talk of waking by placing yourself at a third point of view which fails us, or nearly so. In short, all comparison becomes impossible.

All the other differences upon which the psychologists have insisted vanish in the same way; for example, the changes in personality, and particularly the changes in character, which take place in dreaming can be disputed in the same way. But it seems

to me that our character during dreaming, far from being transformed, is on the contrary completely itself. I have often been surprised by the psychological revelations of dreams. A given defect or a given weakness that one does not confess to himself in his normal condition comes out then in exorable clearness. One yields to temptations that one would repel when waking. Cowardly acts that one would conceal in waking come to light. Antipathies betray themselves, secret desires come forth. Events take place which, as in a drama, force the hidden depths of our being to disclose themselves. Often on waking one says to himself: "It is true; in circumstances like those I should act in that way. I never thought so before. I am not proud of it, but it is true." All persons who are sincere with themselves have had this experience.

On the whole, there are between dream and waking only two real differences, whose importance must be appreciated. The first is, while I am waking I know that there is another condition that I call dreaming. On the contrary, while dreaming I do not know that there is another condition called waking. While waking I remember that I have dreamed, that I have lived that fantastic life of dreams, and that I have come out of it to enter real life, which is completely distinct and separate from the other. On the contrary, while dreaming I have no idea of any other condition from which I have come or to which I must return. I do not feel that there is any other existence, radically separate. I am ignorant of any other world. I have never any consciousness of being in a secondary condition. It is true that I sometimes ask myself in my dream if I am not dreaming, but this is purely a verbal question. I am repeating words without giving them any sense. This is proved by my invariably answering that I am not dreaming and that I am in full reality. The waking man knows what a dream is, but a dreaming man does not know what waking is.

The second difference is the simplest and the most striking of all. It is in fact the

only one that is true, the preceding being itself included in it. One wakes up from his dream, one does not wake up from reality. This is evidently the real reason why common opinion contrasts dream and reality with each other, and why we take the reality seriously and not the dream. It is at the moment of waking that the dream, judged from the point of view of a waking man, with the reason of a waking man, following the principles of a waking man, appears to us absurd. On the contrary, in the normal conditions of humanity we never wake up from what we call waking. We never pass into another condition in which we might in turn judge the reality from a distance and from an elevation, as reality does the dream. If a dream continued all our life we should not even have the idea that we are deluded. The reality is exactly like a dream that might last a whole lifetime.

While dreaming I am ignorant of waking, while waking I know about dreaming. Is this a sign of the heterogeneity of the two conditions? I do not think so. It is certainly a sign that they differ in degree, but not that they differ in kind. The phenomenon is frequent with hypnotized persons. They are plunged into a certain somnambulistic condition which is numbered condition 2. Then taking them at condition 2 they are again magnetized, as if they had waked up, and thus made to pass into another somnambulistic state numbered condition 3. What happens? The person in condition 3 remembers condition 2; on the contrary, in condition 2 he is ignorant of condition 3. "Lucy 3," said M. Pierre Janet, "remembered perfectly her natural life. She likewise remembered the somnambulism previously produced and everything that Lucy 2 had said. It was a long and difficult task, then, to waken the subject, after some minutes passed in the syncope already described. She was again put into an ordinary somnambulistic condition, but Lucy 2 could not tell me then what had just passed with Lucy 3. She claimed to have slept without saying anything." Thus between two successive somnambulistic conditions there is the same difference as between

dream and waking. The dream is ignorant of waking, just as condition 2 is ignorant of condition 3. Waking is acquainted with dreaming, just as condition 3 is acquainted with condition 2; but condition 2 and condition 3 are on this account no less conditions of the same nature. Therefore it remains possible that dreaming and waking are two conditions of the same nature.

The second difference is the only one which is evident to common sense and to exact reason. On one side there is an awaking, on the other side there is no awaking. But this is not a radical difference. It is no doubt true that one does not awake from reality. There is no third condition in which the reality appears illusory and incoherent. There is no third condition which may be to the reality what the reality is to the dream. This is true. But it is only true at present and under the ordinary conditions of humanity. And these are the two points that I want to insist upon.

First, it is true only for the present. It is possible that we may some day come out of the condition that we now call waking. It is possible that we may pass into a new condition which would be the same to waking as waking is to sleep. If we may use the language of hypnotism, it is possible that after condition 1 and condition 2 there may be condition 3. It is possible, for example, that death may be this awaking, and we hardly exaggerate in adding that this is the very foundation of almost all religions. It is possible that on the day of this awaking we may be quite astonished at having given ourselves so entirely to the world of sense; at having taken a transitory condition for a final condition, a provisional existence for the only real existence. It is possible, finally, that on that day we may have the impression of having dreamed. This future is not certain, but it is possible, and just as soon as it is possible we have no right radically to oppose waking to dreaming, to proclaim one true and the other false, and to attach ourselves by all our roots to the world of sense while we laugh at our dreams.

Metaphysics is an awaking. A metaphysician truly believing in his theory—Plato, for example, or Spinoza—is certainly a man who lives in a new world, and contemplates with isolation at a hazy distance the pretended reality into which we are plunged. In fact, what do all the metaphysicians say? Some say that what really exists is an eternal rain of atoms into infinite emptiness. Everything else is appearance. In short, nature is a dream. The atom is the reality, invisible and impalpable. Others say what really exists is a single Being; all the rest is appearance. Now this "all the rest" is the multitude of individual beings. In short, the world of individuals was a world of dream from which the pantheist awakens us. On the whole, for every metaphysician, as for Plato, what the common man believes to be real is nothing but a succession of shadows at the bottom of a cave. Religion above all is an awaking. The truly religious man believes that the present life is a life of probation, the simple prelude to the real life; and if the world of sense is perhaps reality to him, there is at any rate a higher reality that the elect shall contemplate and that we already can catch a glimpse of. The soul that ardently and deeply believes is therefore almost raised above ordinary existence. It already enters eternity. It feels the sufferings here below as only the sufferings of a dream. The universe that our eyes see vanishes beneath the splendor of the one that we begin to see. What is the soul of a saint or of a martyr if it is not a soul decidedly awakened from the terrestrial dream? Every wise man believes, and every reflecting man hopes, that life is nothing but a dream from which death will be the awaking.

There is no essential difference between dream and reality. Does it necessarily follow that reality is a dream? Certainly not. People always reason after this fashion: reality and dream resemble each other, therefore reality is nothing but a dream. It is more sensible to reason in this way: reality and dream resemble each other, therefore the dream is reality. In what

sense and to what extent are dreams real? When we dream of an absent friend we are really face to face with that friend. By the old theories, during sleep the mind passes through space, and these theories are not so absurd as they have been thought. There is nothing extraordinary in the mind's seeing at great distances, for the very excellent reason that an object cannot be far from the mind. We might understand in this way cases of telepathic hallucination, of presentiment, and of genuine apparition.

If we are told that our dreams depend upon our personal condition, and especially upon such organic functions as digestion, circulation, etc., we reply that a distinction must be made; that which depends upon the organic condition is not the objects that we see in a dream, it is the emotions caused by those objects; just as in waking the emotions produced by the same objects when presented to us depend on the general tone of our being. Finally, belief in the reality of the objects of our dreams, which are explained so wisely by the play of images, by the struggle for life, by the

images among themselves, by the "objectivation" of every image that is not contradicted, might be strictly explained in an infinitely more simple manner by the genuine reality of these objects.

What does the dream tell us about reality, about the world of sense, about the present life? It tells us that the world of sense is real but not the sole and final reality. It exists, it is independent of us, but we can see that it must end and give place to another. We always take it seriously, but we no longer take it tragically. We are thinking of the awaking. The world of sense is real, solid, independent of our consciousness; but it is not the sole reality, nor the final reality. Since waking resembles dreaming at all points, it must resemble it at this point: the awaking. We cannot demonstrate mathematically that there will be an awaking, but we have every ground for expecting it. The comparison of life and dreaming teaches that the dream is a reality, but fugitive. Likewise the present life is a reality, but provisional.

THE COKE COUNTRY.

BY H. P. SNYDER.

COKE is now the chief fuel in the metallurgy of steel and iron, and in its rapid strides to the front it has in proportion to its yearly increase forced a decrease in the use of anthracite coal for furnace use. So rapid has been the growth of coking in the United States that the chronicler and the statistician seem to have had barely the time to jot down the classification of the various regions and the figures relating to operation and production, while the relation of coke manufacture to allied interests and the effects of an expansion or contraction of this important industry on the iron and steel markets of the world are seldom considered. Yet the long strings of coke ovens in Pennsylvania and elsewhere and the broad beds of coking coal are at the bottom of many a contract

awarded by Europeans to American manufacturers, whose plants are operated under such advantages as to make English and German capitalists rue the day that Columbus ever learned the Copernican theory of a round world.

Notwithstanding Pennsylvania's supremacy in the manufacture of coke, the first fuel of this sort was made in England. Authorities do not agree on the year, but in 1735 coke was used successfully at Coalbrookdale, in Shropshire. Little was accomplished till 1750, when coke was in extended use as a blast furnace fuel. It was just a century after coke had been first used in England when the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania offered a gold medal as a premium to the "person who shall manufacture in the United States the greatest

quantity of iron from ore during the year, using no other fuel than bituminous coal or coke." William Firestone, who had built the Mary Ann Furnace in Huntingdon County, Pa., in response to the offer succeeded in turning out good gray forge iron for one month, using coke made from Broad Top coal. But in May, 1813, an advertisement had been inserted in the *Pittsburg Mercury* stating that John Beal, an English emigrant "who possessed the knowledge of converting 'stone coak' into coal, would under conditions communicate the same knowledge to proprietors of blast furnaces." It is not known whether or not this offer received attention, but in 1816 Col. Isaac Meason built the first rolling-mill in Fayette County, the center of the greatest coke region in the world to-day, and used coke as early as 1819. In 1837 F. H. Oliphant made one hundred tons of coke iron at his furnace near Fairchance.

These early attempts to introduce a new industry are clouded in obscurity, but in 1841 two carpenters, Provance McCormick and James Campbell, entered into partnership with John Taylor, a mason, in a coking enterprise. The mason was to build the ovens and the carpenters were to build two arks in which to convey the product to the market. Both kept their contracts. Two beehive ovens were built along the Youghiogeny River, about three miles west of Connellsville, and in the spring of 1842 enough coke was burned to fill two boats, each ninety feet long and with a capacity of eight hundred bushels. The cargo was floated down the Youghiogeny and Ohio to Cincinnati, but the demand was meager, and in desperation the pioneer coke operators disposed of the cargo to a general dealer, taking in pay a small patent iron grist-mill, which proved to be worthless after it had been brought back to Fayette County. The cogs indeed refused to grind, but the disheartened coke-makers had set in motion the wheels of a gigantic industry, and those wheels have never ceased to revolve to this day. With so much wisdom had they located their primitive plant that the region immediately including that spot

and surrounding it overshadowed all other districts in the making of coke, and the history of coking in the Connellsville region is practically the history of coking in Pennsylvania and the United States.

In 1850, the first census year, only four coking establishments were recorded. The year previous to that Prof. J. P. Lesley had recorded not a single coke furnace in blast, but in 1856 he reports twenty-one furnaces in Pennsylvania and three in Maryland, all using coke. This growth was induced by the revelations concerning the excellent qualities of the Connellsville coal for coking purposes. The industry did not grow rapidly, because Americans had not yet learned how to build ovens. A greater hindrance was the lack of a sufficient blast in the furnaces. Early Pittsburg iron manufacturers seemed to have a special grievance against coke, and it was only introduced there through the persistency of Connellsville coke pioneers, who even went so far as to give away their product in sample consignments, at the same time teaching the furnace men how to build up the charge of ore with coke and limestone. This proved a capital advertisement for the introduction of coke at Pittsburg, which city, the iron metropolis of the New World, now uses almost exclusively the product of the Connellsville region, the proximity of the latter district to the Iron City giving both the coke manufacturers and the consumers an advantage in the item of freight rates.

The advantages of quality and location continued to assert their influence in the Connellsville coke industry, while the other districts were also developed to some extent, till in 1880 Pennsylvania was dotted with 124 coking establishments, and the smoke rolled out of 9,501 ovens. The growth of the industry from that time was very rapid. In the Connellsville region costly steel shafts began to take the place of the more primitive drifts, engines were used for charging purposes instead of horses and mules, the mines were lighted with electricity, and the water supply for the region was insured by the building of reservoirs.

Under conditions the most favorable the

industry grew and thrived. The price of coke in the market faltered and fell and rose and fell again, the price obtained in one year being almost as much as double that obtained during the succeeding twelve months, but the coke ovens continued to burn like so many torches of prosperity as long as the iron furnaces in the East or the West demanded fuel, and in 1896 Pennsylvania had 158 establishments, 26,658 ovens built, and 154 building. For the year the production of the state was 7,356,502 tons, which at an average price of \$1.792 a ton represented an income of \$13,182,000. The Connellsville region of course was more important than all others combined, and at the 18,347 ovens, constituting eighty-eight plants, 8,107,000 tons of coal were made into 5,462,000 tons of coke, which was marketed for \$10,018,000.

The Connellsville region produced the first coke in the state; it produces more coke than any other region in the world. These two facts furnish the indisputable proof that the same region produces the best coke in the world. This sterling inducement to buyers caused an increase in the Connellsville coke trade of 1897 over the year previous. Figures for the year will not be printed by the United States Geological Survey till the latter part of 1898, but the Connellsville *Courier*, which is the trade organ of the region, and whose weekly reviews and yearly statistics are accepted as authority on this topic, has already issued its yearly report. It shows the production for 1897 to have been 6,915,052 tons of coke, which was marketed at an average yearly price of \$1.65 a ton, yielding an annual revenue of \$11,409,835. It is astounding to consider that Fayette and Westmoreland Counties alone sent out nearly as much wealth from the somber-looking coke ovens as the immense tracts of Alaska gave up from her beds of dearly-bought gold. And the wealth extracted from the little territory embraced between Latrobe and Fairchance produced infinitely more happiness than the pans of yellow metal surrendered from the gulches of the Klondike.

The northern and southern extremities of the Connellsville coke region are not forty miles apart, and the belt of coking coal is about four miles wide. Throughout these confines are scattered ninety-one coke plants, each of which is surrounded with a village of comfortable homes, schools, and churches. Water is supplied free at the doors of the company houses and all workmen are permitted to take free as much coal from the mines as is necessary for domestic purposes. The statement that the rents are increased to cover these privileges cannot be substantiated, as the houses of five to eight rooms rent from \$7 to \$12 a month. The conditions prevalent throughout the region are such as to indicate a period of prosperity, extending to both operators and workmen. The shipments from the Connellsville district now average 156,000 tons weekly, which are produced by 18,608 ovens, of which 15,061 are now active and 3,547 idle.

The ownership is distributed among the several corporations as follows: H. C. Frick Coke Company, 10,166 ovens; W. J. Rainey, 1,845; Hecla Coke Company, 772; Cochran interests, 745; Hostetter Connellsville Coke Company, 607; Puritan Coke Company, 400; independent smaller operators, 914; ovens owned by iron manufacturers who make their own coke, 3,150. All of these ovens are of the beehive type with the exception of fifty Semet-Solvay by-product ovens owned and operated by the Dunbar Furnace Company at Dunbar. A new oven, known as the "continuous oven," patented by Fred C. Keighley, is now receiving a trial in the region, the principal aim of the inventor being a quick burning of coke by a continuous charging and drawing, the two-hundred-foot oven being designed to generate many more units of heat than the ordinary beehive oven.

Chance does not enter into the factors that have made the Connellsville region the most noted coke-producing section in the world. The causes of the growth and development of the industry are to be found in the analyses of the product of the ovens. A comparative table of the composition of

Connellsville and Pocahontas (Va.) coking coals shows the former to have 1.25 moisture, 31.80 volatile matter, 59.79 fixed carbon, 7.16 ash, .63 sulphur, and .008 phosphorus; the latter contains 1.01 moisture, 18.81 volatile matter, 72.7 fixed carbon, 5.19 ash, and .788 sulphur. In furnace operations four per cent of the sulphur goes over to the iron, and Connellsville coke therefore contributes .025 per cent of sulphur, while the other cokes are much higher in this undesirable element. The Tuscarawas coke of Ohio, which has often been classified for comparison with Connellsville coke, for instance, while having some excellent qualities is too high in sulphur for use in metallurgical purposes.

It has been found that the number of people employed about a coke plant averages about the same as the number of ovens. It may therefore be stated that over 15,000 people are employed now, while the region when running to its full capacity offers work for 20,000 men. It is impossible to give any estimate of the investment in the coke industry in Pennsylvania, or the regions separately, which could be considered accurate. The value of the coal lands in each district varies and each year the transfers of real estate in the Connellsville region show that coking coal is becoming more valuable. Recent sales have been made in which the consideration named was as much as \$1,100 an acre for land within the borders of the Connellsville region. Each beehive oven costs about \$200 and the investment in the region also includes immense outlays of money for water works and reservoirs, costly tipples of wood or steel, shafts from one hundred to five hundred feet deep, heavy machinery for hoisting purposes, air compressor plants, electric light plants for the mines and works, stables full of horses and mules, many thousands of company houses, private railroad sidings, ventilating plants, stores, private telephone lines, machine-shops, car-shops, and thousands of individual cars.

The manufacture of coke in the Connellsville region, though of supreme importance, is simple. The coal is mined from the

nine-foot seam, hauled to the surface in pit wagons, and dumped into bins in the tipple. It is then ready for coking, without screening or washing. Connellsville coal is soft and if exposed to the atmosphere for a few weeks becomes slack. It is not desired to have the coal in large pieces for coking, and the miners have this constantly in mind while at work in the headings, so that a large percentage of the coal is fine when dumped into the bins and the effect of the atmosphere is not waited upon. The same day the digging is done larries convey the coal from the bins to the ovens to be charged. The larries travel on tracks built along the tops of the ovens. Steam locomotives are largely employed for motive power to move the larries up and down the ovens, but at many plants horses and mules are still to be seen standing in the smoke and at one works the endless-rope system has been adopted with success. At a few drift mines the pit wagons are not dumped into bins, the relative elevations of the mines and the ovens being so advantageously arranged by nature and man that the pit track can be extended out over the ovens, making a second handling of the coal unnecessary. The charge of coal varies according to the size of the ovens and the kind of coke to be made. For furnace coke the minimum charge is about 125 bushels and the maximum charge 155 bushels. This charge is burned forty-eight hours, the sets of ovens being so divided that an oven charged Monday is drawn Wednesday; one charged Friday is drawn Monday, and one charged Saturday is drawn Tuesday. The charges of Friday and Saturday are therefore usually burned seventy-two hours, and this coke commands a higher price than that burned only forty-eight hours, and is used for foundry purposes.

The circular price of Connellsville furnace coke is now \$2 a ton and of foundry coke \$2.35 a ton. The justice of this discrimination in the value of the two fuels, alike in every respect except the period of transformation from the raw to the finished state, has been questioned by many. One

Connellsville operator has stated that any coke-seller could substitute forty-eight-hour for seventy-two-hour coke without the knowledge of the consumer, as the distinction is not traceable in form or appearance. Chemically there is no difference. Foundry coke is higher in price simply because it is handled more carefully and costs more to manufacture. In charging an oven the coal is dumped at an angle through a chute and the lumps distribute themselves at one side of the oven, making the coke in that particular portion a trifle more spongy than in the other portions. In shipping foundry coke this spongy coke is all cast aside and only the best coke shipped. The Frick Company's foundry coke is all hand-picked, hence commands an advanced price.

When charged into a beehive oven, the coal, pouring in through the trunnel head from above, is heaped up in a pyramidal form, which is leveled by an employee known as the "leveler." The bricks used to wall up the front oven door have already been built half way by the coke-drawer who drew out the previous charge, and this temporary wall, after the completion of the leveling process, is built up entire and the face is covered with a weak mortar composed of loam, coke cinders, and water. At the top of the door a narrow, open space is left, about three inches wide in the center of the arch. This furnishes the only ventilation in the oven, with the exception of the exit in the trunnel head, and as this aperture in the door is always above the top of the charge in the oven there is no passage of air up through the coking mass. For this reason the charge begins to coke on top first and gradually burns downward. The coal on the bottom is not all coked before the top begins to form ash. After drawing a charge, a certain amount of heat remains in the oven, which is augmented by the heat of adjacent ovens, one on each side, as the ovens are drawn and charged alternately. After rolling out clouds of bluish smoke, later turned to yellow and then to a light, warm brown, the heat becomes so intense that the charge is ignited.

The gases explode with a puff. Immediately the surface of the coal is covered with a multitude of low flames and the smoke is suddenly changed to a bluish black. Within a few hours the top of the coal is melted down to a plastic form and a stone thrown in through the trunnel head will embed itself in the pliant mass.

The flames grow higher and higher till they leap up out of the trunnel heads, and the long banks of ovens, seen at night, give the coke region a weird sky of red, reflected on low clouds, nowhere else approached in somber grandeur. Here the soldier blazes follow in single file the graceful curves of the gentle foot-hills of Chestnut Ridge, and there in double ranks they march, throwing the light of their steady torches athwart the waters of the Youghiogheny. Soon after midnight, while this beauty is yet at its height, the shrill whistle of the works blows its call to labor. The silent miners trudge into the pit and the coke-drawers gather upon the cinder yards. The ovens, which have been charged forty-eight or seventy-two hours, are now filled with a rich red glow, hourly becoming dimmer and dimmer; the flames no longer lick up out of the trunnel head, which is clear of smoke. The oven door is torn down and the hot interior cooled with water sprayed out of a long pipe which serves as a nozzle. With a long hooked tool, called a "scraper," the brawny coke-drawer tugs and pulls, dragging piece by piece out of the oven the silver fuel, which is taken in wheelbarrows to the railroad cars standing on the "coke siding," where they are usually placed at convenient distances each evening or night. Coke is scarcely cool in the car when the coke train is made up and hauled out of the region to points east or west. So rapid is the industry in its repetitions of mining, coking, and shipping that coal which has reposed in the bowels of the earth under the shadow of the Alleghanies for centuries may three days later, in the form of coke, be roaring out in the blast of some gigantic iron furnace on the banks of the Ohio or the shores of Lake Erie.

NEW YORK EDITORS AND DAILY PAPERS.

BY AN INSIDER.

THE editors of the leading daily papers of New York City are mostly men of fortune. Mr. Bennett, Mr. Reid, Mr. Pulitzer, and Mr. Hearst are ranked among the millionaires, while Mr. Dana, Mr. Godkin, Mr. Einstein, and Mr. Ochs are wealthy, and there are others who may be set down as very well off.

At least one half of the more prominent editors in the city are elderly men, by which it is to be understood that they are beyond or very near the age of sixty; and, of the rest, there is one in the forties and there is one in the thirties. They are all men of excellent personal appearance, though it cannot be said that any of them is any better favored than the ordinary run of mankind.

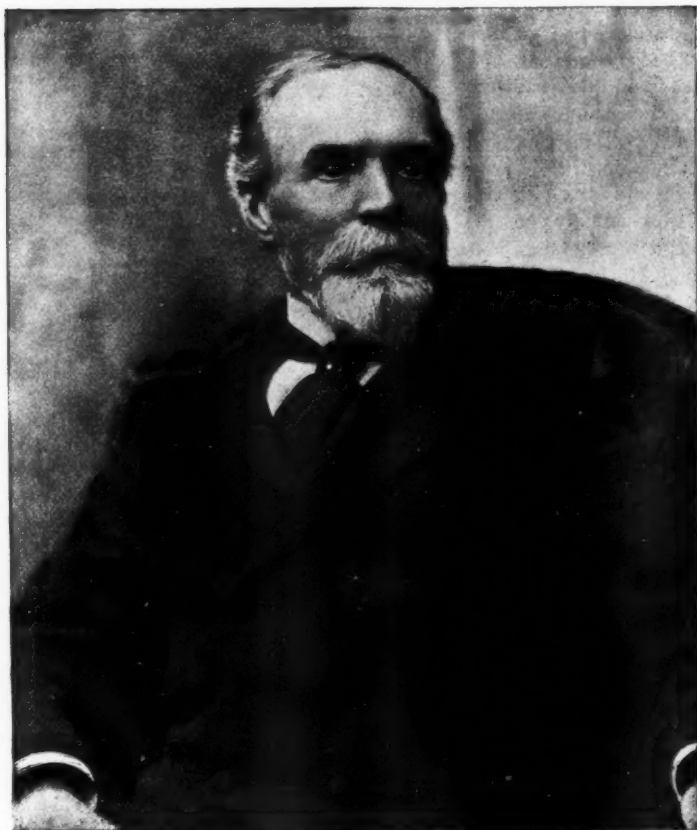
Among the editors who lived in the city not very long ago, but who have gone the way of all flesh, there was a larger variety of individual character observable in the face than there is among those of to-day. One of the old-timers bore the expression that the pictures give to Mephistopheles; another had a countenance of child-like innocence; a third shouldered a scowl like that of Bismarck; a fourth appeared as if he were "meek as Moses"; a fifth had the front of austerity; while the last to be here spoken of had the features, figure, and bearing that would lead you to believe him to be a "perfect gentleman," which, moreover, he was. But the New York editors now in the field cannot be thus differentiated. It is safe to say that, in life, they all have what is called a "business look." Yet it may be that in making this last remark one man among them might be noted as an exception, though it would be imprudent to give his name in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

There is no man of very marked mental superscription in the editorial chair of any of the New York daily papers at this time;

no such an one, for example, as Horace Greeley, the founder of the *New York Tribune*; or as the elder Bennett, who founded the *New York Herald*; or as the late Charles A. Dana, who was the editor of the *New York Sun* from 1868 until his death last year; or as General Webb, who was the dominator of a New York journal that has long been defunct. Nevertheless there are what Thomas Carlyle called "able editors" in the chairs of the metropolitan papers; and some of them are men of resources and of power.

The oldest editor of any of the leading journals of New York, so far as term of service is concerned, is Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune*, who, in 1872, took the place which had become vacant through the death of Horace Greeley. Next in order comes James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*, the namesake and successor of his father, who died in 1872; next, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer of *The World*; and next, Mr. Edward L. Godkin of *The Evening Post*. After these four elders among the editors are named, we must wait years for the newer names among the living: Mr. Einstein of the *Press*, Mr. Ochs of the *Times*, Mr. Hearst of *The Journal*, and Mr. Paul Dana of *The Sun*, the last named of whom has held his chair for but a few months. There are in the city sundry editors of daily papers, both morning and evening, other than those already designated. There are Wall Street organs of a purely financial character, and also organs that are exclusively mercantile, and likewise a half-dozen afternoon publications; but it is to be said that the editors of them seem to prefer obscurity to exaltation, and are not often ranked among the powers of the press.

We have already remarked that, so far as relates to term of service in the editorial chair, Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune* is older than any other editor of a daily



WHITELAW REID, OF THE "TRIBUNE."

paper in New York. He came into full control of the *Tribune* in the same year that Mr. Bennett inherited the *Herald*; but he had edited the paper for several years before that time, or before Mr. Greeley's death in 1872. He is a native of the state of Ohio; he has passed the threescore mark in life; he is tall and of slight figure; he is gray-bearded; he has excellent features, and his countenance is expressive of amiability. He is a man of courtly manners and diplomatic address, yet free of speech when in the company of trusty friends. He possesses scholarly aptitudes, and is the owner of an exceedingly fine library, which is very rich in the French classics. For a number of years he has not enjoyed health; yet he is full of nervous

energy, is a sedulous editor, is a ready speaker on festive occasions, is a jaunty equestrian, and is a constant entertainer of his friends at his grand domestic establishment in the country.

Mr. Reid, an Ohio rustic in his youth, has been a favorite of fortune. He is rich; he owns an important journal, besides an extensive and beautiful domain; he was for several years the American minister to France; he was a candidate for the office of vice-president of the United States in 1893, when Benjamin Harrison was the presidential candidate for a second term; and last year he held the place of special ambassador at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, as the representative of President McKinley.

No other New York journalist, living or

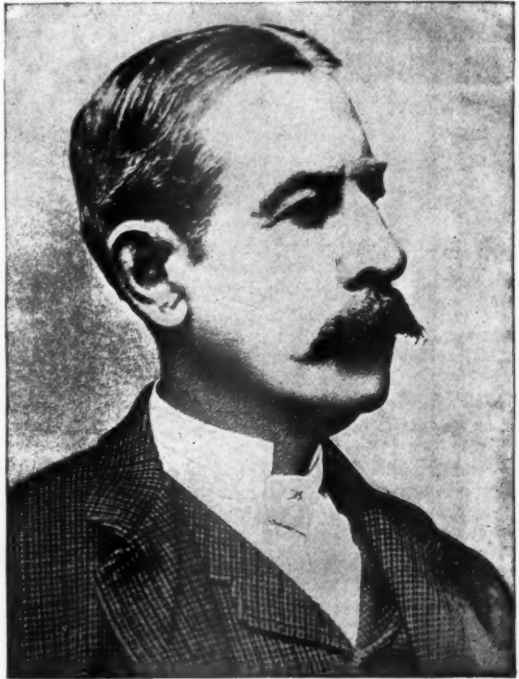
dead, has ever received public honors as distinguished as those that have been conferred upon Mr. Reid. It is not at all surprising that he is an object of envy for some of his contemporaries in editorship.

As an editor and a politician, Mr. Reid is exceedingly conservative. He is a Hamiltonian, not a Jeffersonian. His journal upholds the powerful; it favors the possessors; it is the adversary of those ideas that underlie what are called "advance movements"; it caters not to that social strata which has come to be known as the populace; it is always strait-laced, except when its editor loses his temper.

In the performance of his editorial service on the *Tribune* Mr. Reid is vigilant and discreet. He knows every man's work; he prescribes themes and revises manuscripts. He directs the larger matters and the lesser, the thought and the policy of his paper, as well as the details of its form. Woe to the wrong-doer and the blunderer!

Mr. Reid is now the veteran and the "Dean" among the editors of the daily papers of New York.

It is a quarter of a century since the proprietor and the governing editor of the *New York Herald*, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, inherited that newspaper. New Yorkers have less knowledge of the intellectual endowments of Mr. Bennett than of those of any of the other editors of the leading papers of the city, for the reason that he has lived abroad, mostly in France, nearly all the years of his manhood, and also because he has never sought to impress his personality upon the *Herald's* pages, or been a writer for it. He is the master of it, the owner of it, and the recipient of the great revenues that accrue to him from it; but his spirit does not permeate it, nor are his idiosyncrasies to be ascertained by the perusal of it, unless, indeed, inferences may



JAMES GORDON BENNETT, OF THE "HERALD."

sometimes be drawn from the nature of its contents. He follows largely the lines that were laid down by his Scotch father, though anything resembling the capricious writings of the latter have not been seen in it since it came into his hands. The *Herald's* hobby is the "news"; its owner cares but little for editorial articles. He wants events and incidents, not disquisitions. In his view, the daily record of the world's occurrences is journalism, and the whole earth should be raked every day of the week for "news," as to the significance of which the readers of the *Herald* are left to make up their own mind. In this respect he differs from nearly every other American editor, to whom a journal is a vehicle for thought as well as a carrier of chips. Hence the *Herald's* editorial page is ordinarily vacuous; it is hardly ever influential; and yet, during the course of a year, one may occasionally find in it a highly meritorious editorial article. Not long ago Mr. Bennett told an

acquaintance that he entertained the purpose of abolishing altogether the *Herald's* commentary department, as it seemed to him useless.

Mr. Bennett is about sixty years of age; he is of good size and figure, and is yet vigorous; he has a manly face, a well-rounded head, gray hair and mustache; his features are regular and strong; he dresses stylishly; he looks like a man who has had plenty of experiences in life. He lives in high fashion abroad; he is the companion of princes and nabobs; he is the owner of estates, mansions, and yachts; he is, or until recently was, a bold sportsman. He has been the subject of tales unnumbered, that circulate in the newspaper offices of New York. It is believed that he is a bachelor, but his name has often been associated with marital rumors, the truth of which has usually been denied as soon as they gained currency.

It appears that Mr. Bennett does not desire that he should be personally known, or any more than a name, either to the readers of the *Herald* or to the community at large; and this desire he surely has the right to entertain. The managers of his interests in New York, however, and the members of his journalistic staff, are made aware that he looks after the *Herald* and is the dictator of its course. He uses the Atlantic cable daily for their instruction, and they use it daily in making reports to him. It is doubtless true that, in a large sense, Mr. Bennett is the editor of the *Herald*.

The next name on the list of the older chiefs of New York's daily papers is that of Mr. Joseph

Pulitzer, the editor of *The World*, a paper which he purchased fifteen years ago, when it was an organ of vanity and Toryism. He is of Hungarian birth; he is possessed of American energy; he is of Hebraic stock; his features are of an eminent type; he has a face that strikes and interests every beholder; there are strength, thought, and the executive qualities in it; there are, if one might so speak, brains and life in it; it is expressive of the very marked characteristics of his mind; it is the exponent of severity at one time and of complacency at another. When you look at it you see the genius of the editor who made *The World* what it is to-day. He was physically strong and very lithe when he came to New York from the West in 1883; but since that time he has been a sufferer from nervous prostration, and in later years



JOSEPH PULITZER, OF "THE WORLD."

has had to bear a more grievous calamity in the almost total loss of eyesight. Notwithstanding these misfortunes, he is still, perhaps, the most strenuous editor of any daily paper in New York. Early in the day and far into the night he is on duty for *The World*, whether he be in the city or out of it. He believes that the editor of a paper should edit it, and every part of it, its leading articles, its reports, its humor, and its pictures. He puts all the elements and the forces of his mind into his paper. He is a maker of big things, a man of suggestions, novelties, and sensations. He has won the success which he desired, the fortune which comes with success, and the power which comes with fortune.

Before Mr. Pulitzer got hold of *The World* he had experienced the hardships of life. When he arrived in this country, after undergoing various trials in his native land and in France and England, he was a poor young wanderer, less than twenty years of age. He earned a living as best he could. When the Civil War broke out he entered the army of the Union as a cavalryman in a Missouri regiment, served in it till peace was declared, returned to New York, and then, as he himself is always willing to tell, worked at anything that turned up, getting his food in the cheapest eating-houses, and sleeping sometimes on a bench in a public park. Back he went to Missouri, where he found employment as a reporter for a St. Louis German paper, and after a time was elected to the legislature. Once more in New York, he secured possession of the impoverished *World*, in which his talents were at once made manifest. He "struck out," as the saying goes. His life was centered in his paper; he put his nervous system to the severest test. He rattled the dry bones of his contemporaries. It was his aim to make his paper the mouth-piece of the masses. He formed new plans, drew new lines, and took a new path. In a few years the paper had scored a success and had become a power in the city. It wavered at times, in a moral sense, and sometimes it lacked both pertinacity and audacity; but, for all that, it grew bigger

and circulated more extensively, year by year, for more than a decade of years, or until a recent period of time, since which, perhaps, it has suffered from competition.

Mr. Pulitzer is the only one among the editors of New York daily papers who served as a soldier during the war; he is the only one among them who has ever borne the pressure of poverty; he is the only one of them who, alas! is unable to read the paper of which he is the editor. It is through his hard work, his quickened brain, and his native talents that he has been enabled to climb the golden ladder.

Mr. Paul Dana, the new editor of *The Sun*, has seen fewer years than any of the editors who thus far have been sketched here. It was after the death of his accomplished father, Charles A. Dana, in October last, that he took the vacant chair in *The Sun* office. Some of the New York papers have spoken of him, in a disparaging way, as a "young man"; but this is unfair, for he is well along in life, being over forty-five years of age. He is a good many years older than was his father when he became editor of the paper and a power in public affairs. Moreover, he was trained for a career in editorship, and gained editorial experiences as his father's assistant for years. He had served an apprenticeship in the craft of editing before he became ruling editor; he had gained practice in the handling of the tools of the craft; and when last year he assumed those responsibilities that are related to the editorial chair of a daily paper in New York he was familiar with the duties imposed upon him. Those who know of his recent service in *The Sun* say that he is not a profuse writer and does not furnish much "copy" of his own for *The Sun's* use, but that he quickly selects from his daily supply of manuscripts those articles which he regards as suitable for print, and that he keeps a watchful eye upon the pages of the paper. These duties call for knowledge, understanding, and industry.

Mr. Dana is a fine-looking New Yorker, well-featured, tall, athletic, agile, and healthy. He is a Harvard man; he is acquainted with several modern languages;



PAUL DANA, OF "THE SUN."

he has traveled extensively in foreign lands; and he is the possessor of a rich inheritance. He is an officer in the National Guard, and he once held a place in the municipal service, and he has had practice in the art of speech-making. He is an expert in music and a leader in the dance; he follows the sports of the times; he belongs to a genteel set in society; and, in short, he is possessed of many of the accomplishments that are desirable.

Mr. Dana has been in the editorial chair for too brief a period of time to enable any one to form a trustworthy estimate as to the measure of distinction he may yet attain, but his talents will not be hidden, and it is to be hoped that they will be put to good account. His mind may not be like that of his father, but his field of opportunity is large enough to satisfy any man's desire.

It was not the fortune of any of the old-time editors of New York, either Greeley or Raymond, either Bennett or Webb, to leave behind them children of their own type; but that circumstance is not one of general significance. New men in families, new types of character; this is a law that is constantly illustrated in the procession of the generations.

Two or three years ago a rich young Californian, Mr. W. R. Hearst, a graduate of Yale, came to New York, purchased a daily paper, *The Journal*, which, as Grover Cleveland might say, had fallen into a state of "innocuous desuetude," and took its editorial chair. He is the youngest man among the editors of the daily papers of New York, being not much beyond thirty years old. He had previously, as the inheritor of a San Francisco newspaper, gained some



W. R. HEARST, OF "THE JOURNAL."

knowledge of the business of editing, and he had many talents in his head as well as in his purse. His ideas of journalism were at once embodied in his New York venture; his personality appeared upon every page of it; his method of conducting it was designed by himself. *The Journal* is a bouncing and shouting young vandal. It is a hustler not to be beaten. It carries "sensationalism" to an extreme. It works up incidents in a way that astounds the simple mind. It strives to outdo all its contemporaries. Its pages are decorated with pictures of every variety, grave and droll. It seeks the favor of the commonalty. It possesses an unusual measure of political independence, and desires to lead rather than to follow its party.

It prints lots of funny and satirical things. Its editorial page occasionally contains thoughtful and praiseworthy articles. Taken all in all, the New York *Journal* is a notable thing in metropolitan newspaperdom.

Mr. Hearst belongs to a family of California millionaires, and he owes his success in New York largely to the freedom with which he expends his wealth for his paper. He is a young man worth looking at. He is an enthusiast in his chosen business, and is a close and steady worker at his editorial desk, often carrying his labors far into the night, and constantly supervising the affairs of his office. During the few years of his residence in New York he has not figured at all in public or in society. He stays out of

sight, absorbed in the enterprise to which he has given his name and fortune. His success has been extraordinary.

Any account of the chiefs of the daily papers of New York must contain the name of Edward L. Godkin, the editor of *The Evening Post*, who, counted by the years of his life, is the oldest man among them. He is a native of Ireland, is not far from seventy years old, and has been a resident of New York for forty years. He is of Anglican stock and of Hibernian spirit. He is a stern-looking graybeard, of medium height and strongly built. In his early life he was a student at an Irish college, and he took a course in law after he came to this country. He began his newspaper career in England as a correspondent for a London daily paper; some time after he got to New York he became the editor of a weekly paper; and for about twelve years he has been the master spirit of *The Evening Post*, which owes its reputation to his pen. He is the only New York editor whom Harvard has honored with the title of LL.D.

There is not in New York a newspaper writer of greater potency than Dr. Godkin. As a combatant he is unsurpassed. One does not need to accept his views in order to be entertained by them. He is possessed of a caustic humor that is apt to wound its victim and to make other sinners smile. When he deals with his favorite hobbies, such as free trade, civil service reform, mugwumpery, and anti-jingoism; or when he handles the political bosses; or when he wrestles with a feeble-minded congressman; or when he pursues an adversary of any size; or when he breaks out against any one whom he regards as a humbug, there is sure to be fun for the spectator.

The circulation of his paper is not as large as that of some of its evening contemporaries; the paper is printed for that part of the community which likes to be known as the "intelligent class."

Dr. Godkin is a man of moral independence, a man of scholarly tastes, and the author of a book. He has not the qualities that appertain to a popular leader or to a politician, but he is a force in the press of New York.

The proprietor of the *Times* and the proprietor of the *Press* are not, in a strict sense, the editors of their papers, though doubtless each of them is the director of the course and policy of his paper. Neither Mr. Ochs of the *Times*, nor Mr. Einstein of the *Press*, gives the public any idea of his mental caliber or his personal traits in its pages. Both of them are men of practical ability and unusual shrewdness; both are Israelites, and both are experienced business managers.



EDWARD L. GODKIN, OF "THE EVENING POST."

The editorial staff of each of the papers named is made up of skilled and salaried quill-drivers, who, however, remain anonymous so far as the public is concerned,

and who, it is to be supposed, do not seek for notoriety. Neither the readers of these papers nor the community have the opportunity of gaining much knowledge of the writers for them; but there is no doubt that both Mr. Miller and Mr. Wardman are men of talent. As for the four or five evening papers that have not been named, there is not anything of interest to be said about them. Their owners are not their editors;

the reputation of their writers is bounded by the walls of the sanctum.

The foregoing brief sketches of some of the editors of the leading daily papers in New York City may possibly be of interest to those readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* who have less opportunity of knowing them than the present writer has had. But it is proper to say that only a few of the features of any of these editors are here outlined.

HOW A SHIP IS MADE.

BY MAX HAHN.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

HORACE says:

*Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus.*

Bands of oak and triple brass
Stayed his breast, the first to pass
Through the treacherous seas and brave
In his fragile bark the wave.

If the poet had lived in our time he would not have been of this opinion, for now a voyage across the ocean is by no means so disagreeable as it appeared to him. In our modern fast passenger steamers, which might well be called floating palaces, surrounded with all the conveniences, luxuries, and comforts of a great hotel, one can make the ocean voyage from the New to the Old World in less than six days, even if wind and weather are unfavorable. A modern steamer, constructed according to the knowledge of present-day ship-building, is at least quite as safe as a railroad train.

Truly the human mind has needed a thousand years to develop our modern steamers out of the defective vessels of the time of a Horace, and it was reserved until about the last fifteen years to raise ship-building, the German in particular, to a height never before dreamed of, so that now we are in good condition to cope with all commercial and ship-building nations, not excepting the proud Englishmen, in the

building of fast and safe war and trading vessels.

Let us consider carefully the construction of a modern ocean steamer. Our old wooden war and merchant vessels were built without much thought of computation and construction. If it became apparent that something did not fit, one could lend a hand with the ax in time of need. This of course cannot be done with our modern steel ships. For the construction of every vessel exact drawings are carefully made, which must be reckoned on scientific principles. Ship-building has developed from a business into a science, which is taught in our technical high schools.

In the good construction of a great transatlantic fast steamer the following qualifications are necessary: it must be swift, strong, and safe, unsinkable, firm, and comfortable.

In order to attain a fixed required speed with given dimensions an engine is needed, above all things, with a sufficient horsepower—great or small, according to the form of the ship. A massive ship will naturally need a stronger engine in order to reach the same speed than a sharp, narrow one, because the resistance of the water is more easily overcome in the latter than in the former. Now in all fast-sailing ships the sharpest possible lines are made in the prow, and especially in the stern, since it has been proven by experience that the

very strongest engine is unable to increase to any considerable extent the speed of a ship in full sail. If the engine were larger the only result would be that the ship would roll up mountains of waves before the bow, against which the speed could not be increased. So our modern steamers, fast cruisers, and torpedo-boats present a great sharpness of lines in comparison with the former structures.

The greatest possible lightness should be assured by a good construction. As an example of this the wooden masts have given place in large ships to hollow masts of steel tubes. The weight of the ship is in this way made considerably less, which is a thing much to be desired. So the bow-post and stern-post are not solid, but hollow and made of cast steel; even the iron frames in which the boats hang are hollow, and indeed through this small matter twenty tons, equal to four hundred hundredweight, is saved in a large ship. In the new fast steamers of the North German Lloyd both the screw-wells were made not of cast steel, as was formerly done, but of nickel, which lessened the weight and also cheapened the building considerably.

First in order to keep a ship from sinking through collisions, which cause by far the most accidents, and through damages to the outside, the ship is divided by water-tight walls, running lengthwise and crossways into a number of water-tight compartments wholly independent of one another, and these have a double floor which is again divided into many water-tight compartments. In unarmored war-ships which are in danger of being pierced by the enemy's missiles there are often a hundred such water-tight compartments, a great number of which must be filled with water before the ship can sink. These rooms can be emptied in a short time by means of the steam pumps and waste-pipes. A main waste-pipe is connected through many additional pipes with every individual water-tight compartment, and discharges in a reservoir in the engine-room, where all the pipes to be found on board run together. Now, if the outer wall of any one of these

compartments be injured and water is forced in, then the other side pipes are closed through self-acting valves and the pumps can soon empty the injured compartment and the reservoir. Moreover, in war-ships, if they are unarmored, a so-called cork-dam, which extends inside around the whole ship in the region of the water-line and has a height of about two and one half yards and a breadth of about half that much, has been made use of in giving safety against hostile ships and to lessen the danger of sinking. Cork is, of course, lighter than water, and will, on that account, contribute toward holding a sea-damaged ship above water, especially since it has the quality of swelling when it is wet.

A second great means of safety to the newer ships is given through the twin-screw system. With the wooden wheel steamers which once crossed the ocean safety could not well be mentioned, for in the loose construction of the whole ship's frame an overwhelming sea could easily sweep away the wheel and wheel-casing and the ship drift out upon the wide ocean as a helpless wreck, because it had lost its power to steer, if it did not entirely capsize from the loss of its equilibrium. But the older single-screw ships have a disadvantage over the twin-screw ships. For if any damage is done to the engine or the screws they must give up the forward motion by steam and with the help of the sails they have to try to reach a harbor where they can repair the damage. With the high-built decks which catch so much wind and with the proportionally small sails this is not always possible, and often they must pay hundreds of dollars to have themselves towed in by salvage steamers. These disadvantages of the single-screw ships have caused the larger ships to adopt almost universally the double screws, which are worked by two engines entirely independent of each other. If through any accident one screw should become useless the ship could with the other alone reach its destination without much loss of speed. A modern twin-screw fast steamer which is furnished with a sufficient number of water-tight hatches and

enough strong fastenings is very safe, and a powerful effort of nature must be made if such a ship is lost.

We lay great stress upon the stability, but after that we must understand the capabilities of a ship to conquer a heavy sea with the easiest and most uniform motion possible. This end is reached as well through a suitable arrangement of the ratio of the length to the breadth and depth as also through a judicious distribution of the heavy weight of a ship. Our modern ocean runners have a length about ten times the breadth and a depth half of the breadth. If one should choose the breadth and depth too small the ship would have too little stability, it would be too "slender"; that is, it would run some risk of being capsized in severe weather. If a ship, on the other hand, should have too great stability through great breadth and depth and become too "stiff," it would, if thrown on its side by sea and wind, right itself too quickly and violently; that is, it would "roll" heavily. But the movement of the ship lengthwise, the so-called pitching, which for many passengers is much more disagreeable than the rolling, is considerably diminished by a correct construction. It is thoroughly necessary that the heavy weights—engine, boiler, cargo, and coal—should be placed in the middle and at the ends, and in the bow and stern only lighter weights be used. Also the twin-screw system already mentioned should lessen the pitching motion of the ship.

In the colossal dimensions of a modern transatlantic steamship comfortableness would be easy to attain if the greatest part of the available room were not taken up with engine-rooms, boiler-rooms, and coal-rooms. A modern fast steamer engine has a height of about forty-three feet and a length of about fifty feet, and it takes up the whole breadth of a ship and reaches through all the decks except the highest. The great transatlantic steamers have, as a rule, six or seven decks, one above the other: the sun, promenade, bridge, upper, main, lower, and orlop-decks. Of these the upper, main, and lower decks are full length; they reach from bow to stern. Of the rest the sun, prome-

nade, and bridge decks are about half the length of the ship. Above the upper deck, forward, lies the forecastle deck, and toward the stern lies the poop deck, or poop. Below the lower deck is the orlop-deck, which serves as a place for the baggage, provisions, etc., but is not suited for the use of passengers. The lowest deck for passengers is the lower deck. Here third-class or steerage passengers live, of whom a great ocean steamer can provide for more than two thousand. While on old ships the lower deck was often so low that a grown man could scarcely stand upright in it and the voyage over the ocean in the damp and poorly ventilated room could not be considered one of the agreeable things of life, now the ships are built so roomy that the lower deck has a height of from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet. If we go up one flight of stairs we come to the main or steerage deck. In all newer fast steamers the main stateroom is in this part of the ship, and the first-class dining-room always in the fore part of the ship, away from the steam of the engine. On the English fast steamers *Lucania* and *Campania* of the Cunard Line this room is about $111\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and 72 feet wide, and on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* about 115 feet long by the same in breadth.

If we again mount one flight of stairs we arrive at the upper deck. That is taken up almost entirely with cabins; only in the stern is found another *salon* and the second-class ladies' room; then, looking forward, follow cabins for first-class passengers. In the bow of the upper deck is the hospital, and in the extreme forward part is a part of the crew. The next higher deck is the promenade deck. Upon this are most of the drawing-rooms; in the stern the second-class smoking-room. Then follow, toward the bow, some of the most expensive and especially desirable first-class passenger cabins, smoking-room, and music *salon*, some so-called luxurious cabins, consisting of living, sleeping, and bathrooms, and in the bow the reading-room. The sun deck above the promenade deck is not accessible to passengers; only the officers on duty and the crew stay here. Here are the

roomy and elegantly fitted up residence of the captain and a house for the cabins of the ship's officers and pilots and farther back a rudder-house and a card-house. On the sides of the sun deck are placed the life-boats, on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* twenty-four in number; they are made ready with provisions, water, compass, rudders, and sails, and can be set out in case they are needed. Concerning the luxury and comfort of a great fast steamer an inexperienced person can have no idea. Everything necessary for the comfort and pleasure of the passengers is at hand. The new fast steamers are of course lighted throughout with electricity; they have steam heat and the cooking is also done by steam.

GREAT HARBORS ON OUR SEABOARD.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

THE United States has some of the finest natural harbors in the world, lying right in the paths of commerce, where their advantages may be fully utilized. Many excellent, natural harbors are of small present utility because they are so placed as to serve no demand of the world's shipping, either for purposes of refuge or commerce. If it were possible, we might make a slight redistribution of our harbors, adapting them more fully to our commercial needs, placing, for instance, a few of our great, unused Alaskan inlets along the steep, straight coasts of California, both north and south of San Francisco, and sparing a few of our ports on the northeast coast of Maine to enhance the commercial importance of our South Atlantic seaboard. It would not impoverish Rhode Island if she were generously to contribute half of Narragansett Bay to make the much-needed harbor on the South Florida coast, at the doors of the Antilles and half-way to South America, which so eagerly invite our commercial enterprise. When we are ready to spend the money for it, however, our engineers will build a harbor among the coral reefs at the southern extremity of Florida that will be perfectly adequate for commerce and shelter. We may well be content with the blessings we have or that may be made available by the expenditure of far less money than the states of Europe lavish upon their harbor works; and no country is so well provided with large natural harbors as ours.

We improve our natural harbors while other nations make their most important ports. London, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Cardiff, on the basis of freight tonnage received and sent out, are among the ten greatest ports in the world, and yet, as ports, they are largely artificial creations, the result of improvements made at enormous cost. The same may be said of Bremen, Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Marseilles, and, in fact, of nearly every port of North Europe; while the creation of the vast works that have turned the little Clyde into a highway for great ships and made a safe and commodious harbor at Cherbourg are among the very conspicuous works of human genius. The United States is far more richly endowed with natural ports, and the essential conveniences of a first-class harbor may be obtained by us at far less cost than other nations have to pay. Just now we are hearing the strenuous demand of the merchants of New York City for the deepening of the channels so that the new liners of enormous size and draught may have no fear of grounding in the passage to the upper bay. Two ports of our Pacific coast, Puget Sound and San Francisco Bay, require no deepening to admit the largest vessels afloat, and two Atlantic ports, New York and Norfolk, may be supplied with the required depth of thirty-five feet in the channels at comparatively small expense—in the case of New York, at an expenditure of \$1,740,000, a mere bagatelle when we consider that New York is the second great

est port in the world, receiving and exporting over a billion dollars' worth of goods every year.

The North American coast-line extends from Arctic waters to tropical seas, and geological and climatic features are the great factors in giving it so large a variety of harbor types. Observe the northeast coast, indented with scores of long, narrow fiords, the work that glaciers wrought upon the land edge in recent geological time. On any good map, even though the scale be small, we may plainly see this type of inlets, many of them forming good and some of them very fine harbors, as far south as the neighborhood of Boston; and, in fact, this type of harbor persists along our shores as far as New York, though veiled by the masses of moraine which the ice-cap spread over the land or heaped up along the coast waters. The more northern of these harbors that are now serving commercial ends have their disadvantages. Most of the Canadian harbors, for instance, are closed to winter navigation, and even those that are usually open are sometimes closed for many days by ice-fields, an experience that, this year, has greatly inconvenienced the shipping at St. John's. This is to the advantage of Portland, whose fine harbor on Casco Bay becomes the winter ocean terminus of the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada, Montreal being inaccessible to ocean steamers until the St. Lawrence opens in the spring. Some of our best harbors, on the northern Maine coast, have tides that rise and fall fifteen to twenty feet, much to the inconvenience of vessels tied up at wharves.

Among our greatest harbors, Boston is the most northern port of large international importance. The big, triangular bay is protected to a large extent from in-rolling sea storms by islands off its mouth composed of drift materials from the ice age, so well compacted that the rollers are not rapidly washing them away, as is the case with some stretches of our coast that are formed of drift. The larger vessels can enter this wide harbor, and so Boston, with the greatest manufacturing region of the

country behind it, is of great commercial importance; and New York is viewing with some uneasiness the rapid growth of its export and import trade.

In these days of war alarms the question of our coast defenses has come to the front; and on this score Boston, apparently, has little cause for uneasiness. The numerous islands make Boston Harbor one of the most easily defended of American ports; and the fortifications at the mouth of the harbor make it impossible for hostile warships to project missiles from their heaviest ordnance as far as the city, compactly stowed away, as it is, at the head of the harbor. There is little doubt also that the defenses of Manhattan and Brooklyn boroughs are adequate to protect these chief factors in the Greater New York from bombardment. An enemy's fleet could certainly enter Long Island Sound, but it would be terribly harassed in its progress toward New York by mortar stations, and its troubles would begin in dead earnest when it reached the neighborhood of Fort Schuyler and Willet's Point, with their great disappearing guns and the heaviest of modern ordnance, by which they control the expanse of Sound waters for miles to the east of them.

Between Boston and New York the only inlet of the first importance is the noble Narragansett Bay. There is no other basin on the New England coast, south of Portland, that affords so large an area of deep and well-sheltered waters. In all respects this bay is worthy to be the harbor of any commercial mart in the world, and the reasons why it has always been neglected by foreign commerce are interesting, and show how even the greatest of natural harbors depend upon their environment for their commercial development. Many a ship has been wrecked upon the dangerous shoals that lie in the stormy waters a little southeast of Cape Cod. Ships coming from Europe prefer to give these dangers a wide berth and therefore it is more convenient for them to go to New York; or if they avoid the Cape Cod shoals by going north of them the safe and commodious harbors

of Boston and Portland are before them. It was in this way, long before New York became a port to which the greater part of foreign commerce tended, that trade was diverted to New York or Boston, and Narragansett Bay was permanently left without the recognition to which its great merits as a harbor entitle it. The bay will, however, always have an important part in local commerce.

New York is the second greatest commercial port, being surpassed only by London, while Liverpool, its nearest competitor, has now been outstripped by Hamburg. The time was when the region of New York Bay was above the sea, and then the valley of the Hudson extended far out beyond the present land limit and the broad valley, eroded by the river waters, may still be traced for fifteen or twenty miles out to sea. It plays an important part in the protection of New York Harbor; for a large part of the sediments from the Hudson and the sands that are swept along the shore in the direction of the harbor fall into this trough and are thus unable to accelerate the formation in the lower bay of shoals, which, as it is, grow all too rapidly for the peace of mind of the shipping trade.

Magnificent as our chief national harbor is, it was not the harbor, but the Erie Canal, joining New York by waterways to the heart of the continent, that established the commercial supremacy of that city, and made it the gateway through which nearly all the immigration passed and by far the larger part of the foreign business with America.

New York Harbor is the best because the largest illustration of the important services which our government renders to commerce. The earliest work of the coast and geodetic survey was done in New York Harbor. It discovered Gedney's Channel, one of the harbor's most important thoroughfares. Its seven surveys between 1835 and 1875 resulted in many important recommendations. But harbor work has been much neglected in recent years and the merchants of New York are now demanding that the shallowing channels be deepened to meet the needs of the shipping interests.

Professor Shaler suggests that some day one of the largest shipping points in America may be situated at the east end of Long Island. The great system of harbors there are of little service to commerce because they are isolated by their insular position; but railroad bridges across the North and East Rivers will make them easily accessible and there are over thirty square miles of anchorage grounds in Gardiner's Bay and the Peconic Bays with an average depth of about thirty feet. Without a dollar yet spent on their improvement they might to-day accommodate any ships in the world except a few that have recently been built.

A little south of New York Harbor the influence of the ice age, which cut fiords, deepened some of the river valleys, and mantled long stretches of the New England coast-line with detritus, comes to an end, and then succeed the long sand barriers that the waves have heaped up along the coast from the south shore of Long Island to Florida. These barriers protect much of the coast from the assaults of the sea and enclose some vast areas between them and the mainland, like Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, where the water is comparatively placid but much too shallow for the larger shipping. A winter rarely passes without one or more shipwrecks on the New Jersey coast, for south of New York there is no port for one hundred and thirty miles where the water is deep enough to give refuge to a vessel of considerable size.

The first harbor for large ocean vessels is the great reentrant of Delaware Bay, one of the finest estuaries on the coast, but with a mouth so wide that ocean storms have great effect within the expansive inlet and there was far less danger in the open sea than among the shoals of the bay until the breakwater was built near Lewes. Behind this shelter shipping is now secure, except during the most violent storms, when the breakwater is not wholly effective. A series of lighthouses show the way through the center of the bay. The channel is deep and the *Great Eastern*, the largest vessel ever built, passed safely through it to Philadelphia; but it is somewhat tortuous and the ninety

miles of piloting from the mouth of the bay to Philadelphia is regarded as the most considerable work in that line required at any American port. Philadelphia, Savannah, and New Orleans belong to the type of river ports so common in Europe, of which London, Glasgow, Hamburg, and Bremen are conspicuous examples. Philadelphia expects soon to have a depth of thirty feet throughout her long approach to the sea. If in the early years of the century she could have found some means to tap the West, as New York did with the Erie Canal, she would have given Manhattan a more equal race for commercial supremacy.

Maryland, cut in two by the largest bay on our eastern coast, has a distinctly continental climate in its western portion and an almost insular climate in the neighborhood of the deeply penetrating salt water that forms so large a part of its area. Chesapeake and Delaware Bays both lead to great ports, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and their entrances are quite similar, but they differ much in other respects. Delaware Bay is shallow while Chesapeake is deep, and very few inlets are found along the shores of Delaware, while there are many branches of Chesapeake penetrating for long distances from the main channel, and the rivers entering them are practically arms of the sea, utilized by ocean shipping to reach Richmond, Washington, and other points in Virginia and Maryland. A hostile fleet would have no difficulty in entering either of these great bays. Its trouble would begin in ascending Delaware Bay, when it reached the river where the fortifications are now being strengthened; and it might have an unpleasant experience at the bar, not far from Wilmington, which our own cruisers and battle-ships do not pass except at high tide. If reports from Washington are correct, our naval policy in Chesapeake Bay appears to be based upon the presence, if the bay is threatened, of monitors and a fleet of torpedo boats, hidden away in the inlets and revealing themselves to the enemy only when they deliver their attack. Baltimore's fine position enables her to take an important part in in-

ternational commerce and it is to be hoped that she will not lose her distinction as the greatest oyster market in the world through the reckless fishing that has already exhausted many beds in the Chesapeake oyster grounds. The city is now striving to attain a thirty-foot channel.

South of Chesapeake Bay there are a number of reentrants that enable vessels of shallow draught to penetrate to towns on the rivers, a little inland; but the only ports of even secondary importance on our South Atlantic seaboard are Wilmington, N. C., Charleston, Savannah, and Jacksonville; and Charleston, with its natural advantages, is the most important harbor between Chesapeake Bay and New Orleans. South of Cape Florida, on the Florida coast, a remarkable change occurs, for the sand barriers and beaches are replaced by coral reefs, some of which form embayments of the shore waters from twenty to thirty feet deep. There can be no doubt that one of these will eventually be utilized to form the commercial shipping point on the southeast coast of Florida. In the Gulf, many improvements for shipping are in progress at New Orleans, and Galveston now has a depth of twenty-five feet on the bar.

Most of our coast-line along the Pacific is cliff, and though there are a considerable number of harbors serving the purpose of small vessels in the local trade only a few are adapted for international commerce. These few, however, are so situated that they admirably supply the need for large outlets. These are San Diego in the far South, San Francisco, and Puget Sound; and between these widely separated ports there are several other points where nature and engineering skill may cooperate to produce a few more good havens if commerce ever needs them. The glory of our Pacific coast is the magnificent havens of San Francisco Bay and Puget Sound, almost unequaled, as they are, for the commercial advantages they offer. They are the windows of America, looking out upon the Orient, whose untold millions invite us to appropriate our share of the grandest opportunities for new trade that the world now affords.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

THE HOLY SEASON IN RUSSIA.

BY ELEANOR HODGENS.

THE lenten season in Russia, which is of seven weeks' duration instead of the six weeks of our Lent, is preceded by a week of the most curious feasting and jollity, devoted to the universal eating of pancakes. From Monday through that entire week there is a smell through the whole air of frying pancakes. There are pancake parties in the houses, and booths in the streets where nothing is sold but pancakes.

There are many stories of the origin of this custom, one being that the early Saxons made an offering of pancakes to the sun. But the real reason no doubt is that the baking of these cakes gives an opportunity to use up all the eggs, milk, and butter in the larder before the long fast. Those of us who consider that a denial of meat during the holy season constitutes quite enough self-denial would find the Russian Lent almost unendurable. All animal substances are forbidden, hence milk, butter, and eggs, in this country allowed by even the strictest Catholics, are in Russia strictly tabooed. As in most countries, it is the peasants who adhere most religiously to the outside forms of Lent, and among these there are mothers who carry it so far that on special holy days they will refuse to give milk to their babies, even though admonished to do so. I heard of a young peasant girl in Russia who in horror threw away her cup of tea because some one had put a little cream into it. Almond milk is sometimes substituted for cows' milk in tea, but the usual Russian drinks his without. For the ordinary peasant even fish is too expensive a luxury, and his fare during the many fast days, which make up nearly half the year, consists of cabbage, buckwheat gruel, potatoes, onions, peas, and cucumbers.

It is because of this long denial of butter that the Russians indulge in it to excess during the week preceding the long fast. It is called Masslanitza, or "Butter Week," and is the gayest season of the year, with the single exception of Easter week. Though many other articles of food are indulged in during Butter Week, the pancake is rated above all others. The Russians call these cakes *blinni* (pronounced "bleeny"), and they belong only to Butter Week, not being made at any other time of the year. They are made of a thin batter composed of flour, milk, eggs, and butter, and are fried in butter and eaten with a sauce of melted butter. They are thin and large around—almost twice as large as our buckwheat cakes. They are never eaten with honey or molasses—a Russian would be horrified at such an atrocity—but must be eaten very hot with salt and melted butter. The butter sauce is sometimes varied by being mixed with liquid caviare or sour cream, and the cakes are occasionally strewn with finely chopped hard-boiled eggs. But the main quality of these pancakes is that they must be hot. So particular are the Russians upon this point that the cakes are rolled carefully in hot napkins and carried from the fire to the table as quickly as possible. And often at country-house *blinni* parties all the guests are taken to the kitchen, where they may be close to the frying pancakes.

Butter Week at an end, the Russians then enter upon their long season of fasting and prayers, no people in the world being more devout than they in its observance. Chanting of long-haired priests, burning of candles, murmuring of prayers, and prostrations of the body go on without ceasing.

On the last Thursday of Lent the churches are filled with a dense throng

of people, and every one carries in his hand a lighted candle. The effect of the illumination of these thousands of twinkling lights in the vast congregation is indescribable. Some of the tapers are very gaily decorated with paint and gilding, the poor people saving their money for weeks in advance for the purchase of gorgeous lenten candles. These lights are all extinguished at the end of the Thursday service and are not relighted during all of the next day—Good Friday.

On this most solemn day of the whole year there are no lights carried, and the day is given up to sad prayers for mercy. In every church there is carried into the most conspicuous place in the congregation a bier on which is placed an image of Christ on the cross—no ghastly details of blood-stains and nail-wounds being omitted. The image is left here throughout the day and people pass and repass, pressing upon it their fervent kisses.

But, solemn as is Good Friday, the next day—Saturday—in its intense stillness is even more so. There are not even prayers or church services to break the awful silence, and not a bell or chant is heard. It is as if the whole world stood still in the presence of a corpse.

Toward midnight, as the Easter festival is about to be ushered in, the throngs begin to move toward the churches. The priests, who have not made their appearance all day, now take their places in the churches, and exactly at midnight the door of the Holy of Holies—the Iconostasis—is thrown open and the priests proclaim in a loud voice, "Christohs vosskress—Christohs vosskress ihs mortvui" (Christ is risen; Christ is risen from the dead). Instantly at these words the dark churches are illuminated like magic with dazzling light, and all the tapers that were extinguished on Thursday night are again lighted, bells are set to ringing, and priests in gorgeous robes pass through the crowds, swinging incense burners and blessing the various groups. Outside, the public buildings and the streets are brilliantly illuminated, and fiery rockets are sent up into the midnight sky. One

can but wonder how the modest and lowly Christ would consider all this display and rejoicing if he were to come back to earth. Is this exaggerated form of mourning over his death and the wild and elaborate rejoicing over his resurrection in keeping with his humble teaching?

It is at this moment of loud proclaiming and bell-ringing that the people in their joy kiss each other. In the churches everybody turns to his neighbor and repeating, "Christ is risen from the dead," kisses him upon the cheek. This old and well-known custom in Russia is carried out from the emperor down. A general will thus greet the officers in his regiment, and the officers will greet their subordinates on down to the soldiers. Heads of banks and shops hand this Easter kiss down through various persons to the humblest employees. Though more warmly expressed, this Easter greeting among the Russians has really no more significance than our "Merry Christmas!"

After this midnight ceremony the people, still carrying their lighted candles, wend their way home, and as they pass along the streets from the churches these burning tapers are carefully watched lest a wandering breeze extinguish them. This would be an ill omen, foretelling catastrophe throughout the whole year. A Russian in time of trouble will say, "Ah, my candle was extinguished on Easter Eve!"

Arrived at home, the people hastily collect the dishes of food which they mean to eat for their Easter breakfast and carry them to the churches to be blessed by the priests—for no Russian would touch a morsel of unblessed food on Easter morning. The priests are often induced to go to the houses of the wealthy to perform this ceremony over the food, but the poor must carry theirs to the churches to be blessed. Among all the customs of the holy season none is more curious than to see in the "wee small hours" of Easter morning the dishes of food in the churches. These are ranged in two long rows the entire length of the church, with a narrow aisle between, down which the priest passes, sprinkling to right and left the holy water and murmur-

ing a blessing. Bread, cheese, and eggs are the usual dishes carried to be blessed.

Then follows the great day of Easter, on which no feasting and merriment are considered too great. Eggs are now eaten in prodigious quantities. Some one has estimated the number of eggs eaten in St. Petersburg alone on Easter Sunday as ten millions. The kissing and the greeting "Christ is risen" go on throughout the whole day with every newly met acquaintance, and often with this greeting an egg is pressed into the hand. These, variously colored, and with mottoes stamped upon them, "Christohs vosskress," are sold in enormous quantities in the egg market.

The richer classes do not confine themselves to these colored eggs in the markets. Quantities of beautiful *bonbonnières* and jewel caskets in the form of costly Easter eggs are given as presents. There are also large cakes or loaves of bread baked for Easter. These are colored bright red and stamped with the same motto in gilt letters: "Christohs vosskress ihs mortvui" (Christ is risen from the dead). The priests in the churches cut these into small pieces and

give them to the eager, waiting crowds. The people scan with great interest the words stamped upon their bits of bread. He who gets the word "risen" rejoices greatly, but he who gets the word "death" laments, for it is an evil omen.

Only secondary to Easter in the great days of the Holy Season is Palm Sunday. At this time the market in St. Petersburg and all the adjoining streets are one mass of pines and green things. Often whole trees are first carried to the church for blessing and then broken into twigs. In commemoration of Christ's entry into Jerusalem there are long processions formed, carrying these green branches through the streets, while the priests sprinkle them with holy water.

There is an amusing custom attached to Palm Sunday in Russia. Any one who lies late in bed on this morning may be beaten into rising by the green branches. No bedroom is considered sacred from an invasion on Palm Sunday morning. This is considered such fun by the children that they try to awaken before dawn so that they can flog their elders out of bed.

FRANCES E. WILLARD (1839-1898).

BY PRES. CHARLES J. LITTLE, LL.D.

OF GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

FRANCES WILLARD reminded me always when I listened to her of a famous definition of religion, "Morality touched by emotion." She was a consistency as well as a divine light.

Her blood she inherited from the Puritans; but it was the kind that throbbed in the hearts of Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams and not that of John Endicott and Increase Mather. Like the martyr woman of early Massachusetts, she sought God in her own heart and like the Apostle of Religious Liberty she faced her compulsory enlargement with an unbroken spirit and taught a larger gospel to her generation. But this Puritan blood was quickened by the breath of the prairies and the breezes of

the Great Lakes, so that her slender frame vibrated to the finger-tips with eager and expectant energy.

Her parents were Wisconsin pioneers, although she was born at Churchville, N. Y. The home of her childhood was luminous with thought and sweet with prayer, and the memory of it became the inspiration of her life. She would have transformed to its likeness every cottage and every tenement in the world where dwelt a mother with her growing children. Her handsome, quiet, strong-willed father feared God and wrought righteousness. He thought boldly, spoke freely, acted cautiously and bravely. Her mother blended piety with pithy speech, a splendid intellectual courage with rare do-

cility of mind, unfailing humor with unfailing seriousness. They were a rare couple and their three children were a wonder and a joy.

The isolation in which the frontier family lived at Janesville threw the children upon their parents and each other, so that their natural cleverness developed rapidly. All had the gift of speech and Frances had the gift of will, which is much rarer. There is something startling in her declaration of independence made to her father when she became eighteen, "I am now to do what I think right." Fortunately her quiet father, whose hand was pretty firm, did not take her too seriously, but sent her to the college at Evanston, Ill., little dreaming that his strong-willed daughter was to make the village known throughout the world.

"Here she was wild with the girls and didn't care a snap for the boys." She loved books more than society. "Books," she declared, "never molest me nor make me afraid." Her mother, however, denied her the luxury of Latin and Greek, and she was made to feel in more ways than one, even by those who loved her most, that she was only a woman. For in those days she was gloriously but vaguely ambitious. The rare literary gift so evident in the memoir of her sister, "Nineteen Beautiful Years," stirred within her. At a late period, when reviewing her years of teaching, she regretted that she did not follow the bent of her genius from the start. Like most thoughtful young people, she was bewildered by theology directly she examined the grounds of her faith. "She did not know that there was a God." "She did not know that the Bible was true." But her mother's prayers, the fidelity and wisdom of her teachers, and Dr. Wayland's "Moral Science" led her into light again. "Now I can say from my heart," she wrote, "that there is a God and that he is my Father." The simplicity of her own religious experience made her at one with every pious soul, orthodox and heterodox, Protestant and Catholic and Jew.

Her father meanwhile had become quite well-to-do, and the parents, eager to be with their children, removed to Evanston. Jo-

siah Willard was proud of his daughters and glad to take care of them. Frank, however, felt her uselessness like a heartache and determined to teach school. Then began one of those tragic experiences which issue sometimes in despair and sometimes in a great career. Her powerful and eager mind, confined and cramped within the narrow limits of an uncongenial task, struggled bravely to be humbly true to duty and to self. But a woful bitterness was added to her isolation when her beloved sister Mary died. She was tortured by the eternal silence; she shrank from death and hungered for immortality; she wanted to say something, *but what was it?* Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley" captivated her one day. Charlotte Corday's fate thrilled her the next. She had escaped a fatal blunder; she must be "Cæsar to herself." The secret of the future refused to be disclosed, and years elapsed before the revelation came.

Her history as a teacher closed with her painful experience at Northwestern University. She had taught in the district schools of Wisconsin and in the common school of Evanston; she had taught too at Pittsburg and at Lima, revealing everywhere that blending of tact and firmness and intelligence which made her easily supreme. But the conflict at Evanston ended in discomfiture and agony of soul. She told Mr. Moody with grim humor that it was a conflict with the Emperor Napoleon and Queen Elizabeth, where neither would give way. It was more than that. It was the collision between the Puritan sense of responsibility for others, which Miss Willard felt in every fiber, and the doctrine of *laissez-faire* then beginning to assert itself in the discipline of American colleges. This sense of responsibility for others is the heart of the Reformation and of all reformations. And Miss Willard, bold as she was in demanding independence for herself and emancipation for all women, had conceptions of duty which were to her the mandates of God. She must manage the Woman's College according to her conscience or resign it altogether. And she did the latter.

I have heard Miss Willard called the most

womanly of women. If this meant that she cared for the things that most women care for, then it is painfully false. If, however, it meant that she cared supremely for the things that only the best women care for, then it is beautifully true. She did not, indeed, care for gowns and diamonds, for the adoration of men and for social display. But she loved knowledge and purity, she craved the power to sway and shape the thoughts of her generation and to lift all manhood to the plane of the noblest womanhood. She fascinated girls and women, I think, because she belonged to a new species. Other famous women have done the work of men or supplemented it. Joan of Arc led men to victory. Florence Nightingale nursed them after battle. But Frances Willard asserted the dignity of womanhood and the right and duty of women to shape the homes and the society for which they suffered, and she began by teaching women to respect their own souls and to cease regarding themselves as dependent for happiness wholly upon masculine purpose and masculine endeavor. The charm of her speech, the magic of her idealism, the courage of her piety, the indefinable pressure of her inflexible will made her sovereign first among her pupils and then among the women who thronged about her invisible throne.

Her departure from Northwestern University caused her intense pain. But it was a divine "enlargement." Her strongest impulses were toward the Temperance Crusade movement, then at its height. Its religious fervor and its moral purpose appealed to her faith and her conscience. So she entered it "with a heart for any fate."

Her wisest friends dissuaded her. Even her intrepid mother counseled her against it. Mrs. Livermore alone commended her resolve. But wherewithal should she and the darling mother be clothed? The noble women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago, whose president she became, would willingly have answered. But she would live by faith. She would trust God.

"Frank," said her brother Oliver, "your faith-method is simply a challenge to the

Almighty. You've put a chip on your shoulder and dared Omnipotence to knock it off." But God only smiled in his heaven and tried his child a little longer. She did not always have enough to eat and often when weary with her work she lacked the nickel for her car-fare. She fell sick from hardship and overwork. And thereupon her mother chided her into a wiser conception of God and a wiser method of life. She consented to accept a salary from the women of the Christian Temperance Union of Chicago.

She had lectured in Centenary Church, Chicago, in 1871. The sorrowful estate of women throughout the world gave her, she said, the courage to become a public speaker. It gave her more. It gave her the vision for whose coming she thought and prayed and planned and wrought.

Frances Willard had the gift of eloquence. She was a subtle, thoughtful, thrilling talker. If her presence was not imposing it was at the beginning always tranquillizing and afterward full of sweet surprises. Her voice was clear and melodious and strong, with a peculiar quality of blended defiance and deference, of tenderness and intrepidity, that gave it an indescribable charm. Her diction was studiously simple, her reasoning luminous and homely, her illustrations full of poetry and humor, her pathos as natural as tears to a child. She was wholly unaffected, taking her audience so deftly into her confidence that she conquered them, as Christ conquers, by self-revelation. The New Jerusalem of the twentieth century, the transfigured homes of a new commonwealth, seemed to be so near and so real. And there was always when she talked to women and to men such a sublime confidence in their latent nobility and their ultimate righteousness that for the time, at least, they became in their own eyes the beings that she pictured them and sat enchanted with the glorious revelation. The blending of prophetic ecstasy with practical shrewdness, of rapture with woman's wit, gave to her tongue the accent of both worlds. The note of gladness with which she mentioned Jesus Christ (and she did it

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FRANCES E. WILLARD.

often) lifted her auditors into the presence of her divine Companion, and the child-like mockery with which she pelted some feminine folly or some masculine stupidity dissolved the radiance again into ripples of human merriment that brought her listeners safely back to mother earth. Webster was majestic; in the days of his grandeur men trembled at his god-like flashes. Beecher was superbly human, conquering and controlling multitudes by his rich and robust and royal manhood. Wendell Phillips was demonic, casting his auditors into chains, and arousing within them all the elemental passions. But Frances Willard attracted and enchanted; she spake as never man spake and yet with the charm of Him who conquered the grave to restore the shattered home at Bethany.

Miss Willard has been criticized severely for her transformation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union into a political organization, and just as severely for her blending with the cause of temperance the causes of woman's suffrage and of social reform. From her point of view this was logical and inevitable. The excitement of the Crusade had revealed to her an opportunity and started her upon a great career. But her intellect was too strong and too sagacious not to perceive that temperance was after all not the main question. The main question was that of the home. She perceived that the ideal home, which was denied to her personally but which hovered constantly before her as the prize and perfection of the future, must be held up before her sisters and her brothers as the real goal of human effort. This involved, however, the lifting of women to another plane, the plane of political equality with men. It involved also the lifting of the masculine standard of morality to that agreed upon for all true women, so that the movement of purity blended itself inevitably with the movement for prohibition. Nor could she fail to see, when she studied the problem deeply, that the causes of drunkenness and domestic misery among the poorer classes were largely economic. This created a sympathy with labor movements

and labor organizations which urged her quite rapidly toward the newer social ideas that alternately repel and attract the mind.

It was natural for Mr. Gough to confine his philanthropic efforts to the temperance work and the principle of total abstinence; it was equally natural for Henry George to expect the regeneration of society from purely economic change. But Frances Willard's mind was at once too broad and too deep and her conception of woman's place in society too exalted for her to grasp the temperance problem or the economic problem in their one-sided fashion. She was indeed a preacher of temperance and of a new commonwealth, but she was also the soul of chastity heralding a nobler motherhood than the world had dared to dream of hitherto, and therefore the herald of a nobler manhood, a nobler society, and a nobler humanity. Like all idealists in the history of human progress, she took little account of time, so that the results of future centuries seemed as the stars do to the children of transparent skies, just above her head. And this immediateness of the heavenly vision made it possible for her to work and to tarry for it. She knew that it would surely come. "The benefactors of humanity," writes Amiel, "are those who have thought great thoughts about her." For the human race needs heartening always; ideas must be translated into hopes in order that faith may overcome the world. And Frances Willard translated her ideas of home and of society into a great hope, with which she thrilled the women that surrounded her. As this great hope transfigured her, old prejudices lost power. She stretched forth her loving hands to the women of the South and the women of England; the past was forgotten in the rapture of a great expectation. The daughter of the abolitionist embraced the daughter of the slave-holder, and the child of the American democrat found her last great sister in the child of the English nobleman.

Did she die too early? God must answer that, not we. She might have lived longer if she had learned to spare herself, but then she might have lived less. Her fifty-eight

years were rich in experience and thought, in sorrow and aspiration, in disappointment and achievement; they were more than centuries of common life. They were for her "years of enduring conflict for others." But the shock of her death reveals the weight of her influence. She is no longer a voice and a corporeal enchantment, weaving about us the spell of a luminous conscience and a pure heart. She has taken her place in the "choir invisible," but audible forever in heaven and on earth.

Whatever may be the future of the meth-

ods from which she expected such political and social transformations, her ideal of home will not perish from the earth. The strong and serious women of the future will be her daughters. And as they bow the more to reason and to conscience, her image and her voice will guide them from the shadows of the ancient bondage to a companionship with men in which their perfect interchange of thought and perfect harmony of action shall reshape the heavens and the earth and establish beneath new stars the Commonwealth of Love.

A BACHELOR GIRL.

BY ANNA S. B. RUE.

THEY were seated upon the veranda of a cottage overlooking the lake at Chautauqua, discussing the lecture on "The Nineteenth Century Woman" which they had just heard at the amphitheater.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, I cannot agree with the idea that marriage should be the ultimatum of woman's happiness. It is all well enough for those weak-minded ones who have a horror of becoming old maids, but for the clever, ambitious girl of to-day, with a career before her, to deliberately tie herself down to the slavery of married life and lose her identity simply means good-bye to all her hopes and ambitions. She may try to keep up for a year or two, but the trials of family life will prove too much for her."

Harold Graham winced, but he said not a word. The few weeks that he had spent at Chautauqua had been a revelation to him in more ways than one. He was a busy young lawyer who had thoroughly enjoyed every day of his vacation. Coming with a party of mutual friends, he had been thrown much in the company of Thalia Vaughn. She was a Wellesley girl—bright, ambitious, eager to get the best things out of life. They had attended lectures and concerts together, and had heartily entered

into all the cosmopolitan life that Chautauqua affords. She was not a blue-stocking, yet somehow her words hurt him more than he cared to own—and he was going away to-morrow, too!

"Why, Thalia, what is the matter? When are you going on the platform with those views of yours?" laughed Mrs. Vaughn, her sister-in-law, from her rocker, as she looked up from her embroidery.

"It's all very well for you, Alice. Of course you drew a prize. I'll not put a discount on my own brother. Tom is as good as the average man, but you will admit that although you were considered a fine musician before you were married, yet you scarcely ever touch the piano now. I've often heard you say that the children take all of your time. And you are only one. Look at the girls of my acquaintance! There's Helen Young; every one admitted that she was born to be an artist, but she fell in love, was married, and now I doubt whether she knows burnt sienna from Prussian blue. I never go to see her but I am forced to listen to a long story about the trials with her servants, or the latest linguistic acquisition of her son and heir! There's—"

"Stop, Thalia! You surely are not well," interrupted her brother, throwing down his cigar and coming toward her with a mock-

serious air. Taking out his watch he pretended to feel her pulse, shook his head, and said, "Temperature too high. I prescribe a row on the lake with Graham."

"Yes, Miss Thalia, come; I am sure the lake breeze will prove beneficial. Besides this will be our last, as I go by the early boat to-morrow," said Harold, as he rose.

"Why, I didn't know you expected to go so soon," she said as they walked down toward the boat-house together. "Isn't it rather sudden?"

"Perhaps so, but my partner in New York writes of an important case that demands my immediate presence. Besides my vacation was nearly over," he answered.

"I will row for a while," she said, as they pushed off. She rowed, as she did everything else, exceedingly well. Harold watched her silently. It was a beautiful evening. The sun was casting its lingering glances on the shimmering water. The green hills of the distant shore dotted with cottages, the distant hum of voices, mingled with the music of the band as it floated out over the water from the pier, all helped to make the hour an ideal one. After they had passed the roll of the out-going steamer and were drifting quietly along he suddenly said:

"Thalia, did you really mean what you said a little while ago about marriage?"

A faint flush rose to her cheeks as she replied: "Of course I did. Don't you agree with me?"

"Really, I have never taken time to analyze the subject. I have been too busy with my profession since I left college. Mind and body have been occupied with my work. I have never tried to solve the problem of marriage, yet I do not feel like pronouncing it a wholesale failure to-night. I believe there are too many theories on the subject, and that they keep many people from finding their heart's desire. This spirit of unrest is striking the death-blow to true love and marriage as God instituted it. There may be exceptions, but I see no reason why an ambitious girl who trusts her future in the hands of a man who is, or would try hard to be, worthy of her should sink into mediocrity."

He had taken the oars, and emphasized his words with the long, deep stroke he had learned at college. She trailed her hand along in the water as she musingly replied:

"Yes, if one could be sure before that they would not be the exception. It is not easy to remove the prejudice of centuries. A man might mean to do all you say for the woman he loves, and yet, under the present social conditions, from very force of circumstances be unable to carry out his purpose. Oh, no, I prefer to be free and untrammelled to work out my own destiny! I am sure if I were to make such a mistake as to marry I should walk down the steps of the altar with an invisible millstone hanging around my neck."

Harold had his answer without asking the question. He had grown to love this girl with all the strength of his manhood. He realized it fully for the first time to-night. Love had come as it usually does, unbidden. They had been good comrades for so long—and this was to be the end! Why tell her of his love if this was her answer? He controlled himself with an effort as he took her hand to help her out of the boat. Then after he had locked it and they were walking toward the cottage he said gently:

"Perhaps you are right; but if at any time you find that you have left something out of your life, let me know before you give any other fellow a chance to make you happy." There was a little catch in his voice as he went on hurriedly: "I will say good-by to-night. I won't disturb your morning sleep, as the boat leaves quite early. Of course I may write sometimes? and you will tell me of your new life and how jolly it is to be a girl bachelor?"

"Please don't talk nonsense," she replied hastily. "Perhaps I shall find time to compare notes—occasionally."

They soon joined their friends. Tom began teasing her, but she slipped away and went to her room.

The next morning as she sat down to breakfast Alice handed her a small package. "Mr. Graham left this for you," she said with fun in her eyes. "I shouldn't wonder if it is a homeopathic remedy."

Thalia unwrapped the package. It was a handsome copy of Browning. On the title-page he had written, "In memory of our Chautauqua days." It opened of itself to these beautiful lines, which were underscored:

Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the spot?

Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
—Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering with naught they embower!
Come then, complete incompleteness, O come,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!
Breathe but one breath
Rose-beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love!

A tender smile played around her mouth for an instant, then she resolutely closed the book.

It was a chilly autumn evening, two years later. Thalia sat in the twilight before an open fire in her own cosy apartments. She was now one of the faculty of a girl's preparatory school near Philadelphia. She looked around her complacently. Pictures, books, friends in social and literary circles who were proud of her, a position in the world that any woman of twenty-five might be proud of—and yet the unrest of it all! As she sat thinking, there was a rap on her door. Opening it, she found the servant with a box in her hands. "The expressman just left this for you, Miss Vaughn," she said. Thalia thanked her, and returning to her room opened the box. It was full of magnificent roses. Inside was a note from Harold Graham.

"My dear friend," she read, "I will be in Philadelphia on Thursday, on business, and will call to see you in the evening. I have something important to say to you." And this was Thursday, and he might be here any moment! Thalia carefully selected one half-blown rose and pinned it on her breast. Then she put the rest in a cut-glass bowl and placed them on a small table near. She would soon see him again!

She had occasionally heard from him during these two years and knew that by his untiring energy he had placed himself among the foremost of his profession. As she sat there, gazing into the fire, her mind wandered back to that night at Chautauqua and his parting words, "If you ever find that you have left anything out of your life, let me know before you give any other fellow a chance to make you happy." Had she left anything out of her life? A few days ago she had been invited to dinner at the home of her old friend Helen Young. She had always felt a slight feeling of contempt for Helen because she had been so easily satisfied; but that night, as the manly husband came home, and the children ran to meet him, and wife and children were kissed, she felt a tug at her heart-strings that she could hardly account for, unless it was because the girls had been unusually trying that day.

A ring at the door roused her from her reverie. Her heart throbbed strangely—it was a new sensation for that well-trained organ. In a moment he was standing before her, with both her hands in his. "Are you glad to see me, Thalia?" he was saying with a compelling gaze that forced her to look at him. She dropped her eyes, however, as she tried to draw her hands away. "Not yet, sweetheart, until I have my answer. You know that I love you, and that I have waited long. I went away that night two years ago determined that I would never stand in the way of your ambition. My bird should have opportunity to try her wings. But I am tired of waiting, and I am afraid if I don't soon capture the bird she will soar so far beyond me that it will be hopeless ever to try again. Thalia, you have been kind to my flowers," as he glanced at the rose on her dress; "have you no welcome for me?"

He waited. Where were her theories, her ambitions? They were all swept away in the great tide of love that had suddenly flooded her soul. However, she made one last struggle as she protested, "But it's such a very ordinary ending, and what will they all say?"

THE RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

QUEEN VICTORIA is supposed to be the richest woman in the world, and although her financial affairs are sheltered from public comment with scrupulous caution, those who have the best facilities for obtaining information believe that the popular estimate is not far from correct. For nearly half a century her private interests were looked after by the late Earl Sidney, whose devotion deserved all the gratitude which his royal mistress bestowed upon him. His successor in this illustrious position is Richard Assheton Cross, better known as Viscount Cross, who acts as general manager of Her Majesty's estates. He has the assistance of a dozen or more men of ability, who have devoted their lives to assisting their sovereign in building up her enormous fortune. Each has his particular department, and they only know how great her wealth is and how it is invested. The organization is complete and efficient. There is no banking house or corporation in the world with better methods, and the manner in which the queen's accumulations have been protected and increased indicates the ability and loyalty that have been shown in her service. She is herself a woman of extraordinary executive ability and foresight.

Perhaps Viscount Cross and the queen herself are the only persons who know the value of the stocks, bonds, mortgages, and other investment securities which she has in various places; for Her Majesty is not only secretive but very cautious, and never puts all her eggs in the same basket. Her personal estate, or "portable property," as Mr. Micawber describes it, is variously estimated from fifteen to fifty millions. The best judges place the amount at twenty-five millions, although that is merely a guess. She has several bank accounts, only one of which, at the Bank of England, is in her own name. The remainder of her funds

appears to the credit of Viscount Cross and other agents as trustees, and is deposited in a number of banks in different cities of the kingdom. The head office of her estate is at Windsor Castle, and adjoins the headquarters of the lord steward, who directs the disbursement of what is known as the "civil list" and the annuities and pensions to the royal family. Viscount Cross receives a salary from the government of \$10,000, and it is supposed that the queen also pays him something, but nobody knows how much.

It is popularly supposed, too, that Her Majesty has large sums of money invested in the United States, in bonds and mortgages which she has acquired through the English and Scottish mortgage companies which have furnished capital for New York, Chicago, and other cities. It is also supposed that she has investments in Canada, but as none of them appear in her name it is impossible to ascertain the truth.

The beautiful and costly presents she has received from time to time during her reign are valued at many millions of dollars, and the crown jewels are worth four millions, but these are not usually included in the estimates of her wealth. There is a question whether they belong to her or to the state. It is impossible to dissociate Victoria the woman from Victoria the queen, but it is scarcely probable that any trouble will ever arise from this source for the reason that her dynasty will be perpetual as long as Great Britain is a monarchy, and those possessions will go with the crown. There are some articles, however, of great value, received as gifts, which Her Majesty keeps in her private apartments. These she will probably dispose of by her will as keepsakes among her relatives and favorites, but no objection will be raised. The more important gifts which are on exhibition at Windsor Castle and elsewhere will be recognized as property of the state.

It is impossible for Her Majesty to conceal her real estate possessions, but even they are not well known, because the sovereign pays no taxes and the only way to ascertain the amount of her holdings would be to examine the tax lists of the entire British Empire and make a schedule of the items that are marked "Exempt; V. R." She is said to be the owner of six hundred business blocks and houses in Great Britain alone, and over six thousand leaseholds—farms and city lots upon which other people have made improvements that will revert to her or to her heirs at the expiration of the leases, which extend from thirty to ninety-nine years. She owns real estate and buildings in other parts of the world also—in Hongkong, Shanghai, India, Egypt, Italy, and elsewhere, which her agents have found more lucrative investments than at home, and is believed to be proprietor of a number of expensive buildings in the new residence portion of Berlin, although they appear in the names of trustees.

Her large estates in Yorkshire, Oxfordshire, Berks, Kent, and other counties of England, in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Wight, and the Isle of Man are known to the public, for they cannot be easily concealed, and include farms and forests of thousands of acres, valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars. She receives rents from markets, tolls from ferries, royalty from iron and coal-mines and stone quarries, and it is said that she is a stockholder in a theater at Birmingham.

There are thousands of people upon her pay-roll in various parts of the kingdom. They know who their mistress is, and consider it an honor to be employed by their sovereign. They call her "the widow" in familiar conversation. She sells milk, but

ter, cheese, vegetables, hay, and other produce from her farms like any other farmer, and down in the Isle of Wight particularly there is a good deal of grumbling among the farmers who come into competition with Her Majesty. Most of her farms, however, are leased for terms of years at stated rentals or for a certain share of the proceeds.

All of the royal palaces except Osborne on the Isle of Wight and Balmoral in the highlands of Scotland belong to the government, but are under the control of the sovereign. The two places named are her private property. Her yacht also belongs to the government and the train of railway cars in which she travels was paid for by an appropriation of Parliament.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne she was absolutely destitute, a pensioner upon the charity of her uncle, King William IV. Her father, Edward, the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. and younger brother of George IV. and William IV., had been summarily removed in disgrace from the command of the British garrison at Gibraltar, and



QUEEN VICTORIA.

found his way to Paris, where he lived for a time in a precarious and scandalous manner, until he was rescued by a rich London alderman, who lent him the money to pay his fare back to England just in time to prevent the future queen and empress from being born on foreign soil. His brother, the king, gave him a chilly reception. He was particularly severe and selfish toward his poor relations, and begrudgingly assigned the duke and his wife apartments in the old palace at Kensington. After the death of the duke his widow and Alexandra Victoria, her only child, were permitted to reside there in seclusion; and this was the lonely home of Victoria until, at six

Woman's Council Table.

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THE RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

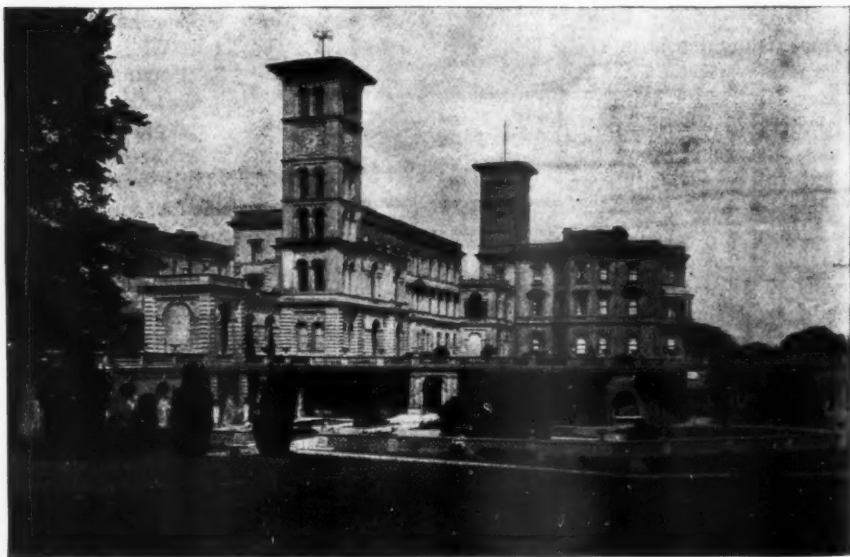
o'clock one fateful morning in 1837, she was awakened by the archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Conyngham, and the lord chamberlain and informed that she was queen of England. According to the chronicles of the day, she appeared to them in her nightgown, with a white knitted shawl thrown over her shoulders. Her nightcap had slipped back from her head and was hanging by the strings, her long hair covered her shoulders, her feet were in slippers, and tears were in her eyes, but she was "perfectly collected and dignified."

At that moment the mother did not have money enough to pay her cab-fare to the palace, but to-day, after sixty years upon the throne, the daughter is said to be worth \$150,000,000.

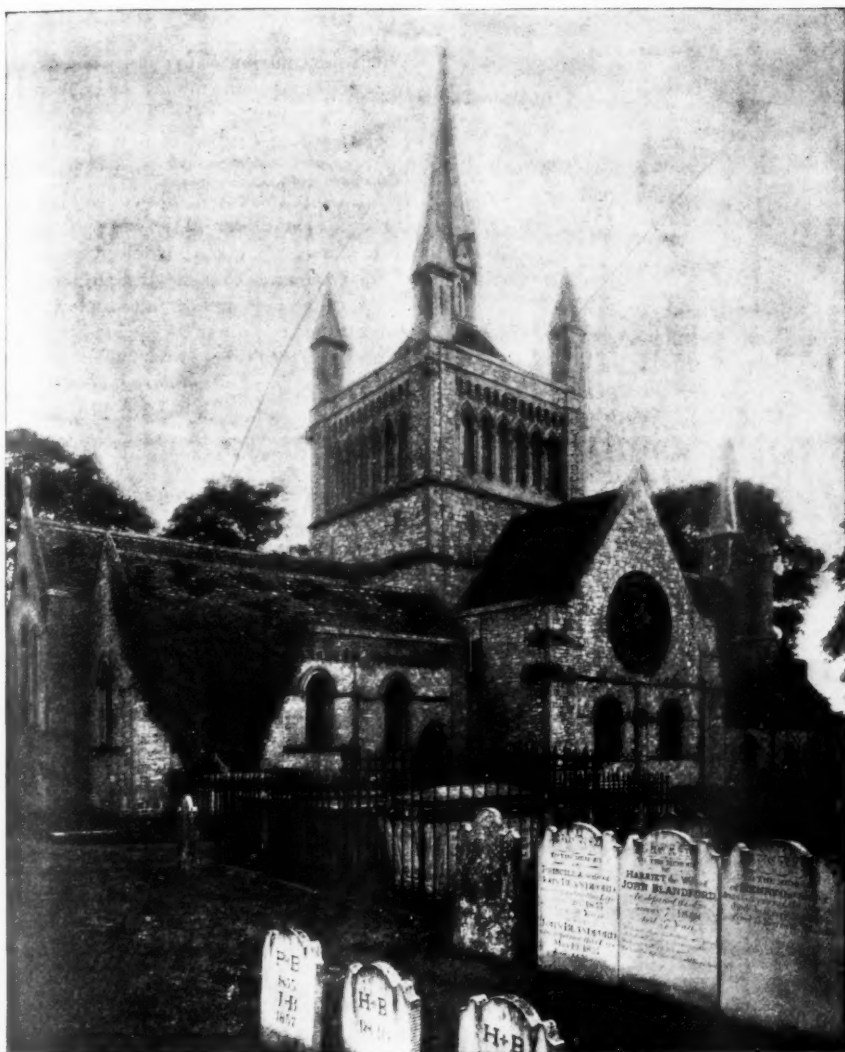
How was this fortune acquired? By the practice of economy and business methods which furnish an example to the humble as well as the proud. There is a popular impression that Queen Victoria is parsimonious, and many anecdotes are told to illustrate this phase of her character. She never gives a valuable present, but usually articles that have been presented to her by other people. It is court gossip that the

princes of India send her bales of camel's hair shawls every year because they know that Her Majesty uses them to advantage where she is required to make presents. It is also understood about court that a useless present to Her Majesty is worse than none, and people who desire to please her send gifts of money. When she dismisses a maid of honor, or when one of her ladies-in-waiting gets married or a faithful servant retires from her service, she always gives them a testimonial, usually of small value, a Bible, a copy of her "Journal in the Highlands," "Memoirs of the Prince Consort," perhaps a lace collar, a brooch containing her miniature, an inexpensive bracelet, a piece of silk or embroidery that has been sent her from India, or a shawl. The people around the court have ceased to expect expensive gifts from Her Majesty, and this peculiarity is so well understood that it ceased to be a jest among the other sovereigns of Europe a quarter of a century ago. For years the caricaturists and the paragraphers of the comic papers found it a stock subject, but it is no longer even matter for gossip.

Her Majesty may be considered penuri-



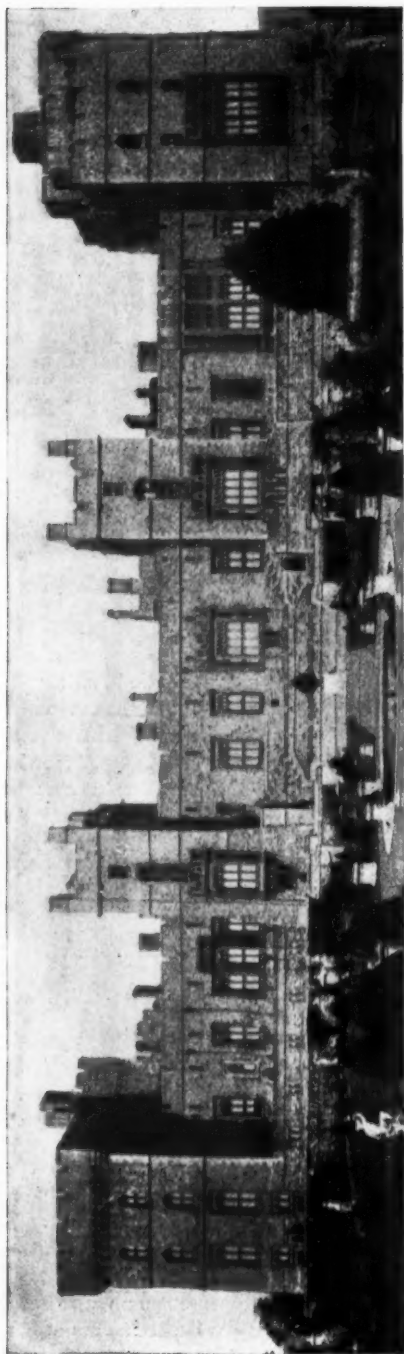
OSBORNE CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



WIFFINGHAM CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT (QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHURCH).

ous in comparison with the extravagance of some of her fellow sovereigns. She has always shown a full appreciation of the value of money and at the same time an equal appreciation of its usefulness. In financial transactions as well as in official affairs she has shown herself to be an honorable, shrewd, prudent, and far-sighted person, and while it is true, as frivolous people say, that she never wasted a shilling, she has

never failed to pay an honest debt. She loses no opportunity to express her displeasure at useless extravagance, and the purpose of her economy is to furnish an example for her subjects. She regards the neglect of financial obligations as one of the most heinous of sins, and spendthrift peers and extravagant women have no places at her table and need not expect favors at her hands. When she bestows a gift she de-



WINDSOR CASTLE: THE PART IN WHICH QUEEN VICTORIA REMIDES.

sires to express a sentiment, and not to make an ostentatious display of generosity. When she contributes to charity she requires an accounting of the money, and never gives a dollar away unless she knows what it will be used for and is satisfied that it will not be wasted. It was only the other day that her private secretary replied to an appeal by saying that Her Majesty could not bestow money upon objects unknown to her.

Last summer during the Jubilee ceremonies the managers of the Home for Lost Dogs appealed to her for an increase of her annual subscription. She has been giving thirty pounds a year to that society ever since it started, and her private secretary informed the committee that she would be pleased to increase her donation to fifty pounds a year provided they would raise a fund to purchase a kennel in the country where valuable dogs could be kept until they were sold. She suggested that in this manner the humane purpose of the institution might be extended and its revenues increased, and further she proposed to start a subscription with a hundred pounds.

She is equally prudent and economical in the expenditure of state funds, although she gets little credit because the balance that remains each year from the appropriation of Parliament for the civil list is added to her private fortune. Under the laws of England a lump sum is voted annually for the royal household, which may be expended at the pleasure of Her Majesty and for which she is not required to render an account. If there is anything left at the end of the year—and the balance usually amounts to several hundred thousand dollars—she can put it in her pocket.

This arrangement dates back nearly two centuries. Theoretically the ruler of Great Britain receives no compensation, but is entitled to what are known as the hereditary revenues of the crown, and they make a curious inventory. In early times almost everybody had to pay a "royalty" upon his earnings to his sovereign, hence the origin of that word which is in common use over the world to-day. In 1830, however, William IV. made an arrangement with Parlia-

Woman's Council Table.

THE RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

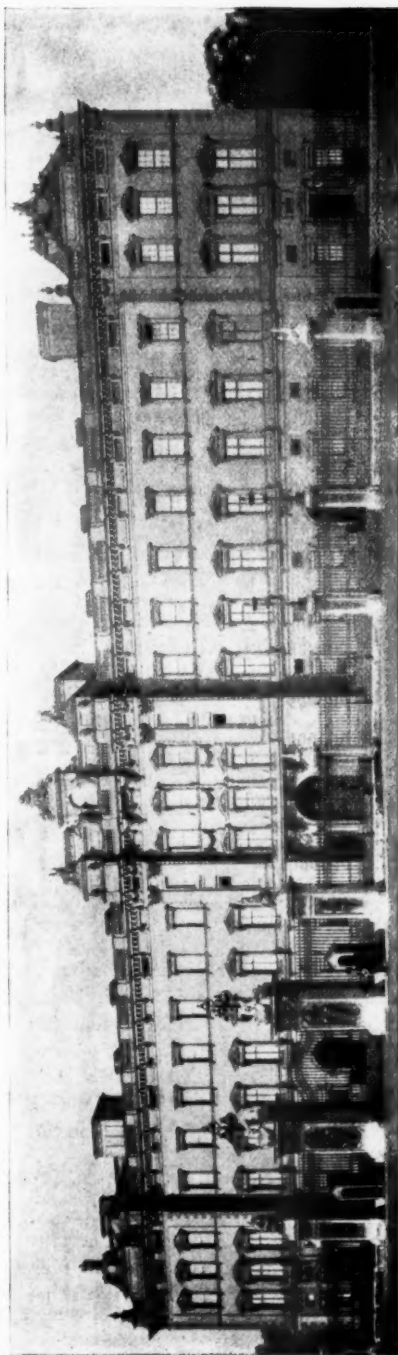
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ment, which was confirmed by Queen Victoria upon her accession to the throne, under which all of the hereditary revenues and the proceeds of the royal estates were surrendered in exchange for a permanent allowance. It was a good trade on both sides. The legitimate revenues of the queen at the present day would largely exceed this sum, but on the other hand she is relieved entirely from responsibility and annoyance, and knows exactly what she has to depend upon. The increase in values and royalties has been so great that if she received the hereditary revenues she would be worth a great deal more money than she is to-day. She would have all confiscated estates, all the property of felons and outlaws, all wrecks, flotsam and jetsam, and all penalties and fines collected by the courts; but the only rights of this kind that she retains are to the so-called "royal fish," that is, any whales or sturgeons caught upon the coast of the United Kingdom.

Thus, from the time that she was crowned, Queen Victoria has been in receipt of an income from the government amounting to about three million dollars a year. From this she pays all the expenses and salaries of her household, charities, pensions, and other charges imposed upon the sovereign, be they more or less. She has \$300,000 per annum for pocket money, of which no account is ever asked. The salaries of her household amount to about \$600,000, and the other expenses to about \$750,000 per year; \$60,000 is given her for "bounties and alms" and \$96,000 for annuities and pensions. In addition to this the other members of the royal family receive annuities amounting to \$865,000.

From the duchy of Lancaster the queen receives about \$450,000 a year, which she has no need to touch at all, and probably invests in bulk as fast as it comes to her. This income of itself, since she has been upon the throne, with interest, would aggregate \$40,000,000.

She has received several very large legacies. In 1852 James Camden Nield bequeathed to Her Majesty an estate amounting to about \$4,000,000, which pays a large



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUEEN VICTORIA'S LONDON RESIDENCE.

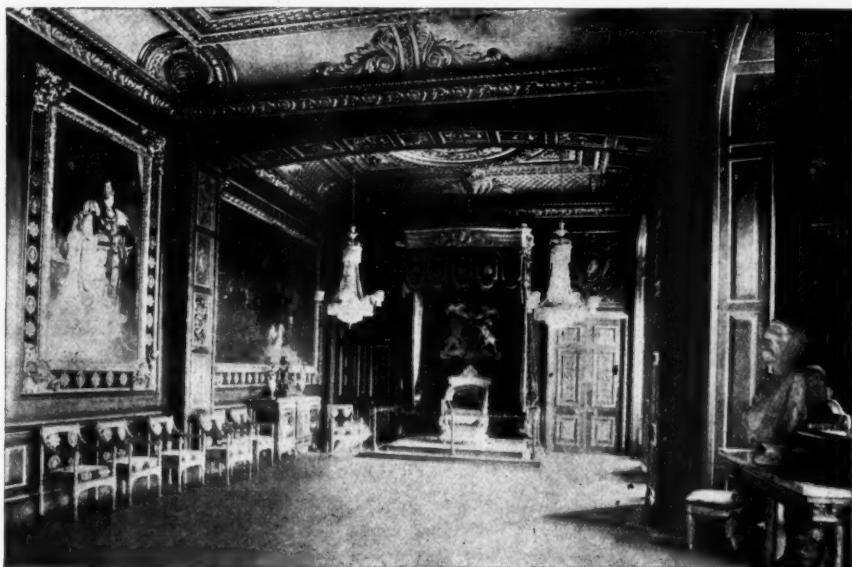


CHOIR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

revenue. In 1877 Mr. C. M. Newhouse left her several hundred thousand dollars in his will, and she has received a number of other less valuable bequests from loyal subjects and admirers who have no direct heirs. These bequests to the queen are more numerous than the public has knowledge of, and the utmost caution is exercised regarding their acceptance, lest she may be involved in litigation or notoriety. Several large estates have been declined in order to avoid contests in the courts with relatives who thought they were entitled to the money. A few years ago Her Majesty had a very narrow escape. An old Scotch bachelor bequeathed to her a fortune amounting to several hundred thousand pounds invested in the shares of a bank, which two or three years later failed with a tremendous crash and liabilities of nearly \$60,000,000. It was then disclosed that only fifteen per cent of the face value of the shares had been paid in, and the stockholders were immediately assessed eighty-five per cent of their nominal holdings to meet the obligations of the institution. Had it not been for the caution and foresight of Earl Sidney, Queen Victoria would have accepted this

legacy, and been the loser instead of the gainer by several million dollars.

A large portion of Her Majesty's wealth was inherited from Prince Albert, her husband, who died in 1861. At the time of their marriage he was possessed of a private fortune which brought him about \$20,000 a year, and that was ample to meet all his personal expenses during the rest of his life; but in addition to this Parliament voted him an annuity of \$150,000 a year, which during the twenty-three years of his married life amounted to \$3,900,000. He was a wise, prudent, and economical man, and it is said that he never spent a dollar of his annuity, but invested it in real estate. He bought large tracts of property in the suburbs of London, particularly in South Kensington, which at that time was an unsightly plain, but is now covered with the most beautiful and luxurious mansions in England and is worth as much per square foot as he paid for it by the acre. It is estimated that these South Kensington holdings of the queen are worth \$25,000,000. The estate at Balmoral belonged to Prince Albert, and was inherited by the queen from him. She has added to it from time to



THE THRONE ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE.

time, built cottages and lodges for the accommodation of her farmers and work people that are models of convenience and sanitation, and greatly increased the value. It is understood that Her Majesty intends to transfer this property to the crown upon the condition that it shall be the Scotch residence of English sovereigns in perpetuity. Osborne, the homelike palace on the Isle of Wight, was her own purchase, and the palace was designed by her husband. It is a lovely place, and she spends as much time as possible there.

Queen Victoria is the first sovereign of England who ever had anything to leave. All of her predecessors upon the throne bequeathed fine assortments of debts to their posterity, which Parliament was called upon to pay, and while Victoria permitted the people to be taxed to settle the private obligations of her uncles, George IV. and William IV., she herself paid the debts of her father, the Duke of Kent, with full interest, and has several times settled the liabilities of the Prince of Wales to the extent of several millions of dollars.

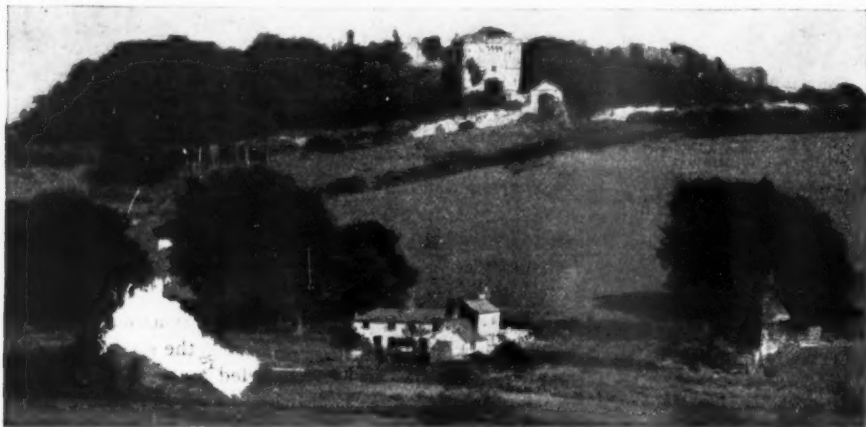
During the Jubilee season last summer it was whispered around London that Her

Majesty had made a new will, the third since she ascended the throne. Her last will was made shortly after the death of her husband, more than a third of a century ago. Since then the numerous births and deaths in the royal family have rendered many codicils necessary, so that very little of the original document remains unaltered. Therefore upon passing the sixtieth year of her reign she decided to make a new will, which, however, will never be made public. Kings and queens have the advantage over ordinary mortals of being exempt from taxes and probate dues, and their wills are regarded as state secrets. There is a great deal of gossip and speculation in England, however, as to the disposition the queen has made of her immense property. The bulk of it will undoubtedly go to the Prince of Wales, and it is supposed that her best estates are entailed upon her successors with the condition that they shall never be mortgaged or alienated in any way. It is also assumed that the palace at Osborne and a liberal amount of bonds and leases will be left to her favorite daughter, the Princess Beatrice, who is also expecting to inherit the fortune of the Empress Eugenie,

whose son, the ill-fated prince imperial, was to have been her husband. Princess Louise, the wife of the Marquise of Lorne, has no children, and her husband will inherit the immense estates of the Duke of Argyle, so that she will be well provided for.

The Empress Frederick of Germany, the oldest daughter, is already immensely wealthy. She has an annuity of \$40,000 a year from the English treasury, an allowance from the Prussian treasury, she inherited \$2,160,000 from her husband, and an equal amount from the Italian duchess Galleria several years ago. The Princess Helena is the poorest of all the children, having married an impecunious German prince and being compelled to live upon the allowance of six thousand pounds she

receives from Parliament. There is a vague prospect that some time or another he may be a rich man, since he is the next heir to the large entailed estates of his nephew the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, whose revenues amount to about \$80,000 a year. The Duchess of Albany is poor, and with her three children is entirely dependent upon a pension from Parliament and an allowance from the queen. The Duke of Edinburgh is enormously rich, having inherited his mother's capacity for the accumulation and investment of property. The Duke of Connaught is also well provided for. Queen Victoria has, however, sixty-seven grandchildren, who would doubtless be willing to share the residue of the thrifty "widow's" fortune.



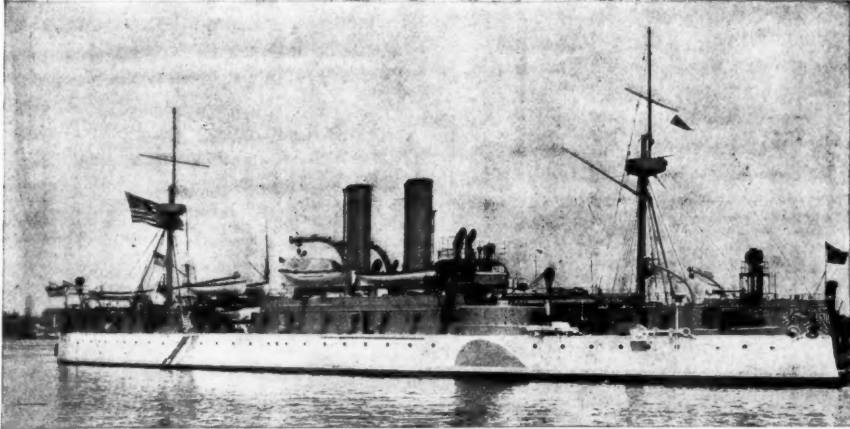
CARISBROOK CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE PLAY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE play is life; the mummers you and I;
 And, willy-nilly, each must act his part;
 One man is cast for grisly tragedy,
 And one plays comedy from the very start.
 However well we fill this mortal stage,
 Winning, a space, the laurel called renown,
 The exit is the same for fool and sage,
 Since one day Death will ring the curtain down.

HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.*



From a photograph by E. Muller.

UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "MAINE" BEFORE THE DISASTER.

THE loss of the United States battleship *Maine*, in the harbor of Havana, is the over-shadowing international event of the moment. The ship was blown up on the night of February 15, without warning, and over two hundred and fifty men out of a crew of three hundred and

wreck. Only two officers were lost, but of the seventy-six men saved less than twenty were uninjured.

Circumstances make this disaster without parallel. For three years a desultory and desolating warfare has been going on in the island of Cuba, while the government of the



THE WRECK OF THE "MAINE."

fifty-five went down to their death in the

United States has carefully refrained from intervention and observed the obligations of a neutral nation between Spain and her colony consistently and diligently. The

* This department, together with the book "The Social Spirit in America," constitutes the special C. L. S. C. course Current History, for the reading of which a seal is given.

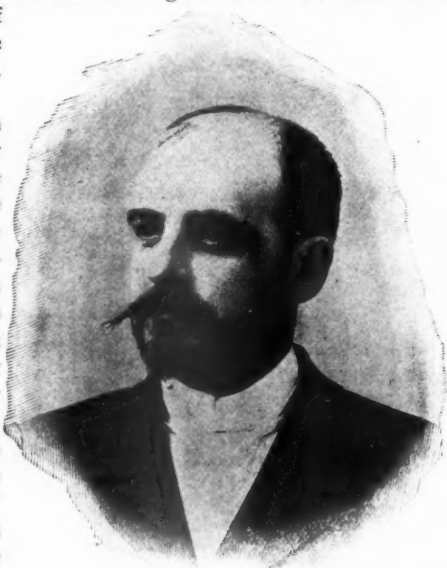


PRAXEDO MATEO SAGASTA.
Premier of Spain.

Maine was ordered to the harbor of Havana ostensibly for the purpose of showing that friendly relations obtained between this country and Spain in her attempt to establish a form of autonomy for Cuba, which was recently inaugurated by the present premier of Spain, Señor Sagasta. A formal exchange of courtesies followed between the local authorities under Captain-General Blanco and the *Maine's* officers. Inside of a month the friendly harbor became the scene of death and disaster for the visitors.

The disaster happened at a time when the American people were smarting under the revelation of aspersions cast upon the president by the Spanish minister to the United States, Señor Dupuy de Lome. He had written a private letter to the proprietor of the Madrid *Heraldo*, commenting upon President McKinley's message to Congress last December, which had dealt at great length with the Cuban problem. Minister de Lome characterized President McKinley as "weak, and catering to the rabble, and, besides, a low politician [*polícastro*] who desires to leave a door open to me, and to stand well with the jingoes of his party." He further declared that the attitude of this government toward Cuba depended on the political and military success of Spain in Cuba, and urged that it was important to

agitate the question of commercial relations even though it would be only for effect. He asked also that a man of importance be sent to make propaganda among senators and others in opposition to the Cuban *junta*. Minister de Lome had been recognized as a very able diplomat during the long-continued strain of relations between the governments over the Cuban situation. The publication of these statements, however, whose authorship he acknowledged, caused his prompt resignation and departure from the country. Discussion here was concerning itself with the apparent revelations of Spanish weakness and motives in negotiating reciprocity treaties contained in the offensive letter surreptitiously secured, when the news of the blowing up of the *Maine* relegated the De Lome incident to a minor place. Spain received Minister de Lome's resignation before the demand for his recall by our government reached the Spanish authorities. Following the disaster Spain made a formal disavowal of De Lome's utterances and gave assurance that it is in earnest about the projected treaty of reciprocity, reaffirming sincerity of purpose and unstained good faith. As successor to



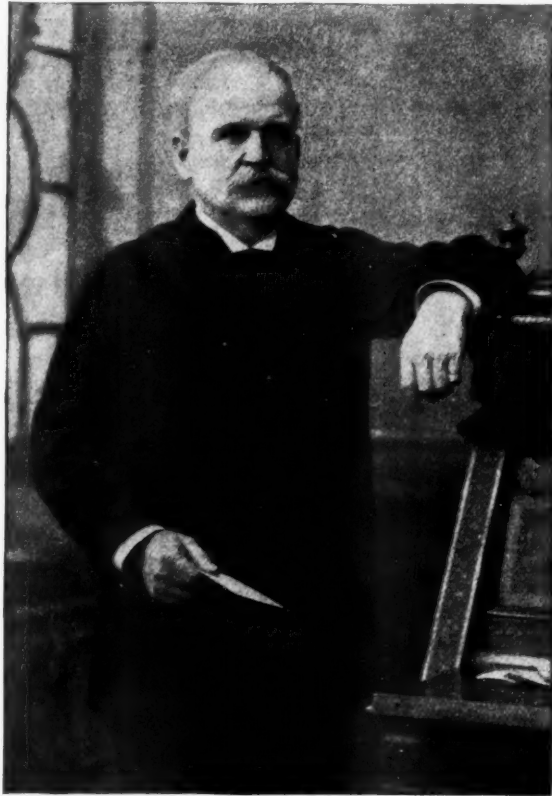
ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LOME.
Late Spanish Minister to the United States.

De Lome Spain appointed the son of a former minister, the head of the commercial bureau in the State Department, Señor Polo de Bernabe.

In the public eye the sinking of the *Maine* seemed to be more than a national calamity. Might it not be a crime? Capt. Charles D. Sigsbee, of the fated ship, threw no light upon the probable cause of the disaster in his telegram announcing it to the Navy Department; he simply said that public opinion should be suspended till further report. The suggestion of the captain was literally followed by the administration and the mass of the people, although it was evident that popular suspicion of Spanish treachery was more prevalent than the idea that destruction was caused by an accident for which our men on the ship could be held responsible. A board of inquiry was promptly appointed, Capt. William T. Sampson, of the *Iowa*, president, and until its findings are reported the action of the administration cannot be outlined. Secretary of the Navy John D. Long has given his personal opinion to the effect that the element of Spanish official participation in the disaster is practically eliminated. The Spanish legation at Washington has informed the government that no mines were planted in the Havana harbor, and intimated that Spain disclaims responsibility for the accident.

Authorities on international law have failed to find an exact parallel to this case so far as the facts have developed. The weight of opinion seems to be in substance that Spain is essentially responsible for the safety of a friendly visitor in her harbor. Professor Von Holst, of The University of

Chicago, maintains that this responsibility would include anything that might have caused the disaster outside the ship's own crew, under the obligation resting upon Spain to exercise due diligence in protecting the *Maine*. At least one new precedent in international law has already resulted from this exceptional case. Ordinarily, a war-ship is legally the territory of the gov-



HON. JOHN D. LONG.
Secretary of the United States Navy.

ernment which it represents, like government legations at various capitals, but a wreck is legally a part of the territory under jurisdiction of the government there prevailing. The government of the United States refused to consent to a joint investigation of the wreck, having instituted an independent investigation and promising to afford every facility for investigation by the Spanish authorities. Congress appropriated

\$200,000 for recovery of the dead and raising of as much of the wreck as possible. It is sinking in the mud of the harbor day

under the provocation of the *Maine* disaster has been a cause of much self-congratulation in the press. Meantime every possible means at command to place the United States in a condition to meet the emergencies of war has been utilized. The reports of American consuls showing the terrible devastation and starvation which now prevail in Cuba are being prepared for transmission to Congress with the report of the *Maine* inquiry, when the further policy of the administration—heretofore nominally that of awaiting the assured success or failure of Spanish pacification of Cuba—may be definitely announced. Clara Barton, of the Red Cross Society, is directing the distribution of relief contributions for sufferers on the island, and we seem to be especially fortunate in being represented in Cuba by Gen. Fitz-Hugh Lee, a Confederate veteran of judgment and integrity, who was appointed consul-general by Mr. Cleveland and retained by President McKinley.



GEN. FITZ-HUGH LEE.
United States Consul-General at Havana.

by day and may never be raised. The extreme difficulties in the way of ever ascertaining the real cause of the disaster are manifold. Suppose that our investigation should attribute the fatal explosion to some outside cause by parties unknown. It is not impossible that the Spanish investigation might result in declaring some internal explosion to be the probable cause. These differences might be expected to go before a third party as arbitrator. The question from the standpoint of international law, under any circumstances short of proof reported by our board of inquiry that our own men were responsible for the disaster, becomes a matter of pecuniary damages to be ascertained according to the usages of nations. There are many means of diplomacy short of war for seeking indemnity, if indemnity and reparation are deemed adequate means of settlement by the administration, after its board of inquiry has formally reported.

The sober calmness of this country

News from Spain and Cuba, unless transmitted by private means, must pass rigid government censorship, so that we are at a disadvantage in estimating the actual situation in those countries from day to day. It seems clear, however, that, the Cortes (the Spanish parliament) having been dissolved, the campaign for election of members of the new Cortes called to meet April 25 is being waged for and against the policy of the Sagasta ministry (Liberal), which includes autonomy for Cuba and commercial negotiations with the United States. No Spanish parties admit the right of the United States to intervene in Cuban affairs on any pretext, and preparations for war, if necessary to prevent intervention, are being made without stint by the Spanish government.

Émile Zola has earned imprisonment by the French Republic and fame outside of France by his attempt to free the exiled Jew, Alfred Dreyfus. Zola's method of trying to accomplish this object may be

said to have been literary rather than legal. That is to say, he sought to bring about the reopening of a military trial by which Dreyfus had been judged guilty of treason, by accusing the military and government officials of freeing the real culprit and making Dreyfus a scapegoat. He published his letter of accusation against the authorities in the newspaper *Aurore*, with the expectation that he would be prosecuted and that the evidence forthcoming at such a trial would make a reopening of the Dreyfus case imperative. Dreyfus, a captain in the French army, was arrested in 1894 and tried by secret court-martial, judged guilty of furnishing military secrets to some foreign government, publicly disgraced, discharged from the army, and sent to the Ile du Diable (off the coast of French Guiana) for solitary confinement. It was said that the evidence which convicted him consisted of a memorandum in his handwriting found by a spy. After his exile his wife and friends, believing his protestation of innocence to be true, sought by all the means at their command to prove him innocent. Suspicion was directed against Major Count Esterhazy as being the real author of the memorandum upon which Dreyfus was condemned. Thereupon Count Esterhazy was court-martialed. Experts disagreed regarding the authorship of the memorandum as revealed by the handwriting, but a majority of them held that the writing was that of Dreyfus. This court-martial, like that of Dreyfus, was secret, and further secret evidence was said to have been introduced proving the guilt of Dreyfus beyond doubt. So Count Esterhazy was freed of the charge against him. It was that part of Zola's letter of accusation against the minister of war for discharging Esterhazy

which formed the sole basis of prosecution by the government. By confining the charge of libel to the accusations concerning the Esterhazy court-martial, evidence concerning the Dreyfus court-martial was rigidly excluded and conviction obtained. Zola was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and payment of a fine of 3,000 francs; M. Perreux, publisher of *Aurore*, received sentence of four month's imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs. Appeal may be taken.

The trial of Zola has been astonishing to Americans. The procedure did not conform to Anglo-Saxon ideas of justice. The trial was conducted before judges and a



ÉMILE ZOLA.
The Champion of Ex-Captain Dreyfus.

jury in the court of assizes. Government and military officials refused to answer questions from Zola's counsel on the ground that "secrets of state" and "the honor of the army" were at stake. Witnesses, counsel, and the defendant were permitted

to address the jury direct, the court-room was crowded with partisans who took vocal part in the proceedings according to their sympathies, and jurymen were not secluded as in our procedure, but could go and come between sessions at their pleasure. Such a trial is so different from our non-military standards that criticism was natural. The procedure is a survival of monarchical institutions which the Revolution of 1789 bequeathed to the present *régime*. In spite of the rigid limitations of the trial, which at times became so stormy that sessions of the court were peremptorily adjourned, testimony was adduced which convinced many outsiders that Dreyfus had been unjustly condemned on insufficient evidence. But on the technicalities of the case as conducted against Zola a verdict against him was generally expected. The trial ended, the government emphasized its victory by disciplining Colonel Picquart, chief military witness for Zola in the trial; a chaplain who wrote a letter congratulating Zola has been placed on the unattached list, and Professor Grimaux, of the Polytechnic School, who signed the endorsement of Zola's action, has been retired. Before and after the Zola trial the Chamber of Deputies gave votes of confidence in the government for its refusal to reopen the Dreyfus case.

What has Zola accomplished by his efforts in behalf of Dreyfus? The answer depends upon the point of view. From this distance it is confidently claimed that he has shown admirable personal courage in a fight for justice, pure and simple. He has also shown how far behind the standard of our time French court procedure lags. He has brought to notice the real grip which the French military has upon the machinery of government in the French Republic. The corruption of the press, which became a matter of so much comment in connection with the Panama Canal scandals, has been again forced upon public attention by Zola's efforts to bring out the truth in spite of its attitude. It has been held by outside observers that Zola's fight has been essentially that of the rights of the people, with whom sovereignty is supposed to rest in a republic

against actual military usurpation of government. The strength of the opposition which overwhelms him seems to lie in that fear and prejudice which are at the bottom of anti-Semitic movements the world over, and in the apprehension that agitation must be suppressed because of the opportunity it may give to anarchistic and revolutionary elements to overthrow the existing form of government.

A startling case of lynch-law has renewed the discussion of phases of the negro problem. While the state government of Indiana has been attempting to apprehend the culprits responsible for lynching five white men for robbery, an outrageous massacre of a political character has occurred in South Carolina. Fraser B. Baker, a negro appointed postmaster of the small town of Lake City, a few months ago, was awakened by shots on the evening of Washington's birthday. He aroused his family only to find that his house (the post-office) had been set on fire. In trying to escape from his burning home he was shot dead in his own doorway. His wife was wounded and the baby in her arms killed. Two other children were seriously wounded by shots from the mob which surrounded the house. The burned bodies of the father and his baby boy were found in the ruins of his home. This is the sixth lynching affair which has occurred in the state of South Carolina during the first two months of this year. Very recently a day had been set apart by the various religious denominations for special sermons against the lynching evil, and it was stated, to show the need of such concerted action, that over two hundred lynchings had constituted the record of the state during a single year. A general outcry of condemnation appeared in the state papers after the atrocious Lake City massacre. The same tone prevailed throughout the southern press. But in many cases it was vehemently affirmed that responsibility for such an occurrence should be placed upon that kind of politics which made negro appointments in sections where the race antagonism could not and must not be

ignored. A striking feature of the situation consisted of the appeal of the *Charleston News and Courier* for federal punishment of the members of the Lake City mob. Assuming that it would be impossible for conviction to be obtained through the state courts, that paper called upon the federal courts to indict the murderers under the statutes providing for the punishment of conspiracy against a federal office-holder, citing precedents to show that murder committed in pursuance of a conspiracy had been punished by a federal court in Georgia. The governor of the state and the post-master-general have offered rewards aggregating \$1,500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers, and the post-office at Lake City has been abolished. While condemnation of the massacre has been general throughout the country, it has been tempered in many sections by expressions of doubt concerning the policy of negro appointments. Only last fall the negro post-master at Hogansville, Ga., named Loftin, was warned and shot; the same kind of formal protestations against the appointment were made in his case as in that of Baker, but Loftin has held the office up to this time in spite of difficulties.

The negro problem in politics is evidently far from solved. South Carolina, it should be remembered, has already accomplished the practical disfranchisement of negroes in the state. The disfranchising clause of her revised constitution did not take effect until the first day of this year. After adopting a new constitution a system of registration went into effect under which it was necessary that persons should be able to understand and explain any article of the constitution when read to them. The practical effect of this provision was to cut off the negroes from becoming registered, but the clause now in effect requires the registration of those otherwise qualified who can read and write any part of the constitution, or can show tax receipts on three hundred dollars' worth of property. In Mississippi the requirement is ability to read or understand the constitution. The constitutional

convention which convened in Louisiana in February had for one of its avowed objects some similar measure to secure negro disfranchisement. It is worthy of note in this connection that Booker T. Washington, head of the famous Tuskegee Institute, has addressed an open letter to the Louisiana convention commending the principle of an educational qualification for suffrage, but emphasizing the necessity of a provision fair to both ignorant whites and ignorant blacks, and urging that adequate educational facilities be assured to the negroes by the state government. At the regular annual conference of colored people held at Tuskegee last month the chief exhortation by the speakers was made in behalf of home-building and home-making among the colored people themselves.

The unique Student Volunteer movement is again called to public attention by a successful convention held in Cleveland, Ohio, the last week in February. This organization, which had its inception at an inter-seminary meeting at Princeton in 1884, was perfected after the Oberlin convention of 1886. The purpose of the movement is to enlist students for foreign mission service, to help prepare them for that work, and to press upon the student world the possibility of evangelizing the globe. Up to this time the movement has enrolled about four thousand volunteers. Over one thousand have gone to mission fields under regular mission boards, and over three thousand students are studying missions in some two hundred colleges and seminaries in the United States and Canada. Student offerings for the mission work have reached the sum of \$40,000 a year, and the organization is represented in over eight hundred institutions in different parts of the world. A fraternal delegate from Great Britain reported 1,460 volunteers in the British Isles, the greatest activity prevailing in the medical schools. The movement has received the cordial support of evangelical denominations and the convention at Cleveland gave very marked evidence of its present and future successes.

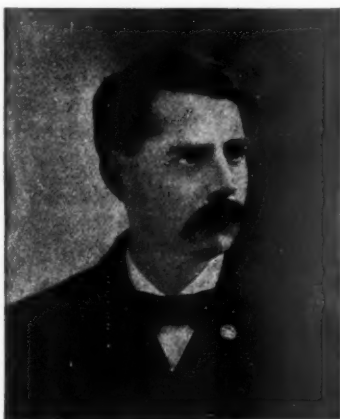
Denominational activity in behalf of higher education in this country is once more made prominent by the plans of the Martin Luther Society of New York, which has formally taken up the suggestion of Rev. G. A. Bierdemann, of Utica, N. Y., for the establishment of an American Lutheran University. The idea was endorsed by the last General Council of the Lutheran Church and it is proposed to have the establishment of this institution of learning commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's nailing of the theses to the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg.

To the south of us political disturbances are the order of the day and fail to attract much outside interest. José Maria Reyna Barrios, president of Guatemala, has been assassinated and the vice-president, Estrada Cabrera, succeeds him. Barrios sought to make himself dictator of a Central American Union of States. General Morales, formerly minister of war, is said to have been the leader of a revolution against him, but thus far has been unsuccessful in obtaining the position because of an opposition candidate who is backed by the military. Costa Rica and Nicaragua have similar troubles with factions. The latter recently released a Costa Rican consul-general named Bache, convicted of being a rebel, upon a request for liberation by our secretary of state, John Sherman. In Venezuela Gen. Joaquin Crespo, who has filled the presidential chair for the constitutional period of four years, has been succeeded by Gen. Ignacio Andrade. In sharp contrast with the changing of rulers in the South American republics stands the reelection of Paul Krüger as president of the Boer Republic in South Africa for a fifth term. Señor Campos Salles, now gov-

ernor of the province of Sao Paulo, has been elected president of Brazil by a large majority, and Señor Rosa e Silva of Pernambuco, vice-president; the opposition in Rio de Janeiro abstained from voting.

Chronologically, the death-list for February begins with Thomas L. Thompson, of California, ex-minister of the United States

to Brazil. Joseph P. Smith, director of the Bureau of American Republics, also died during the first week of the month. He was an Ohio newspaper man, forty years of age, widely known as Mr. McKinley's factotum. He had a genius for figures, and furnished important statistics and other data which Mr. McKinley used with such good effect in his happy speeches during the famous trip made during the congressional campaign of 1894 and the speech-making to delega-



THE LATE JOSEPH P. SMITH.
Director of the Bureau of American Republics.

tions at Canton in the last campaign. The death of Frances E. Willard, president of the World's and the National W. C. T. U., brought forth tributes in all parts of the world to her character and achievements as a leader and teacher among women. Her remains lay in state in Willard Hall, Chicago, and appropriate services were held, first in New York and later in Evanston, Ill. The W. C. T. U. has decided to raise about \$400,000 to clear off obligations on the Woman's Temple Building, Chicago, and to rechristen it "Willard Temple" as a memorial to Miss Willard. William M. Singler, proprietor of *The Philadelphia Record*, president of the Chestnut Street National Bank and the Chestnut Street Savings Fund and Trust Company, recently collapsed, and interested in other private and public enterprises, died on February 27. In 1894 he was the Democratic candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, and in the last national campaign supported Palmer and Buckner.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

FOR APRIL.

First Week (ending April 8).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapters XV. and XVI.

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part I. Chapters I. and II.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Changing Seasons."

Sunday Reading for April 3.

Second Week (ending April 15).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter XVII.

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part I, Chapters III. and IV.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Student-Life in Germany."

"Young Europe."

Sunday Reading for April 10.

Third Week (ending April 22).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter XVIII.

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part I, Chapters V. and VI.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Virgil's Æneid."

Sunday Reading for April 17.

Fourth Week (ending April 29).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter XIX.

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part I, Chapters VII. and VIII.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Roman Orators."

Sunday Reading for April 24.

FOR MAY.

First Week (ending May 6).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter XX.

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part I, Chapters IX. and X. and Part II., Chapter I.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"A Glimpse at Literature in Rome."

Sunday Reading for May 1.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FOR APRIL.

First Week.

1. An Essay—Darwin and his theory of evolution.
2. Historical Study—The civil wars of the thirteenth century.
3. A Paper—The republics of Genoa and Venice.
4. An Essay—Etruria and its people.
5. A Talk—The Phenicians and their great colony in Africa.

Second Week.

1. A Paper—France in the time of Philip IV.
2. An Essay—Wycliffe and the Reformation in England.
3. A Talk—Thomas à Becket and his influence.
4. A Reading—"Bannockburn," by Robert Burns.
5. A Paper—The contentions between Rome and the Greek states.

Third Week.

1. Book Review—"Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore.
2. A Talk—The destruction of Pompeii.

3. Biographical Sketch—Michael Angelo.
4. A Paper—Moscow.
5. Historical Review—Early Portuguese explorers.

Fourth Week.

1. A Talk—Castor and Pollux.
2. Historical Review—The Swiss struggle for liberty.
3. A Reading—"Make Way for Liberty," by James Montgomery.
4. A Paper—Pyrrhus and his contest with the Romans.
5. *Questions and Answers* on "A Short History of Mediæval Europe."

FOR MAY.

First Week.

1. The Lesson.
2. A Paper—Hellenic influence on Latin poetry.
3. An Essay—The papal schism of the fourteenth century.
4. A Talk—The Knights Templars.
5. Biographical Sketch—John Huss.

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON THE REQUIRED READING IN THE TEXT-BOOKS.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDIAEVAL EUROPE."

P. 214. "Noyon" [nwā-yôn'].—"Valenciennes" [vā-lon-syen'].—"Amiens" [am'e-enz or ā-mē-an'].—"Corbie" [kōr-bē'].—"Soissons" [swā-sōn'].—"Bruges" [broo'jez or brūzh].—"Lille" [lil].—"St. Omer" [French pronunciation san-tō-mār'].—"Liège" [lyāzh].

P. 215. "Montpellier" [mōn-pel-lyā'].—"Toulouse" [too-looz'].—"Béziers" [bā-ziā'].—"Laon" [lon].—"Vézelay" [vāz-lā'].—"Château Neuf" [shā-tō' nēf].

P. 216. "*Villes de bourgeoisie*" [vil dū boor-zhwā-zē]. Citizens' villages.—"Lorris" [lor-rēs'] or lor-rē'].

P. 217. "Beaumont-en-Argonne" [bō-mōn'ton-nār-gōn'].—"Chiny" [shē-nē'].

P. 220. "Échevins" [ā-shū-van'].—"Podestà" [pō-des-tā'].

P. 224. "Urbino" [oor-bē'nō]. The capital of an ancient duchy in Italy having the same name.—"Perugia" [pā-roo'jā]. An Italian city, the capital of the province of Perugia.—"Rimini" [rē'mē-nē]. The modern name of Ariminum.

P. 225. "Chioggia" [kē-od'jā]. A seaport on an island of the same name in the Gulf of Venice, about fifteen miles south of the city.

P. 226. "Condottieri" [kon-dot-tiā'ri].

P. 227. "Albornoz" [āl-bōr'nōth].

P. 230. "Bouvines" [boov-vēn'].

P. 234. "Légistes" [lā-jist']. The French form of the English word legists.

P. 241. "Angoulême" [on-goo-lām'].

P. 244. "Crécy" [krā-sē'].—"Calais" [kal'is or kă-lā'].

P. 245. "Harfleur" [ār-flēr'].—"Agincourt" [aj'in-kōrt or āzh-an-koor'].—"Armagnac" [ār-mān-yāk'].—"Troyes" [trwā].

P. 248. "Inn of the Temple." After the suppression of the Knights Templars the buildings and gardens in London belonging to this order were leased to some law students who established a hostel or inn of court, a college where students of law reside and continue their studies. The place was called the Temple from those who had previously occupied it.

P. 253. "Badajoz" [bād-ā-hōs'].

P. 255. "Namur" [nā'moor or nā-mür'].—"Hainault" [hā-nō'].

P. 258. "Siebenbuergen" [sē'ben-bürg-en]. A German name meaning seven castles.—"Mohács" [mō-häch']. A town in Hungary.—"Mieczislav" [me-etch'is-läv].

P. 259. "Gnesen" [gnā'zen'].—"Jagello" [yā-gel'lō].

P. 260. "Seljuk Turks." An Asiatic tribe originally occupying the plain north of the Caspian Sea. Under the leadership of Seljuk, from whom their name was derived, they settled in Bokhara in the tenth century.

P. 263. The "Golden Bull" was so called from its golden seal.

"ROMAN AND MEDIAEVAL ART."

P. 21. "Horus." An Egyptian god who represented the rising sun. He was the son of Osiris, one of the chief deities of Egyptian mythology. Osiris represented the principle of good, and legends speak of him as the one who originated human civilization.

P. 29. "Cesnola" [ches-nō'lā]. An archeologist born in Italy in 1832. He served in the Union Army during the Civil War and was afterward appointed United States consul to Cyprus. During his stay in Cyprus he conducted a series of excavations and made a collection of antiquities which was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of New York. He wrote a work called "Cyprus: Its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples."

P. 30. "*Bucchero*" [book-kā'rō].—"Cervetri" [cher-vā'tree].

P. 32. "Phidian period." The period in which Phideas, a noted Greek sculptor, and his disciples worked. See page 50 of the text-book.

P. 33. "Chiusi" [kē-oo'sē]. A city in Tuscany, Italy.

P. 41. "Volterra." An Italian city about thirty-five miles southwest of Florence.

P. 43. "Orvieto" [or-vē-ā'tō]. A town of Italy about sixty miles northwest of Rome.

P. 72. "Medici Venus." A Greek statue done in marble, probably in the time of Augustus. It represents the goddess undraped with her arms held in front of her body and a dolphin at her left.—The "Dying Gaul" was at one time called the "Dying Gladiator." It represents the nude warrior with bowed head sitting on the ground and leaning on his right hand.—The "Laocoön group" represents Laocoön, a priest of Apollo, and his two sons entwined by serpents, which seem to be biting them to death.—The "Belvedere Torso" was discovered near the close of the fifteenth century and is now in the Museum of the Vatican.

P. 82. "Campagna" [kām-pān'yā]. A plain about Rome.

P. 88. "Choragic Monument." "A choragic monument was a small monument erected to hold the tripod which was awarded to the *choragus* [chorus leader] who furnished the successful chorus in the theatrical representations at Athens. It was sometimes merely a pillar, at others a small temple.

The best specimen of a choragic monument is that of Lysicrates . . . at Athens. It consists of a small rotunda upon a square base, and has six fluted Corinthian columns bearing a frieze representing the transformation of the Tyrrhenian pirates into dolphins."—*Adeline's Art Dictionary*.

ON THE REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

"STUDENT-LIFE IN GERMANY."

1. "Geiste" [gīst'e].
2. "Privatdocent" [prē-vāt-dō'tsent].
3. "Burschenschaften" [boorsh'en-shaft-en].
4. "Verbindungen" [fer-bind'oong-en].
5. "Frühshoppen" [frū'shop-en].
6. "Kneipe" [knīp'e].
7. "Fachsimpeln" [fāk'simp-el-n].
8. "Bierkönig" [bēr'kōn-ik].
9. "Fuchs" [foox].
10. "Katzenjammer" [kāt'zen-yām-er].
11. "Abfuhr" [äp'foor].
12. "Sine ira et sine studio." Without anger and without partiality.
13. "Gaudeamus igitur," etc. Let us therefore rejoice while we are young.

"ROMAN ORATORS."

1. "Conscript fathers." The usual English translation of the Latin phrase *patres conscripti* (properly *patres, conscripti*) used by speakers when addressing the Roman Senate. The Senate of ancient Rome was composed of the *patres*, fathers, or patrician nobles, and the *conscripti*, those elected.

2. "Quirites" [kwi-rī'tēz]. Originally the inhabitants of a Sabine town called Cures. After the union of the Sabines and the Romans in a single community the Romans, or *Romani*, adopted the name of *Quirites* to indicate the citizens considered in their civil capacity. When referring to the

political or military capacity the name *Romani* was used.

3. "*Carthago delenda est.*" "Carthage must be destroyed." By closing all his speeches with these words Cato is said to have so aroused the Romans that the Third Punic War was the result.

4. "Comitium." The place near the Forum where the Romans voting by the *curiæ* assembled.

5. "*Quid times? Casarem vehis.*" It is related by Plutarch that Cæsar, when near the coast of Illyria in a small boat, accompanied by a timid sailor, uttered these words, "*Quid times? Casarem vehis et fortunam ejus.*" "What do you fear? You carry Cæsar and his fortune."

"VIRGIL'S ÆNEID."

1. Virgil was born in a town near Mantua, and after he had completed his studies he retired to his father's estate near Mantua. He is known as "the Mantuan Bard," "the Swan of Mantua," and "the Great Shepherd of the Mantuan Plain."

2. "*Tantæ molis,*" etc. So much labor did it cost to found the Roman race.

3. When Æneas visited the under-world, Anchises, his father, pointed out to him those of the souls yet unborn who would make his race illustrious. Anchises also foretold the great deeds they would perform and called each by name.

4. "Sovran." A modification of sovereign. Milton was the first to use this form.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL EUROPE."

1. Q. What was the principal cause of the communal revolt of the eleventh and twelfth centuries? A. The revival of industry and commerce.

2. Q. How were the charters most easily obtained by the cities? A. By purchase.

3. Q. In what parts of France were communes established? A. In the south and the west.

4. Q. By whom was the agitation to secure a charter for a commune usually begun? A. By a guild of merchants.

5. Q. What was the character of a town which received a charter? A. That of a feudal individual.

6. Q. What was the usual form of government in the communes? A. A kind of oligarchy or aristocracy.

7. Q. What was the real cause of the destruction of the communes? A. Their insolvency and their lawlessness.

8. Q. What prevented the unification of Italy during the Middle Age? A. The presence of different racial elements.

9. Q. What was the result of the rivalry between the pope and the emperor? A. It gave the cities an opportunity to establish a local government similar to that of the communes.

10. Q. Between whom were the civil wars of the thirteenth century? A. The Ghibellines and Guelfs.

11. Q. What was the result of the civil wars of the thirteenth century? A. The loss of freedom and the republican constitutions, and the rise of tyrants who ruled the cities.

12. Q. What were two important results of the reign of Philip II. of France? A. The growth of the royal power and an improved administration of royal affairs.

13. Q. What made the reign of Louis IX. important? A. The acquisition of several provinces, the reforms in finance and in government, and his attitude toward the church.

14. Q. Under whose rule did France become the leading power in Europe? A. That of Philip IV.

15. Q. How is the commanding position of Philip IV. in Europe shown? A. By the removal of the papacy to Avignon and his control of the popes.

16. Q. How was order introduced into the government during the time of Philip IV.? A. By the creation of new offices with prescribed functions.

17. Q. Why was William the Conqueror disliked by his people? A. Because of his severity in punishing offenders, his heavy taxes, and his devastation of a large territory to make a game preserve.

18. Q. For what is the reign of Henry II. famous? A. His struggles with the nobility and church.

19. Q. Why did the clergy oppose his ideas of judicial reform? A. Because he meant to bring them under his own jurisdiction.

20. Q. What ordinances were issued for this purpose? A. The Constitutions of Clarendon.

21. Q. How did the struggle between King John and his barons terminate? A. They compelled him to grant the Magna Charta.

22. Q. What did King John promise in the Magna Charta? A. To observe the ancient laws and customs, to abate all wrongs, and to require only the legal feudal dues.

23. Q. What were the important questions at issue in the Hundred Years' War? A. Whether Scotland should remain independent, and whether the king of France should control all of France, or whether all of Scotland and France should be subjected to the king of England.

24. Q. Where did the Hundred Years' War begin? A. In Scotland.

25. Q. What was the final result of the war? A. The unification of France.

26. Q. What important constitutional changes occurred in England during the Hundred Years' War? A. Parliament was divided into two deliberative bodies, and the Parliament exercised the right to try members of the king's council for embezzlement.

27. Q. The struggle between what states was carried on during the Middle Age? A. The struggle between the Mohammedan kingdoms of Spain and the Christian states on the north.

28. Q. When and how was the union of Castile and Aragon accomplished? A. In 1474 by the marriage of Isabella of Castile to Ferdinand of Aragon.

29. Q. At the beginning of the fifteenth century for what were the Portuguese noted? A. For their daring on the sea and in explorations.

30. Q. What was the character of the history of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden for several centuries? A. It was a confused succession of wars and civil strife.

31. Q. When Mohammedanism was being driven out of Spain where was it being established? A. In the Balkan Peninsula.

32. Q. What was the condition of affairs in Germany during the Great Interregnum? A. Anarchy prevailed there.

33. Q. What two events, important in the development of Germany, occurred in the fourteenth century? A. The defense of their liberties by the Swiss and the formation of the league of the cities.

34. Q. What two kinds of cities existed in Germany? A. Imperial and seigniorial.

35. Q. What was the most famous league of the cities? A. The Hanse League.

36. Q. When was it at the height of its power? A. From 1350 to 1500.

37. Q. From the twelfth century on what is the condition of the German Empire? A. Its decay continues uninterruptedly.

"ROMAN AND MEDIEVAL ART."

1. Q. What are the earliest relics of man's existence in Europe? A. Roughly chipped instruments and weapons of flint and stone, horn, and bone.

2. Q. By whom were the arts of metal and of bronze gradually acquired? A. The race which used implements of polished stone.

3. Q. To what influence is attributed the first appearance of metallic arts in Europe? A. The influence of a foreign and oriental civilization.

4. Q. With what age does the history of art in Italy begin? A. With the age of decorated pottery and of metals.

5. Q. What indications of oriental influence are found on the bronze objects in the Museum of Bologna? A. The horizontal bands of animals; the appearance of the birds and animals in associations indicating that they are copies of oriental designs; and the pattern ornaments.

6. Q. From what are all objects representing the bronze period obtained? A. From tomb finds.

7. Q. Of what two factors is early Italian art composed? A. The oriental and the Greek.

8. Q. Which of the Italian nations existing when Rome was founded are best known? A. The Samnites, Etruscans, and Gauls.

9. Q. To which of these are we most indebted for our knowledge of ancient Italy? A. The Etruscans.

10. Q. From what do we know them best? A. A few walls, tunneled aqueducts, arches, and objects found in tombs.

11. Q. When do Greek influences in Etruscan art become distinct? A. As early as the sixth century B. C.

12. Q. From the late fifth or the early fourth century B. C. what is the character of Etruscan art? A. It is Greek in manner and matter.

13. Q. What is the most palpable indication of the Greek influences in Etruscan art? A. The large number of imported Greek painted pottery vases found in the tombs.

14. Q. For what were the Etruscans especially famous? A. For their skill in working in terracotta.

15. Q. What is the most famous contribution of the Etruscans to Roman art? A. The use of the arch.

16. Q. What are the surviving remains of the Italian Greek states? A. Either tomb finds or temple ruins.

17. Q. In point of time what are the first important remains of Roman construction? A. Some of the aqueduct ruins of the Campagna dating about 150 B. C.

18. Q. After the time of Alexander the Great what was the character of the art of the eastern Mediterranean? A. It was Greek.

19. Q. What do the ruins and works of art found throughout the Roman Empire represent? A. The native civilization and the native art of the countries in which they were made, for the time in which they were made.

20. Q. Where are Roman ruins which best indicate the Roman character? A. East of the Jordan, in Syria.

21. Q. In what did the Romans display a high perfection of taste? A. In decorative art.

22. Q. Of what were the temples of the Roman Empire a copy? A. Of the Greek.

23. Q. What does a comparison of these buildings with the Greek of the same time show? A. The Roman buildings to be of less refinement in the masonry fitting and cutting and less carefully elaborated in the details of construction.

24. Q. In what kind of buildings did the Romans show their characteristic boldness and force? A. In those which employed the arch and dome.

25. Q. What were the most imposing of all Roman constructions? A. The enormous amphitheaters.

26. Q. From what source is derived the greatest information concerning domestic architecture of the Roman period? A. From the ruins of Pompeii.

27. Q. What do the painted decorations of these houses illustrate? A. The artistic capacities of common workmen of the day.

28. Q. In Roman sculpture what largely determined the reputation of individual busts or statues? A. The fame of the personality represented.

29. Q. What was the earliest of the famous military roads of Rome? A. The Appian Way.

30. Q. By what is the Appian Way bordered? A. By monumental tombs.

31. Q. What is the largest tomb surviving from the Roman period? A. That of Emperor Hadrian.

32. Q. What Roman building is now in fair preservation both inside and out? A. The Pantheon.

33. Q. What are the most interesting ruins, aside from the tombs of the Appian Way, outside the city walls? A. Those of the aqueducts.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—VII.

1. Name two historical works written by Schiller.

2. Of what school of philosophy was Immanuel Kant the founder?

3. Why is Kant so often compared to Copernicus?

4. What are Johann Gottlieb Fichte's important works?

5. When did Hegel live?

6. Name another eminent philosopher contemporary with Hegel and Fichte.

7. What German was the author of the saying: "Providence has given to the French the empire of

the land, to the English the empire of the sea, and to the Germans that of—the air"?

8. By what one tale did Lamotte Fouqué make his reputation?

9. Give one other work of merit?

10. For what metrical translation is Schlegel noted?

EUROPEAN HISTORY.—I.

1. Who is called the father of Latin history?

2. Who is the author of the expression, "*Veni, vidi, vici*" (I came, I saw, I conquered)?

3. On what occasion was it used?
4. The name of what noted Roman is associated with our calendar?
5. During the Middle Ages how was it customary to provide against the vacancy of a throne?
6. What were the social units of medieval times?
7. What guilds of medieval times possessed important legal powers and often had great political influence?
8. How did the struggle with the papacy affect the Roman Empire?
9. With the decline of the empire what new power began to rise?
10. What was the Jacquerie?

NATURE STUDIES.—VII.

1. Upon what does the extent of a bird's migration largely depend?
2. What birds of North America probably make the most extensive migration?
3. How long does the spring migration usually continue?
4. Where do most of the migratory birds of the Western States stay during the winter?
5. Where do the majority of the purely insectivorous species of birds of the United States spend the winter?
6. According to residence, into what classes may birds be placed?
7. With migratory birds, with what season of the year does the time of nesting correspond?
8. When is the season of spring song at its height in the middle latitudes?
9. When do all birds renew their plumage by molting?
10. Which members of the bird family usually have the most showy coat?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN"
FOR MARCH.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—VI.

1. To the ministry. 2. While studying at the University of Leipsic. 3. "Minna von Barnhelm."
4. The suicide of the hero of the story made that mode of death very popular, and many youths committed suicide with a copy of this book in their hands. 5. "Italian Journeys." 6. Thirty years. 7. In 1731 the archbishop of Salzburg expelled several hundred Protestants from his territory. 8. In 1794, from which time there began a lifelong friendship. 9. The second and third parts of "Wallenstein"—"The Piccolomini" and the "Death of Wallenstein."
10. "William Tell"; "The Song of the Bell."

GERMAN GEOGRAPHY.

1. Berlin. 2. Spree. 3. Fourth. 4. Twenty-six.
5. Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, and Baden. 6. About 52,000,000. 7. The Danube, the North Sea, and the Baltic Sea. 8. Extensive bays at the mouths of rivers on the north coast so landlocked that they form lagoons. 9. The Brocken. 10. In the Hartz range.

NATURE STUDIES.—VI.

1. By the manner in which the wings are folded when at rest, the true wasps folding their wings lengthwise like a fan. 2. Two, solitary and social.
3. Miners, carpenters, and masons. 4. The terminal spur on the tibia of the middle legs and the tooth on the tarsal claws. 5. The mud wasp. 6. The social wasps. 7. One consists of a single comb, without an envelope, suspended by a pedicel; the second consists of several combs covered with a spherical shaped paper envelope. 8. Yellow-jackets and hornets. 9. In the length of time which the colony lasts. 10. Insects, meat, fruits, honey, and other sweets.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1901.

CLASS OF 1898.—"THE LANIERS."

"The humblest life that lives may be divine."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. W. G. Anderson, New Haven, Conn.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Frances R. Ford, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. W. V. Hazeltine, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. W. T. Gardner, S. H. Clark, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. J. M. Buckley, New York, N. Y.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. H. S. Anderson, Cleveland, Ohio.

CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

At this time of the year the Laniers are all beginning to think seriously of the coming summer, and, it is hoped, the coming diplomas as well. The

class will have a great rally at Chautauqua, and those who cannot visit the mother Assembly will, it is hoped, make the acquaintance of the nearest local Chautauqua and hold up the standard of '98.

An entire circle of '98's in Glencoe, Minn., report that they are doing thorough, systematic work and looking forward to graduation. Their influence has done much to stimulate the organization of two new circles in the same town.

On a far-off farm in Oregon a classmate is working steadily away on his four years' course, and reports that though his work often crowds him he has finished each year's course in good time and is carrying on the readings for '97-'98 with great

interest. He illustrates well the fact that it is more often possible to dominate circumstances than many of us think. It is largely a question of who shall lead, we or they.

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"Fidelity, Fraternity."

OFFICERS.

President—John C. Martin, New York, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—John A. Travis, Washington, D. C.; Charles Barnard, New York, N. Y.; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C.; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlisle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, England; Miss Alice Haworth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O. Wilson, Tientsin, China.

Secretary—Miss Isabelle T. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

Treasurer—John C. Whiteford, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Trustee—Miss M. A. Bortle, Mansfield, O.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE FLAG.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

CLASS FLOWER—THE FERN.

CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

"Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor."

"Licht, Liebe, Leben."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

Vice Presidents—Rev. John A. McKamy, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Duncan Cameron, Canisteo, N. Y.; J. F. Hunt, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Morris A. Green, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Mabel Campbell, 53 Young-love Ave., Cohoes, N. Y.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

THE 1900's are already looking forward to Chautauqua. A plan has been suggested by one of the members to develop the possibilities of the class building and, if it can be worked out successfully, it will be suggested in the next number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

A CLASSMATE from Illinois who reports very late in the year explains the delay as due to the fact that she is a physician and has been occupied in teaching and lecturing for some months past. Now in an interval of rest she is making up the work and will keep her place in the ranks of 1900.

ANOTHER reader gives a hint of difficulties successfully overcome when she writes: "I find my time limited, but shall make a success of my work, as I undertook it for that purpose."

CLASS OF 1901.—"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASS."

"Light, Love, Life."

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. W. S. Bainbridge, New York, N. Y.

Vice Presidents—William H. Mosely, New Haven, Conn.

Rev. George S. Duncan, D. C.; John Sinclair, New York; Mrs. Samuel George, W. Va.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Harriet Barse, 1301 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CLASS FLOWER—COREOPSIS.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE PALM.

AMONG the later C. L. S. C. classes it is not generally known that the C. L. S. C. has had no slight influence in developing the growth of institutions similar to itself in foreign lands. Reference has previously been made to a proposed organization in Finland and now comes an interesting letter from Russia telling of the work of the Home Reading Committee in Moscow. Some ten or twelve years ago a Russian newspaper correspondent who was living in this country wrote an article for a Russian magazine, *Nor*, on the work of Chautauqua. This aroused so much interest that the office of the magazine was overwhelmed with inquiries for reading plans, and in self-defense they were obliged to arrange a number of courses. The plan was not followed up, however, and fell through after a time. Whether the present movement is an outgrowth of that first arousing of public sentiment we cannot say, but it is evident that Russian educators have been studying the problem, and the fact that the following letter came unsolicited to the Chautauqua office shows that C. L. S. C. work is not unknown to them. The letter is dated at Moscow, and reads:

"The Home Reading Committee is the first Russian institution tending to the same end as the English and American 'University Extension,' 'Home Reading Unions,' 'Teaching Universities,' etc. Our committee was founded in 1893 and consists of one hundred and fifty members; most of them are professors and masters at the university and other colleges of Moscow.

"The conditions of Russian life do not allow, as would be desirable, the extension of local lectures in the country. In consideration of this and in order to gain its end the Home Reading Committee publishes every year a collection of syllabuses for systematic reading. This comprises seven departments: mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, philosophy, sociology, law, history, literature. Each cycle is divided into four annual courses, as is done in Russian universities. . . . In the syllabuses are printed lists of the needful books and of books recommended to the readers. There is, moreover, a set of recapitulatory questions. . . . The syllabuses have had very great success for Russian conditions. The number of readers who avail themselves of the committee's instructions is nearly one thousand. They are principally from provinces often far remote from Moscow; for instance, from Warsaw to Quiahta and Vladivostock, from Archangel to Tashkent, etc."

The committee send with their letter copies of their publications and ask for those of Chautauqua in return.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

ONE energetic graduate has let her light shine so effectively in a certain Minnesota town that three vigorous circles are responsible for much of the literary life of the community. Each circle meets weekly, and in addition to the regular course many readers have taken special courses also. Bible and Shakespeare Courses are being carried on with excellent results.

FROM up in the woods of Wisconsin a solitary

graduate sends a report of his progress. Besides the reading of some selections from the classics, he has been pursuing a special course of Bible study under modern methods, with the result of opening up the whole field in a new light. It is a pretty isolated spot from which he writes: "We have not seen an outsider except the mail-carrier for over a month, on account of the snow, which is waist-deep in some places. We have to cross a lake to reach the post-office and the heavy snow has sunk the ice so that the water lies under the snow and above the ice. We are practically snow-bound. If it were not for my books I don't know what I should do with myself."

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

LANIER DAY—February 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1897-98.

WILLIAM I. DAY—October 25.

BISMARCK DAY—November 16.

MOLTKE DAY—December 3.

PLINY DAY—January 23.

JUSTINIAN DAY—February 10.

FREDERICK II. DAY—March 20.

MOHAMMED DAY—April 3.

NICCOLO PISANO DAY—May 28.

CHAUTAUQUA AT THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

THE national representative of the Chautauqua System of Education to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition desires to call the attention of the state C. L. S. C. secretaries and the board of managers of Chautauqua Assemblies to the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition to be held at Omaha, Neb., from June to November of the present year. Great benefit may accrue to individual Chautauquans, to our system of education, and to our Assemblies in general by having a creditable exhibit displayed, filling a day at the educational congresses, and as individuals and states compete for awards offered by the bureau of education. Why should not Chautauquans enter the race and secure for themselves or their states one or more of these diplomas and awards, especially as Chautauquans is one of the classes named in the list? Nebraska purposes to do so. Will not other states join her? The awards offered by the bureau of education for which Chautauquans are eligible to compete are pennants and medals: (a) one special pennant for best state exhibit; (b) one pennant for best exhibit from each of the following thirty-two classes.

These classes are in seven groups and are scheduled as (1) public and private schools; (2) education for defective classes; (3) technical schools; (4) special schools; (5) art schools; (6) music; (7) miscellaneous, in which group "Chautauquans" is classed. In the specific or individual competition the following conditions must be complied with:

Every competitor must be an enrolled student.

All work must be done by competitor.

For written work paper about eight by ten inches must be used. It must not be rolled or folded.

Manuscript must be written on one side only.

No competitor will be recognized until he has secured from the secretary of the bureau of education a certificate bearing the official stamp and costing twenty-five cents. A separate certificate is necessary for each entry. No other entrance fee or charge for space will be made.

These certificates must be returned with their respective exhibits.

Competitors are divided into six classes, and class six includes competitors from universities and colleges and the class in which Chautauquans may enroll as competitors.

The subjects for which class six may compete are mechanical and constructive drawing and certain divisions of composition, history, and nature studies. In composition the special divisions are: prose fiction—(a) romance, (b) short story; poem; literary monograph. In history, under European, we have the following divisions:

(a) Correspondence between Gladstone and Bismarck. (Must be in accord with their style of thinking and writing.)

b. Russia as a power in the world's politics.

Under miscellaneous history we have the following:

(a) Diary of a Cuban patriot.

(b) Conversation between an American and a Cretan of the 19th century.

(c) Comparison of the French Chamber of Deputies with the House of Representatives of the United States.

(d) Comparison between the power of the speaker of the House of Commons and the speaker of the House of Representatives.

(e) Comparison between the power of the president of the United States and the emperor of Germany.

In nature studies Chautauquans may offer in competition any of the following specimens prepared for microscopical study: plants or plant sections, animals or animal sections, minerals or mineral sections. The slides must be in flat trays and labeled plainly.

The awards are medals of gold, silver, and bronze. One gold, two silver, and four bronze medals will be awarded to each class competing under each division of each subject.

As we have already intimated, recognition for our system of learning has been gained and it has been scheduled in the group under the head of "miscellaneous," not in the group with other institutions of learning.

A day at the Educational Congresses has been granted. It remains now for us as state and national Chautauquans to determine whether we shall have an exhibit worthy of our system of education and be represented at the exposition and Educational Congresses or not. To do this requires money and work. The national representative asks for the cooperation and help of all state C. L. S. C. secretaries and executive boards of Chautauqua Assemblies. She is desirous of securing banners and pennants, photographs, and sketches of Chautauqua grounds, buildings, and of prominent workers connected with the Chautauquans, and brief histories of all of the Chautauqua Assemblies. (To have these histories of uniform size it is suggested that manuscript paper eight by ten inches be used, to be written on one side only.)

These collections will be so arranged that states may use them in competing.

The time is limited in which to collect exhibits and it is therefore essential that we work as expeditiously as possible. All articles for the exhibit must be in the hands of the representative by the last of April.

Space for a creditable exhibit will cost one hundred dollars. To this must be added the cost of shelving, counters, walls, and cases, and the expense of putting exhibit in place. It is maintained that the good results that will follow by advancing the Chautauqua work, especially in the Middle and Western States, will amply reward all efforts made and money expended.

Articles for the Chautauqua exhibit should be sent to Mrs. L. S. Corey, 2540 Vine Street, Lincoln, Neb.

Information regarding awards and medals will be gained by addressing Mrs. Frances M. Ford, Paxton Building, Omaha, Neb.

AN INTERESTING CIRCLE.

WE meet every Tuesday evening, and generally have an attendance of from nine to fourteen. The average is about eleven or twelve. We have a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and for a time had a critic, but have since done away with that office.

We open the meeting at 7:45 p. m. sharp, with reading of minutes, then roll-call, which is responded to with quotations from some author. (We decide on the author the previous week; no one nationality, but as we choose, English, American, or other.) If any one fails with a quotation he pays a fine of five cents.

Now as to the lesson proper, as conducted during the past year. We are all very busy people, and so distributed the work around, one person leading on a work two weeks as a rule. If any one person led particularly well or wished to lead longer he was allowed to do so. I had more time for such work than many of the others, being in an office where often during the day there are to be found some quiet hours. History is the easiest study for me, and in consequence I had "The Growth of the French Nation" nearly every week till it was finished. A leader was appointed on each book or magazine article for the coming week, and these leaders were supposed to prepare questions that would systematically cover the lesson in the time allotted. We allow half an hour to each of the books, ten minutes to each article, and five minutes for discussion after each book or article. As there were usually two magazine articles, besides current history, the lesson occupied a full hour and a half. We took up current history at the last meeting of each month, the leader to have questions on the most important articles treated of. Fifteen minutes were usually given to this.

After the lesson we appointed the leaders for the following week's lesson, settled on the author, attended to any business necessary, and adjourned. We met at the houses of certain members. This year there were five houses where meetings were held, the other members not being situated so that they could entertain us. We took the five places of meeting alphabetically. In that way if any of the members were absent they would easily know where the next meeting was to be, knowing the five houses (and the alphabet). We observed the special days, Socrates, Homer, Joan of Arc, etc., with an essay prepared by some member of the circle and read after the regular lesson, but had no time for anything further. At Christmas we had a special celebration, a musical and literary program and a burlesque Christmas tree, followed by a supper. We also had eight lectures delivered in the town during the year's course, two by Dr. McClish and the six lectures of the Greek course.

At the closing meeting of the year (June 26) the entertainment had to be prepared by the losing side, and it turned out a decided success. Some months ago the circle was divided into two sections, the losing side to furnish this fun as a penalty. The points counting were attendance, response to roll-call, punctuality, performance of duty assigned, and completion of required work up to date. I am sorry to say I was on the losing side, in spite of having missed only one meeting during the year. But we had a fine time, and willingly spent the remaining money in the treasury on good things to eat. We met at the house of one of the members, and after a short musical program, with some games, sat down to supper, which, with the toasts following, lasted until midnight. The souvenirs were voted the best we had had yet. There were twenty-one present that night, including our honorary members, and every trade seemed represented—ministers, school-teachers, doctors, housewives, and clerks of various trades. The ages ranged from eighteen to sixty years.

KATE E. MEAD,
Secretary Solano Circle, Vallejo, Cal.

NEW CIRCLES.

CANADA.—St. Thomas, Ont., has a new circle concerning which only a few facts are reported, but as the number enrolled is fifteen and they have several readers who are not enrolled, a prosperous beginning is assured.

NEW JERSEY.—A Current History Circle at Daretown consists of seven enrolled members, two gentlemen and five ladies.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A circle at Martin's Creek, organized in the fall, has finished two books and the members are ready for the examination questions. Their name is "Clio Circle of Martin's

Creek," which was chosen on account of the special work done in history.—Every Monday evening the thirteen new members of Bryn Mawr meet for the C. L. S. C. study, and a good attendance and profitable meetings have put this circle on a firm foundation.

MARYLAND.—A trio of progressive ladies joins the Class of 1901 from Pocomoke City.

GEORGIA.—In October a small circle was organized in Gainesville and at present its weekly meetings are quite well attended and most of the number are doing the reading.

FLORIDA.—Preparations are already being made by the local circle at Jacksonville to take a cottage at Chautauqua this summer.

TEXAS.—A permanent organization of the C. L. S. C. has found a place in Fort Worth. Good officers, good members, and good meetings will bring them to the end of the course with flying colors.

OHIO.—An influential circle of the Class of 1901 is making its presence felt in North Robinson.

MINNESOTA.—A class of seven at Tower is doing very good work.

KANSAS.—Vincent C. L. S. C., of Baxter Springs, organized in January with nine members, has chosen an excellent leader who will lend encouragement to the class in bringing their work to a successful close.

CALIFORNIA.—A successful organization has been completed at Rio Vista in the interests of the community, and although several of the readers live in the country there is quite a good average attendance at the meetings.

OLD CIRCLES.

CANADA.—At least two of the members of the Claremont Circle expect to take their diplomas at Chautauqua this summer.

MAINE.—The secretary of the circle at Belfast sends the following report: "Lanier Day was observed by Seaside Circle at the meeting held February 7. Sketches and reminiscences of the life and character of Sidney Lanier were read and quotations from his poem 'Marshes of Glynn' were given by the members. The lesson was followed by papers on 'The Great Men of Germany,' 'Pliny's Attitude toward the Christians,' 'Byzantine Empire,' and 'Migration, its Causes and Results.'"—An interesting circle is to be found in Lewiston, which numbers at the present time thirty-two; there is also a Society of the Hall in the Grove which has a membership of nine.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The weekly meetings of the International Circle of Hull are full of interest and are made especially enjoyable by a "spread" given by the host or hostess. A new leader is appointed each month and the meetings are interspersed with ques-

tions and discussions relating to the lessons and some member gives a synopsis of the magazine articles contained in the week's reading.—*The Mentor*, the weekly paper of the First Universalist Church, North Attleborough, gives the following notice in the issue of February 5: "The Chautauquans have five new readers. Prof. A. C. Crowell of the German department of Brown University was the guest of the circle on the 17th ult. Next Wednesday the members are to visit Brown as the guest of Professor Crowell."

CONNECTICUT.—The New Haven Chautauqua Union carried out the following program in the First M. E. Church on February 5:

PRAYER.
BUSINESS.
PIANO SOLO.
PAPER..... "The Social Citizen."
PAPER..... "The Labor Question."
VIOLIN SOLO.
PAPER..... "The School System."
SONG..... "America."
SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

—"The third year of the Current Event Club in Madison," writes a member of this circle, "shows as much enthusiasm as ever. There are over twenty members, among the number being six teachers and three graduates of the C. L. S. C. who have been members of Chautauqua circles."—New names are added to the circles at Wapping and Derby.

NEW YORK.—All the C. L. S. C. classes are represented in the circle at Jamestown.—From the Mount Vernon *Chronicle* of November 26 we quote the following: "As the members of Edelweiss Circle, Mount Vernon, gathered for their meeting Monday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Pearson, it was noticeable that nearly all wore either flowers of various kinds or a knot of bright ribbon. This was explained when the last and most unique number on the program was reached—'The spirit of Chautauqua.' Each member present was for the evening the representative of one of the C. L. S. C. classes (of which there are now fifteen graduates and four undergraduates), wearing its flower, colors, or other emblem, and giving its name and motto, by which the other members and guests tried to determine the class year. When the lists were completed it was found that one member had correctly named every one of the classes, while two others had respectively recognized all but one and two. One member, who had been unable to procure her class flower, had ingeniously symbolized the class motto, 'Step by step we gain the heights,' by wearing a tiny ladder, on one round of which was perched a correspondingly small toad. The representative of '82, 'The Pioneers,' carried the appropriate emblem of that class, a hatchet, and the American flag was held by one of the Patriots ('99). 'The Philomatheans' ('94) and 'The Pansy' ('87) were repre-

sented by actual graduates. The earlier part of the evening was largely devoted to discussion of topics suggested by the readings for the month. The German military system and its comparison with that of France was one interesting subject of discussion, as was the comparison of the German and English aristocracy. Several topics suggested by 'The Social Spirit in America' were assigned different members for impromptu review and discussion. An outline sketch of the city of Pullman was given by Miss Rowlandson and was followed by a general discussion."—In Riverhead, L. I., there exists a reading circle which has been maintained for the last fifteen years, and if the reception given to Miss Teal, one of Chautauqua's able secretaries, on January 14, is an indication, their Chautauqua enthusiasm has not abated. On this occasion the roll-call from the list of fifteen years ago was responded to by fourteen members. Several speeches were then made, including an extended address by Miss Teal. After the program the hostess, Mrs. T. M. Griffing, served dainty refreshments, and Miss Teal, with the rest of the company, pronounced the reunion one of the pleasantest occasions they had ever attended.—The growing circle at Olean is reported as wide awake as usual.

NEW JERSEY.—The able secretary of Basking Ridge Circle writes: "Our class is larger than during the past two years, greater interest is shown, and more studying done than ever before; although but eight have registered, the majority of the members are doing the reading. We have a membership of twenty, nearly all of whom are present at the bi-monthly meetings."—The Forwards, of Newark, have been beset with difficulties, but with remarkable perseverance they are bound to succeed.—The Dunellen Circle invite their friends to attend their meetings.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The semi-monthly meeting of the Lebanon Circle held early in February was one of unusual interest. The subject of postal savings banks was again discussed and after this there was a pleasant discussion on the old churches of Cologne. Dr. Mease, one of the members of the circle, recounted some of his experiences during his late visit to Bermuda, describing the customs and homes of the people and the geography and topography of the country and royally entertaining the members present. Papers were then read and the program concluded with a talk on 'The Value of Local Historical Societies.'—Reports from circles at Harrisburg, East Downingtown, and Mahoney City show these readers to be very prosperous.—The history of the prosperous Normandie Circle is given in the following interesting report: "Smethport Normandie Circle was organized in October, 1889, with a membership of fifteen, and after passing through every vicissitude of fortune is

at the present time in a flourishing condition. We were at one time reduced to two reading members and the outlook seemed hopeless indeed, but these readers finishing the course literally refused to let the good work die and made the most strenuous efforts in its behalf; now one or two names are secured each year and we have eleven on our membership roll. We follow as closely as possible the *Suggestive Programs* and find it a good plan to have our special work for the day published in our home papers with an invitation to visitors, and in this way hope to inspire others to join us next year. We think that for thoroughness our work will compare favorably with that of any other local circle, and our members are not wanting in originality, and from time to time some little original feature adds zest to our already pleasant gatherings. I cannot forbear to mention one or two pretty little surprises given by our ladies. On Shrove Tuesday we held what we call a 'parlor circle' and our hostess served shrove cakes and chocolate to commemorate the day. Our last meeting for the year was called a Chautauqua Rally, and we did 'rally' in earnest; at the suggestion of our president the ladies each gave a three-minute talk on 'What the Chautauqua Circle Has Done for Me,' and some very interesting things were said. We try to observe the memorial days as far as possible, and never fail to express our satisfaction over the amount gleaned on such a day. We hold our regular weekly meetings on Tuesday afternoon, and at each meeting each heart is willing to voice the sentiment 'Long live the C. L. S. C.'"

MARYLAND.—Four members of the senior class belong to the circle at Rising Sun.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Three members of the freshman class are reading with the seniors at Washington.

WEST VIRGINIA.—The scribe of the circle at Charleston sends encouraging news from their circle. She says: "Charleston has a flourishing circle of twenty-one members. A limit is placed upon the membership, twenty-five being the maximum number considered advisable for the best results. A number of circles will probably be the outgrowth of the new Chautauqua Assembly at Asbury Heights near there. The circle was organized through the literary department of the Epworth League."

TEXAS.—A circle of fourteen have made successful war on the text-books of the year and one senior writes: "I feel that I can never quite estimate the good that I have derived from the four years' study." —Membership fees are received from eighteen Chautauquans at Waxahachie.

OHIO.—Birchard Circle, Fremont, will graduate one member this year and several '99's are enrolled. —The circle at Springfield is made up of post-graduates and a few of the incoming classes are

represented; but as the number is limited to thirty no new members have been taken in.

INDIANA.—In a letter written from the circle at Knightstown the number of members is stated as sixteen and the scribe says: "Each one seems very much interested and in earnest about the work." —The Montefiore Circle of Peru are working diligently for their diplomas.

ILLINOIS.—"The Griggsville Chautauqua Circle at present numbers some twenty-five members, nearly one half of the number being graduates, some of whom are taking special seal courses. We hold a monthly meeting. At present all are becoming much interested in the German Empire and willingly work on topics connected with that country. Our meetings are very interesting. The one regret we have is that the days and weeks are so full of work that we can only find time for one meeting per month." —Each Monday evening the Chautauquans of Havana hold their meetings. Out of the thirty-five members several are magazine readers and the first part of the evening is devoted to the magazine lesson, after which those not reading the books are at liberty to go home if they wish. The circle is certainly wide awake and industrious. —Danville and Port Bryan Circles are in sympathy with the Chautauqua movement. —Plainview Circle sends two new names.

WISCONSIN.—Four names have been added to the roll of Chautauquans at Madison. —A member of the Twentieth Century Class of Westfield sends the following poem:

LIGHT, LOVE, LIFE.

"Let there be light" the mandate rang
In tones divine, ere heaven sang
God's glorious diapason, loud and high—
His praise—when stars rang in the sky.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself"; thy brother man
Of faults do not too closely scan;
Vaunt not thyself; of others far above
Envious be not, but rule thy life with love.

Let not thy lips speak words of blame;
In deeds of kindness be thy fame.
For naught avails thy soul to save
Except to give the love he gave.

MINNESOTA.—A student of the seal courses writes concerning the class at Windom: "Our class of graduates are doing fine work this year; out of the eleven who joined we have only seven regular attendants, but they are very enthusiastic and all hard workers. After class we have a social hour, talk over the afternoon lessons, and serve tea."

IOWA.—A word of greeting comes from the busy mothers who form the circle at Castana, and we are pleased to read an able paper prepared by one of them. —The Prairie City C. L. S. C. recently entertained the Ladies' Reading Circle in honor of Dr. W. L. Davidson, who gave an interesting talk on the Chautauqua idea. The rooms were prettily decorated

with flags and bunting and light refreshments were served.—The *Des Moines Register* gives an extended notice of the entertainment given by the Oak Lawn Circle to the Chautauqua League. Dr. Davidson addressed the League and refreshments followed.—An encouraging letter comes from Hopkinton.—The Keb Circle is interested and appreciative of the value of Chautauqua work. They have adopted a yell:

Ha, ha, ha,
Yip, yip, yah,
C. L. S. C.,
Chau—tau—qua.

NEBRASKA.—The workers at Crete are eight busy people who have done as well as possible in their study of two books, but are resolved to do better work with the books that are to follow.

NORTH DAKOTA.—New names are still being reported for the circle at Hope.

CALIFORNIA.—The Placerville Circle comes to the front with a large membership and more still to be reported. The younger people in the community are especially interested and will soon lead the movement.

OREGON.—Faithful reading makes the class at Monmouth very successful.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Mrs. Browning's
Letters.

In reading the letters written by noted people to their intimate friends we sometimes wonder why they were put into print, so little do we see in them of real interest to the public. But if there is ever any excuse for bringing to light the private correspondence of any person however noted it certainly may be used to justify the publication of the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* A person of genius, the one woman of the English people to attain a high rank in poetical literature, she stands out a distinct character in the Victorian age. Illness necessitating a retired life, her earlier letters have unusual significance in that they give expression to sentiments by which we obtain glimpses of her real character. After marriage her residence abroad at a time when important historical events were taking place gave her an opportunity to express to her friends her personal feelings and opinions on weighty subjects. So these letters, which cover a period perhaps of thirty years, are replete with interesting matter written in a spirit of dignified familiarity. The editing has been carefully and judiciously done and here and there short sketches have been introduced to preserve the continuity of the epistolary chronicle.

Nature Studies.

Happy indeed is he who knows how to enjoy the companionship of birds and can call them by name as he meets them in the orchard, the meadow, and the forest. To be able to do this one must have patience and keen eyes, says Mabel Osgood Wright in "Birdcraft."† Given these qualities, an earnest desire to make the

acquaintance of birds, and a few books on ornithology, one possesses the means of increasing more than a hundred fold his enjoyment in life. One of the best books for him who is unskilled in scientific lore is that which has just been mentioned. The four introductory chapters are bright and entertaining as well as informative. They tell of the great migration, the "spring song," the matin and the even-song, and the home-making of the songsters. The birds of the autumnal and winter seasons and those found most frequently near the waterways also receive their share of attention in these chapters. In the body of the book there are full descriptions of the most common birds, with spirited comments on their habits and characteristics. Two other admirable features of the book are the "Key to the Birds," containing concise descriptions, and the large number of full-page plates, which give the volume an artistic quality.

"One of the most famous resorts of land-birds in the Eastern States is in the town of Englewood, N. J.; to be precise, West Englewood, a small farming district at some distance from Englewood itself." This is the sentence with which H. E. Parkhurst opens his nature essays called "Song Birds and Water Fowl."* A tramp through this enchanted region, a trip to Penekese Island off the coast of Massachusetts, a visit to the coasts of New England and Long Island, and an excursion to Lake George are occasions for studying the avifauna of these regions. The result of his observations the author has pictured in clear, smooth-flowing English which reflects the soul of the naturalist. A dozen and a half artistic illustrations are a part of the volume.

The experiences of a second Robinson Crusoe on the island of Tobago in the Caribbean Sea are related in a volume of Appleton's Home Read-

* The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited with Biographical Additions by Frederic G. Kenyon. With portraits. Two vols. 492 + 470 pp. \$4.00.—† Birdcraft. A Field Book of Two Hundred Song, Game, and Water Birds. By Mabel Osgood Wright. With eighty full-page plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. 333 pp. \$2.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

* Song Birds and Water Fowl. By H. E. Parkhurst. Illustrated. 286 pp. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Son.

ing Books.* In a simple, perspicuous manner the island, its fauna, and flora are described, and by comparing his own experiences and observations with those of the hero of Daniel Defoe's narrative the raconteur shows conclusively that Tobago was the island upon which the original Robinson Crusoe was cast.

Nine scientists, each a specialist in his department, are partners in the production of a volume on zoology.† The characteristics and distinctive features of each sub-kingdom and each class, from the highest to the lowest forms of animal life, are concisely and lucidly set forth. It is a very complete, voluminous work, and the several hundred drawings illustrating the text add materially to its value. The work closes with an unusually comprehensive index.

Not because gallinaceous birds‡ are important articles of food has Daniel Giraud Elliot devoted an entire book to the subject, but on account of the pleasure which sportsmen derive from pursuing them he has been led to prepare a manual on the subject. The arrangement of the contents is simple and convenient. A biographical sketch of each species gives information concerning the habits and characteristics of the birds and a few succeeding paragraphs contain the Latin name and geographical distribution of the species, with a description of the individual birds. For quick and easy identification of birds the appendix gives a key to the families and sub-families. The appearance of each is pictorially represented by forty-six plates. A color chart containing the colors mentioned throughout the book has been placed at the end of the volume for the convenience of the reader.

Literary Art.

If every critic and student of literature would follow the principles and suggestions set forth by Harriet Noble, compositions that are literature of the real sort would have a larger number of appreciative readers. In "Literary Art"§ the author has considered "literature as art," that is, "belles-lettres as a fine art." In a clear, forceful way she shows that a composition to be classed among belles-lettres has underlying it principles which do not much differ from those that guide the sculptor or the painter. Hence it must contain a central idea or theme worked out in detail according to a

fixed plan. But how to interpret a composition, how to place upon it a true estimate, are the questions in which the critic and the student are especially interested. The solution of these problems the author simplifies by explaining methods and principles of literary analysis and criticism for the different forms of composition. By applying them to well-known productions she has shown the practical value of the theories set forth. A classified list of poetical, dramatic, and fictional works precedes the index.

Although Alaska has been in the possession of the United States thirty years, little is known of it beyond the facts relating to sealing and the discovery of gold there. Ignorance in regard to this country and its resources is no longer excusable when we have such books* as that prepared by Bushrod Washington James, who has visited this distant territory. In giving geographical details about Alaska he has disproved the theory that it is nothing but a cold, snow-clad country. Among its natural resources he mentions timber, fish, petroleum, coal, and other minerals. The author describes the many routes by which the interior of Alaska may be reached and discusses the duty of the government toward this neglected portion of its domains. A chapter on legislation in regard to Alaska gives information concerning the methods of government. Maps and numerous illustrations are important parts of the volume.

It has been known for many years that there existed a peninsula called Korea, but the configuration of the country, its fauna and flora, and its political organization have been subjects of mere conjecture. Happily just now when interest in this region is awakened there comes a book† which satisfies curiosity on these subjects and gives information which will help the reader to understand the meaning of recent events in the Orient. This book is the work of Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, who spent several years in Korea, devoting her time to study and travel. Carefully and vividly she has related her experiences, and in addition to descriptions of scenery she has told of the habits and customs of the people, missionary work in the peninsula and in China, and facts relating to the government of Korea. Reproductions of photographs taken by the author make up the illustrative portion of the volume and excellent maps enable the reader to follow the route of the traveler.

Mr. John R. Musick may be a little in advance of

* *Crusoe's Island. A Bird-Hunter's Story.* By Frederick A. Ober. 207 pp. 65 cts.—† *Natural History.* By R. Lydekker, F. R. S., W. F. Kirby, F. L. S., B. B. Woodward, F. L. S., R. Kirkpatrick, R. I. Pocock, R. Bowdler Sharpe, L.L.D., W. Garstang, F. Z. S., F. A. Bather, F. G. S., H. M. Bernard, F. L. S. 787 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‡ *The Gallinaceous Game Birds of North America.* By Daniel Giraud Elliot, F. R. S. E., etc. With forty-six plates. 220 pp. \$2.50. New York: Francis P. Harper.

§ *Literary Art. A Handbook for Its Study.* By Harriet Noble (Vassar '73). 241 pp. *Terre Haute, Ind.: The Inland Publishing Company.*

* *Alaska, Its Neglected Past and Brilliant Future.* By Bushrod Washington James. 444 pp. Philadelphia: The Sunshine Publishing Company.

† *Korea and Her Neighbors.* By Isabella Bird Bishop, F. R. G. S. With a preface by Sir Walter C. Hillier, K.C.M.G. Illustrated. 480 pp. \$2.00. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

the time in calling his recent book "Hawaii, Our New Possessions,"* but there is no mistaking the fact that the appearance of this work is very timely. The author spent some time in the Sandwich Islands visiting each member of the group, not omitting Molokai, the home of the lepers. That he is a close observer is quite evident from the descriptions of the country, the people, their industries, their customs and habits, and he has a happy way of relating interesting experiences. The political history of Hawaii is traced from the uncertainties of tradition to the present time, more space being given to the recent political events. The illustrations, which are very attractive, include fifty-six full-page, half-tone plates and a large number of pen drawings. The treaty of annexation to the United States is placed in the appendix.

After reading Eliza R. Scidmore's account of a visit to Java† it is not difficult to believe that this island is the veritable "garden of the East." Her account of scenes and life in Java, the industries, customs, and habits of the people, and the descriptions of famous buildings are extremely graphic and entertaining and she is constantly treating us to surprises. Traveling in the East Indies is very expensive and as a substitute for the pleasure of an actual visit we recommend a perusal of this volume. Any impression the author's words fail to convey is supplied by the large number of excellent illustrations.

There is a charming breeziness in Mr. Frederick Palmer's account of his experiences in Greece‡ and Turkey during the recent trouble between those countries. He represented a New York journal at the scene of hostilities and was a witness of all the important military engagements throughout the struggle. Therefore he was in a position to give an accurate report of the campaigns. His delineations are made in a bright, easy style and his story is illustrated with reproductions of photographs taken by himself.

The principal events of Roman history from the founding of the city to the death of Augustus are attractively described by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A., in a history for beginners.¶ The political evolution of Rome is carefully traced and the causes and results of military events are wisely emphasized. Maps, illustrations, and a chronological table are helpful features of the volume.

An important period in the development of the New England colonies is that which extends from

1688 to 1711. During that time there were two wars in which the Indians exhibited their characteristic traits. Samuel Adams Drake has made these wars the subject of a short history called "The Border Wars of New England."* Many interesting incidents not found in the ordinary textbook are related in this volume and the more important events are described in a simple, easily readable style. The necessary maps and numerous illustrations are included in the book.

The third and fourth volumes of the series of American Orations† has been re-edited by James Albert Woodburn, professor of American history and politics in Indiana University. The first of these contains orations by America's most eminent speakers on subjects pertaining to the anti-slavery contest and secession. The second continues the story of American history through the Civil War and the period of reconstruction. What authoritative speakers have said on free trade and tariff, financial questions, and civil service reform also forms a part of the contents of the volume. Each oration furnishes excellent material for a study in literature as well as in the political history of America.

Books for the Young. A charming tale‡ of the sixteenth century has been constructed by Imogen Clark. As Hamnet Shakespeare is the hero of it, Stratford-on-Avon is naturally the scene of the events described. In the May Day festivities of 1596, the subject of the first delineation, the lad is introduced. His life from that time until August is made the center of interesting occurrences, in describing which the author has produced a vivid picture of customs three centuries ago. According to this tale Hamnet Shakespeare was a kind, lovable lad, a counterpart of his father, whose character is also portrayed. The sad termination does not detract from the interest of the story, which is one to please young and old, especially lovers of Shakespeare.

"I'm either one too many or one too few. . . . I'm the odd one."|| Pathetic words, are they not, when uttered by a little maid whose elder brother and sister and two younger brothers form couples in all the games and adventures? However, the author, who tells what happened during a summer

*The Border Wars of New England. By Samuel Adams Drake. With many illustrations and maps. 305 pp. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†American Orations. Edited with introduction by Alexander Johnston. Re-edited with historical and textual notes by James Albert Woodburn. Vols. III. and IV. 423 pp.+491 pp. \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡Will Shakespeare's Little Lad. By Imogen Clark. 306 pp. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

||The Odd One. By the author of "Probable Sons." Illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury. 142 pp. \$1.00. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

*Hawaii, Our New Possessions. By John R. Musick. Illustrated. 546 pp. \$2.75. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

†Java. The Garden of the East. Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. 339 pp. \$1.50. New York: The Century Co.

‡Going to War in Greece. By Frederick Palmer. Illustrated. 192 pp. \$1.25. New York: R. H. Russell.

¶A History of Rome for Beginners. By Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M. A. With illustrations and maps. 360 pp. 90 cts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

spent on a farm, has pictured her as a lively, highly original, and most interesting little girl. Religious truths are effectively introduced into the story, which shows how thoughtful even little children may be. A dainty binding encases the story and it is profusely illustrated with marginal pictures.

The five Hervey boys were a boisterous and somewhat quarrelsome crowd, but there was not one among them who at heart was not a good boy. There was a refining influence which came into their lives with the advent of little "Miss Mousie," an influence which reached its culmination in a narrowly averted tragedy on the moor. Mrs. Molesworth has written an entertaining story* with this sextet for principal actors, and the illustrator has not failed to catch the spirit of the tale.

Faye Huntington has made a strong temperance lesson of a story called "His First Charge."† The antecedent of the pronoun in the title is Mr. Stevens, a young minister just from a theological seminary, who begins his pastoral labors in a hop-growing region. He with a few members of his church oppose the principal industry in his parish because the product is sold to the brewers. Accompanying the temperance discussions are representations of heart struggles and victories which lighten the gloom of the disasters caused by intemperance.

In the regions about Moosehead Lake and old Katahdin there is great sport for the hunter and the naturalist. Three boys, two of them being English lads, found camping and hunting in this country a pleasurable way of spending a summer, if the testimony of the author of "Camp and Trail"‡ is reliable. While relating the experiences of these young people the author has portrayed the manly character of the forest guides and illustrated the fact that in hunting the greatest pleasure is not to be derived from a wanton slaughter of wild animals.

One enjoys the acquaintance of noble persons even in fiction, and Sophie Swett recognized this fact when she wrote "Tom Pickering of 'Scutney.'" The complexity of human nature is very well portrayed in this character sketch. In three different lights she pictures Tom Pickering. First he appears as a self-sufficient boy in the newspaper business with Macurdy Green. Next he is the temporarily unknown benefactor of a young man in trouble, and when his kind offices are exposed he becomes the hero of the hour. A few years later he yields to ignoble impulses almost to his own un-

doing, but his better nature finally wins the victory. Several other interesting people have a part in the story.

Wanolasset* is an Indian word which signifies "the-little-one-who-laughs." This name was given to a little Puritan lass who was captured by the Indians during King Philip's War. Her experiences while a captive and how she escaped from the Indians and reached her family are related in a simple, taking way by A. G. Plympton in a tale which pictures the terrors and barbarity of that terrible warfare.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

J. H. ABBOTT, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Abbott, J. H. Abbott's Comments on the Revelation of Jesus Christ.

ADVANCE PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

Sheldon, Charles M. In His Steps. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 75 cts., postpaid.

THE BAKER AND TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK.

Cogswell, Frederick Hull. The Regicides: A Tale of Early Colonial Times. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

Sanford, M. Bouchier. The Romance of a Jesuit Mission: A Historical Novel. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY.

Woods, Katharine Pearson. A Tale of King Messiah. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

EATON AND MAINS, NEW YORK.

CURTS AND JENNINGS, CINCINNATI.

Farmer, Silas. Champions of Christianity. 50 cts.

Terry, Milton S., D.D., LL.D. The New Apologetic: Five lectures on true and false methods of meeting modern philosophical and critical attacks upon the Christian religion. 85 cts.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Banks, Rev. Louis Albert, D.D. Hero Tales from Sacred Story. With allegorical illustrations from famous modern paintings and sculpture. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

Martyn, Carlos. Christian Citizenship: A Manual. Townsend, Luther Tracy, D.D. The Story of Jonah in the Light of Higher Criticism. Cloth, 16mo, 120 pp. 50 cts.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Balzac, H. de. Translated by Ellen Marriage, with a preface by George Saintsbury. Lost Illusions. \$1.50.

Balzac, H. de. Translated by Clara Bell, with a preface by George Saintsbury. About Catherine de' Medici.

Edgeworth, Maria. The Parent's Assistant, or Stories for Children. Illustrated by Chris Hammond, with an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. \$1.50.

Fiske, Amos Kidder. The Myths of Israel. The ancient book of Genesis with analysis and explanation of its composition. \$1.50.

Watson, John, LL.D. Christianity and Idealism. The Christian ideal of life in its relations to the Greek and Jewish ideals and to modern philosophy. \$1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

Booth, Maud B. Did the Pardon Come too Late? 30 cts.

Grinnell, Elizabeth. John and I and the Church. \$1.00.

The Author of "Probable Sons." A Thoughtless Seven. 50 cts.

Macgregre, Rev. G. H. C., M. A. A Holy Life and How to Live it. 50 cts.

Mackenzie, W. Douglas. Christianity and the Progress of Man as Illustrated by Modern Missions. \$1.25.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

Hamlin, Myra Sawyer. Nan in the City; or Nan's Winter with the Girls. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. \$1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Thatcher, Oliver J., Ph.D. A Short History of Mediæval Europe. Net, \$1.25.

EDGAR S. WERNER, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

Myer, Edmund J., F. S. Sc. (London). Position and Action in Singing. A Study of the true Conditions of Tone. A Solution of Automatic (Artistic) Breath Control. \$1.25.

Baldwin, James. Ph.D. A Guide to Systematic Readings in the Encyclopædia Britannica, New and Revised Edition.

*Wanolasset. By A. G. Plympton. Illustrated by the author. 203 pp. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*Miss Mousie and Her Boys. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by T. Leslie Brooke. 198 pp. \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

†His First Charge. By Faye Huntington. Illustrated. 308 pp.

—‡Camp and Trail. A Story of the Maine Woods. By Isabel Hornibrook. 365 pp. \$1.50.

—||Tom Pickering of 'Scutney. By Sophie Swett. Illustrated. 282 pp. \$1.25. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.



CLARA BARTON, PRESIDENT OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

See "History As It Is Made."